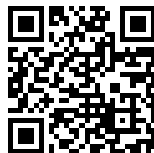

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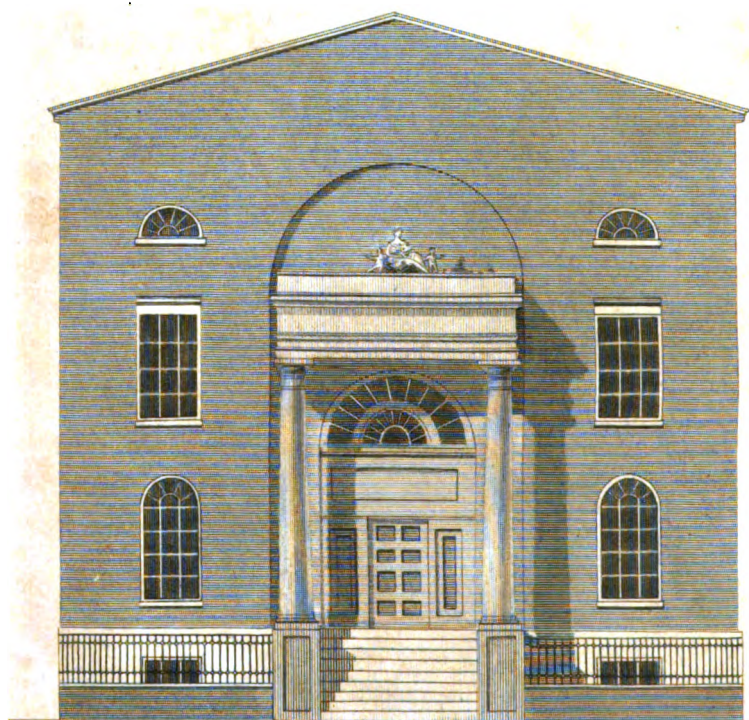
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Hope essays add: 46.



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ORPHAN ASYLUM

*To the Honorable
the United States Senate,
in testimony of the gratitude
of the Board of Trustees.*

Eng'd for the Port Folio.



The
Port Folio.
(VOL. IX)
FOR 1820.

Pub. by Harrison Hall Phila.

THE PORT FOLIO.

NINETEEN YEARS have elapsed since this Miscellany was first introduced to the public notice. During this period, every practicable exertion has been made to render it worthy of encouragement among the American people. Though at all times grievously embarrassed by those obstacles which are incident to a literary adventurer, in a region where the useful must be preferred to the agreeable, it has laboured to amuse and inform. How much it has contributed to create a taste for literature among our countrymen, has been so repeatedly acknowledged, not only in our domestic but in foreign journals, that it would be superfluous to dwell upon that topic. While numerous competitors have spread their sails to the wind, and have rapidly sunk into the gulph of oblivion, the PORT FOLIO still rides upon the waves, and performs an annual voyage with faithful punctuality.

To be thus favourably distinguished in the fugitive literature of our country, while it richly rewards the past, is a powerful incentive to future exertion. The proprietors will strive to present to their readers a Miscellany, which, while it may sparkle with the gems of fine literature, shall not be deficient in curious and solid information.

It has long been their wish to mould this work into the form of an ANNUAL REGISTER. For such a compilation, our own materials are copious, attractive and valuable. Our State Governments are different from the ancient schemes of legislation, and they rival each other in the extent and wisdom of their projects. The government of the Union is engaged in a task of singular delicacy, with few of the lights of experience to indicate the path. Without the authority of precedent or the sanctions of power, it

is directed chiefly by the glimmering rays of reason. The history of such a community cannot fail to excite a powerful interest wherever it is read. Connected with a narrative of the political events of each year, the reader should find in a work of this description, a comprehensive view of the state of letters during the same period, and a methodical digest of the progress of legislation, and the cotemporary adjudications in the courts of law. The physician should also be informed of the improvements which have been made in the healing art; and the discoveries in mechanical and chemical science, natural history, &c. might be stated in a judicious summary, which would assist the student in the more minute researches.

To accomplish such an enterprize many should combine, "being all excellently learned and industrious to seek out the truth."* But much might be performed by habitual diligence, since the most splendid and useful endowments are now incessantly and actively employed in extending the bounds of human knowledge, and it would require no extraordinary ability to arrange their contributions.

A HISTORY OF THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES should present a comprehensive and faithful account of the foreign and domestic relations of the country. We have not been inattentive to the difficulty of compiling a narration, copious without redundancy, compact without obscurity, and dignified without turgidness. But the annalist of the day is not to be judged by the same rules that are applied to him who describes the events of a century, when the angry passions have subsided, and the halo of greatness no longer diverts the rays of truth. As we should aim only at producing an artless and faithful recital of facts, we should not bewilder ourselves in endless conjectures, nor mislead the reader by superficial surmises.

WE ARE FOR THE COUNTRY, honestly, promptly, and without fear: a country never surpassed in any age, for the excellence of her political institutions, and the integrity of her people: where the persecuted of every nation may claim a home, and the honest of every denomination may find a friend: a country where Liberty

* Spencer.

is firmly fixed in a generous soil, like a luxuriant tree by whose delicious fruits the eye is captivated, and beneath whose pleasant shades the weary are invited to repose. In those political speculations which the course of our history might demand, we should neither seduce the people into the slumber of a pernicious apathy, nor stimulate them to an impertinent interference with the constituted authorities. He whose happy lot has placed him in this country, should be profoundly grateful when he surveys the condition of his neighbours. He should teach the people to be satisfied with the ample share of felicity which they enjoy, and not, by grasping at more, to risk that which they already possess: to await with patience, the regular and constitutional means of manifesting those sensations of discontent which their rulers may have excited; and, above all, to regard the slightest addition which is made to the sum of public wealth by the invasion of individual rights, as one of the most dangerous and deceitful steps towards the tyranny of despotism. He should inculcate the most sacred respect for truth, which is the best safeguard of a representative democracy: an habitual reverence for those establishments which wisdom has devised and experience has sanctioned: and a liberal though not unqualified confidence in the sagacity, the spirit and the integrity of the public rulers. He should strive to enlighten the ignorant and repress the ambitious; to prevent the poor from being entangled in the mazes of vice, and the opulent from being intoxicated in the fumes of insolence. Such are the maxims by which the editor of the *PORT FOLIO* would conduct this Journal. He disdains the trammels of any party, and devotes his best endeavours to the establishment of order, the promotion of industry, and the diffusion of knowledge. He wishes to behold justice brought to the edifices of the rich, and the cabins of the poor: to see power acting but as the handmaid of reason, and to excite that spirit of emulation, in every rank of the community, which springs from the best affections of the heart.

As the *PUBLIC DOCUMENTS* are regularly published by Congress, and also in a more uniform manner (8vo.) at Boston, they might be omitted in this compilation.

Another, and by no means an uninteresting feature in such a work, is a *REGISTER OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES*. This should contain a copious selection, arranged in chronological or-

der, of those minute facts and events which, although they may not be of sufficient consequence to be interwoven in a regular history, are yet of too much value to be overlooked. It should comprise all those articles which appear in our diurnal gazettes; and in foreign and domestic journals, of a higher order, respecting the election or appointment of individuals to exalted stations, the revenues of Banks and other institutions which constitute what are called the *publick stocks*, discoveries of curious and interesting facts in any of the departments of natural history, improvements in the fine arts, in manufactures, agriculture and navigation, atmospherical phenomena, the construction of public edifices and bridges, digging of canals, making turnpikes, &c. &c. &c.

In addition to these matters of fact there might be selected with scrupulous impartiality, from the prominent newspapers of both parties, some of the most temperate remarks upon public men and measures. Though we may observe with delight the lucid order and the exquisite polish which distinguish many of the speeches in our national assembly, yet something more is necessary when we sit down calmly to contemplate the state of the political edifice. Here the delicate varnish must be wiped away and the fabric estimated at its real value. With how much soever boldness the one party may attack, and with whatever skill the other may defend, the measures of government, and the motives of the governors, a philosophical eye will always discover causes of censure and applause in both. In our newspapers, all matters that affect the welfare of the nation are discussed with acuteness and energy. Every step of the Executive is watched with suspicion and supported with promptness.—Hence when stripped of their offensive licentiousness, these histories of the passing hour may be consulted as lively and faithful pictures of the times.

COMMERCIAL and STATISTICAL Tables ought not to be neglected in an *Annual Register*. These should be comprehensive, exact and perspicuous. In commercial countries the financier who can exhibit the national resources, is as necessary as the statesman, by whose vigorous mind these means are to be applied. Whether his task be to preserve the sweets of peace, or to buffet the rage of war, all the profoundness of diplomatic learning will not avail without the minuter knowledge of statistical and commercial tables.

It is not many years since the value of Statistical Information has been duly appreciated. Germany led the way in this branch of knowledge, and we adopt from them the denomination of Statistics; by which we mean that science which communicates facts, relating to the progress and present state of Arts, Trades, Manufactures and Professions; of Agriculture, Commerce, Finance; of the Forces of a State, Military and Naval; of its Seminaries of Education, its Publick Establishments, its Taxes, Revenues and Population. All these are properly included under STATISTICS. But the subject, at large, is too vast for an individual to undertake; the foundation of an authentic work can only be laid by means of accurate and detailed accounts furnished by persons whose fidelity can be relied upon, and whose peculiar situation enables them to collect the necessary facts.

In England, until the Statistical View of Scotland, by *Str John Sinclair*, the press furnished no publications on the subject but what were translated from the German, such as *Zimmerman*, *Jameson*, &c. At present the value of this branch of knowledge is fully understood, and the Board of Agriculture, under the sanction of government, have nearly completed a most valuable Agricultural Survey of the whole kingdom, committing the view of each county to separate persons, some of whom are, and others are not remunerated for the labour bestowed upon this great national work.—The very useful labours of *Young* and *Marshall* in this work of science, though not superseded are now far excelled.

The late emperor of France, sensible of the importance of this magnificent undertaking in England, directed—in the year 1802—a similar Statistical account to be taken of every department within the French European Dominions. It is less accurate and laborious as to the Agricultural part than the British surveys, directed under the control of the Board of Agriculture, but much fuller on the subjects of Arts, Trades, Manufactures and Public Establishments.

In this country, although we have the power and the wealth, we have not yet the knowledge, the inclination, or the public spirit to imitate these useful establishments. What Agricultural, what Mineral, what Geological surveys have we of any one state, county or township in the United States? Which of our govern-

ments has directed a view of the State, for the purpose of ascertaining its capability in respect to Machinery and Canals? And yet how incalculably useful might such surveys be made! The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, indeed, many years ago, directed a survey of the obstructions of the navigation of the Susquehanna, by Messrs. Matlack and Adlum, and afterwards by Messrs. Antes and Latrobe: almost solitary instances of public attention to useful facts in this state! In New York, Gouverneur Morris, Dewitt Clinton and others have connected their names with our national history, by the augmentations which they have contributed to the power and wealth of their native state. Mr. Gallatin's celebrated Report, on what might be effected by the nation, is a model for what ought to be done in each of the commonwealths.

But if we have no public establishment in aid of Statistical information, much may yet be done by the public spirited exertions of individuals, many of whom it is hoped will gladly contribute their aid to originate a body of AMERICAN STATISTICS. Such a plan cannot start into perfection at once; it must commence, proceed, be improved, and become embodied by the patient and laborious accumulation of facts and details: they must be derived from various sources, compared, selected and digested. In the course of a few years we may probably possess facts sufficient to lay a ground-work for our reasonings in political economy; we may see the light reflected from one fact upon another; trace the sources and the means of public improvement and national prosperity; bring accurate knowledge and connected facts on the floor of legislation, and take our steps in the light of day.

CONDITIONS:

The Port Folio will be published, hereafter, quarterly, and will continue to be embellished with engravings. It is not intended to make any change in the literary complexion of the work, unless there should be a large subscription for an Annual Register.

The price is SIX DOLLARS *per annum*, and it is *requested* that the money may be paid in advance.

. Postmasters, booksellers, and others, who procure subscribers and transmit money, will receive a liberal commission.

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Portrait of Dr. Samuel S. Smith, of Princeton.

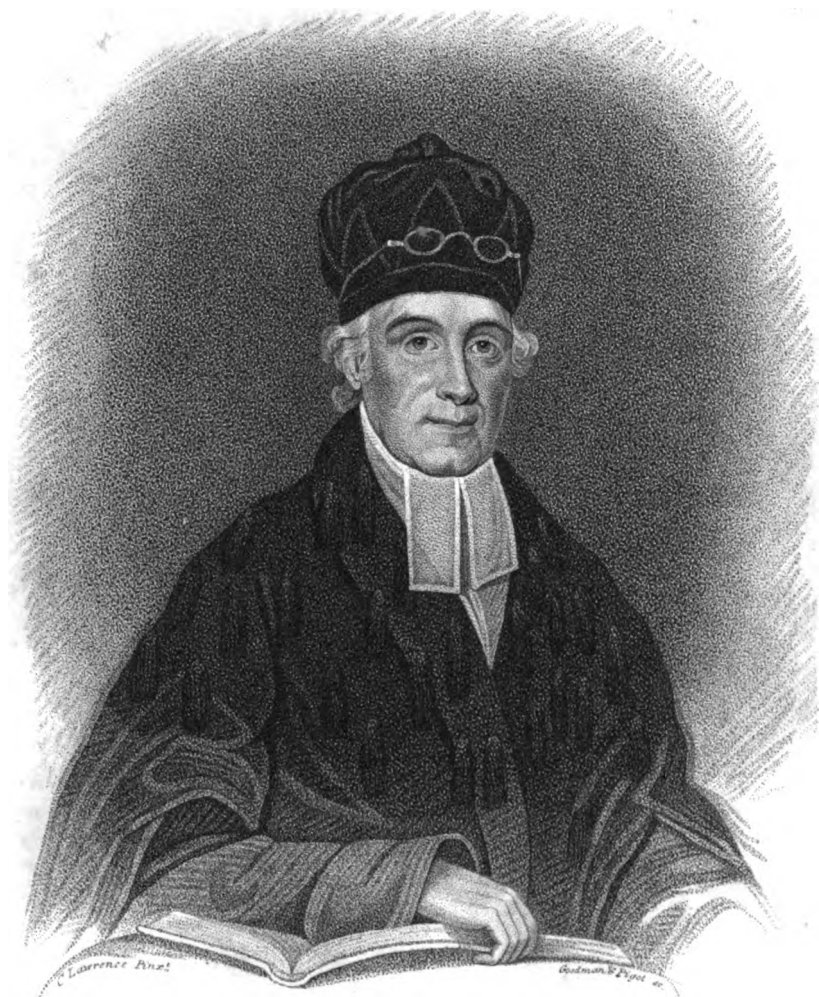
View of the Orphan Asylum, near Philadelphia.

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* Since our translation of this article was printed, we have learnt that the original is from the pen of the celebrated *J Von Geniz*. See the Pamphleteer, No. XXX. where it appears as an original pamphlet.



SAMUEL STANHOPE SMITH D.D. LL.D.

Pub^d by Harrison Hall Philad^a

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—*COWPER.*

VOL. IX.

1820

No. I.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. I.—Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk. *The second edition.*
Edinburgh, 1819—New York, reprinted. 8vo. pp. 570. C. S.
Van Winkle.

SOME time ago our curiosity was strongly excited by the appearance of several articles in one of the Scottish magazines, purporting to be extracted from a collection of letters written by a certain Dr. Morris, a physician from Wales, who was then on a visit to Scotland. There was such an air of finish about them that we suspected the writer to be some Edinburgh author, who had assumed the disguise of a Welsh doctor, in imitation of the prudence of Cumberland, who *tried* a few papers of the *Observer* in a village journal, before he ventured upon the town with a volume. The concealment was so awkwardly managed that we cannot believe the lively author intended to remain *incog*. It was absurd to suppose that he would send to the press that which was destined for his friends, nor would these persons, in determining to give them to the world, have selected for such a purpose, the city in which they were written. Besides, they betrayed in every line so intimate an acquaintance with the people, manners, and business of Edinburgh, that instead of an elderly practitioner of

Aberystwith, we readily listen to the whispers of a tattling dame, who pronounces that the Welsh doctor is no other than Mr. John Lockhart, a writer (*Anglice Attorney*) of Edinburgh. This ingenious person assumes the character of a hearty old gentleman, who left his patients at Aberystwith in the winter of 1818 in order to pay a visit to the far-famed Northern metropolis. There he ate and drank, until he was laid up with a fit of the gout. During his sojourn he is supposed to have written the letters, which are here collected to his kinsfolk. As they are extremely personal, they excited great curiosity; and as they praise almost every body, they speedily acquired "a good name, and true honour." They are replete with sound sense; and the observations of the writer are seasoned so admirably with vivacity and humour, that the reader has only to regret that such travellers cannot oftener be found. He does not "lisp, nor does he wear strange suits, and disable *all* the benefits of his own country." On the contrary, he is enlightened by reflection, and his remarks evidently proceed from actual experience. Most of the letters are addressed to one David Williams, an old college acquaintance, who by going through certain ceremonies, had become a minister of the Established Church, according to *English* law. "What a glorious night," exclaims the jovial doctor, "we spent at your rooms the *Saturday* before you took orders!" A whole volume would not give a better picture of too many of the English clergy, than is here struck out at a single dash of the pen. The doctor mingles with old and young, grave professors, and giddy girls, and is always in the happiest humour imaginable. He lounges about in the mornings with a bigotted high-churchman whom he designates as Mr. W., swallows bumpers of claret in the evening, and strolls about among balls and routs at night. Yet amid this, apparently, unprofitable mode of life, he continues to see all that is going on, and he has presented a very interesting sketch of the society, manners and literature of Scotland. One of the first dinner-parties at which he was a guest, was assembled under the roof of the celebrated Mr. Jeffrey. There he found professors Playfair and Leslie. Several other gentlemen, were present he informs us, mostly of grave years; some of whom astonished the doctor,—and the anecdote is no light

tax on our credulity—by proposing a trial of strength in leaping. The wonder was not diminished, when Mr. Playfair, a short man, not less than seventy years of age, took his stand among these athletics, and actually beat every one of them. Time has since put a period to the honoured old age of this eminent philosopher, and all his easy hilarity, his excellent humour and his benevolence, are inurned in the tomb. By and by they were summoned to the dinner table, where the doctor does not fail to tell us how sumptuously they fared on turbot and oyster-sauce, and how they poured down bumpers of Champagne, and superb Chateau-Margout, “which last wine he says, beats the lot which the Revd. David Williams bought at colonel Johns’s all to nothing. There was not a word about the sweet new poem!” Most of the company, says the doctor, though all men of literary habits, seemed to be as alive to the delights of the table, &c.—knowing in sauces, and delightfully reviewing every glass before they could suffer it to go down. This serves to show that the renowned Scotch critics are not free from the common infirmities of nature. While we imagine that these purveyors of literature are cutting up some poor devil of an author, they are employed in carving a chicken. The writer takes this occasion to speak of Mr J——’s powers of conversation, which are described as rich, various, and abundant to a degree far surpassing any intellectual exertions which he exhibited when he honoured the people of the United States, with a visit. By a happy illustration he compares this affluence of mind, to the widow’s cruise, bubbling forever upwards, and refusing to be exhausted—swelling, and spreading, till all the vessels of the neighbourhood are saturated, and more than saturated, with the endless unwearied irrigation of its superfluous riches.

Letter VIII. contains some disquisitions on the state of political feeling in Scotland, and the character of Hume, with which we are not disposed to meddle. In the ensuing letter we have some ingenious speculations, which, however, might well have been spared, after the manner of Gall and Spurzheim, on the skulls of Hume and Rousseau, from which the writer undertakes to wonder by what strange circumstances these two men should ever have been led to imagine themselves capable of entertaining true feelings of

friendship for each other. We apprehend that the reader will also wonder by what process of the imagination, the sight of two "dead men's bones" could excite such a reflection.

We wish we could find room for the account of the dinner in honour of Burns; that lofty tribute to the majesty of genius. We have nothing like it in this country, and we fear many years must elapse, before we shall produce such a subject for commemoration. The most bitter and abominable attack, with which the character of the poet has ever been assailed, proceeded from the pen of Mr. Jeffrey, and we are therefore not a little surprised to learn, that he presumed to rank himself among the admirers of the illustrious bard. But after his indecent attack upon Southey, whose guest he had been, and the miraculous metamorphosis which his critical acumen underwent, under the castigation of lord Byron, we are compelled to conclude that the impudence of Mr. J— is only equalled by the meanness of Mr. J— "I know not," says Dr. M. with a tone of feeling which does him infinite honour—"I know not, neither can I imagine, upon what principle a man of his fine understanding, and fine feeling too, should have esteemed himself justifiable in concentrating the whole pitiless vigour of his satire upon the memory of one, whose failings, whatever they might be, were entitled to so much compassion as those of Robert Burns—in exhausting his quiver of poisoned shafts in piercing and lacerating the resting-place of one, whose living name must always be among the dearest and most sacred possessions of his countrymen."

It is not a little disreputable to these Edinburgh Reviewers, who are eternally railing at our want of manliness, and our exclusive devotion to the paltry tricks and narrowness of party politics, that at a meeting so purely literary in its object, neither Southey, nor Wordsworth, nor Coleridge was toasted. Such prejudices detract greatly from the elevation which these gentlemen claim in the scale of both moral and intellectual estimation, and show how little their judgment is entitled to the deference with which it is regarded. "What," exclaims our author, "had parties, and systems, and schools, and nicknames to do with such a matter as this? Are there no healing moments in which men can afford to

be free from the fetters of self-love? Is the hour of genial and cordial tenderness, when man meets man to celebrate the memory of one who has conferred honour on their common nature—is even that sacred hour to be polluted and profaned by any poisonous sprinklings of the week-day paltriness of life?”

From this spectacle we turn to a poet, who was in a true spirit for a commemoration of Burns. “One of the best speeches, perhaps the very best, delivered during the whole of the evening, was that of Mr. J— W—n” (John Wilson, author of *The Isle of Palms*) “in proposing the health of the Ettrick Shepherd. I had heard a great deal of W—n, but he had been out of Edinburgh ever since my arrival, and indeed had walked only fifty miles that very morning, in order to be present on this occasion. He showed no symptoms, however, of being fatigued,” &c.

Towards the conclusion of his address, which is here described in glowing terms, the speaker, in allusion to Hogg the worthy successor of Burns, descanted on the high and holy connection which exists between the dead and the living peasant; both identifying themselves in all things with the spirit of their station, and endeavouring to enoble themselves, only by elevating it. Mr. Hogg is represented as being entirely thrown off his balance by the extraordinary flood of eloquence which was poured out, and nothing could be more visibly unaffected, than the air of utter blank amazement with which he rose to return his thanks. Indeed the doctor's description has almost the merit of a graphical delineation. He had listened, says the animated writer, to Mr. W—n for some minutes, without comprehending the drift of his discourse; but when once he fairly discovered that he himself was the theme, he started to his feet, and with a face flushed all over deeper than scarlet, and eyes brimful of tears, devoured the words of the speaker,

Like hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna.

His voice, when he essayed to address the company, seemed at first entirely to fail him; but he found means to make the company hear a very few words, which told better than any speech could

have done. "*I've aye been vera proud, Gentlemen,*" (said he) "*to be a Scots poet—and I was never sae proud o't as I am just noo.*"

In letters XXIV and XXV we have an admirable description of the Blue Stockings of Edinburgh, at the head of whom the author seems to place the Earl of Buchan, whom we have always regarded as an old woman. From this unmeaning crowd the doctor makes honourable exception of Mrs. Grant whose excellent *Letters from the Mountains* are familiar to all American ladies of taste. "Mrs. G— is really a woman of great talents and acquirements, and might, without offence to any one, talk upon any subject she pleases. But I assure you," continues the Dr. "any person, that hopes to meet with a Blue Stocking, in the common sense of the term, in this lady, will feel sadly disappointed. She is as plain, modest, and unassuming, as she could have been, had she never stepped from the village, whose name she has rendered so celebrated. Instead of entering on any long common-place discussions, either about politics, or political economy, or any other of the hackneyed subjects of tea-table talk in Edinburgh, Mrs. G— had the good sense to perceive, that a stranger, such as I was, came not to hear disquisitions, but to gather useful information; and she therefore directed her conversation entirely to the subject which she herself best understands—which, in all probability, she understands better than almost any one else—and which was precisely one of the subjects, in regard to which I felt the greatest inclination to hear a sensible person speak—namely, the Highlands. She related, in a very simple, but very graphic manner, a variety of little anecdotes and traits of character, with my recollections of which, I shall always have a pleasure in connecting my recollections of herself. The sound and rational enjoyment I derived from my conversation with this excellent person, would, indeed, atone for much more than all the Blue-Stocking sisterhood have ever been able to inflict upon my patience."

The bar of Edinburgh is represented as of all others the most interesting object in Scotland, and the lawyers enjoy their honourable preeminence with conscious dignity. Even the ladies, it is said, are obliged to succumb to the fashion, and their con-

versation is intermixed with legal phrases. Dr. Morris thinks they are entitled to this conspicuous station by their merit in keeping alive a spirit of independence among their countrymen, and by the brilliant examples of high intellectual exertion, which that profession has furnished. The names of Walter Scott and Mr. Jeffrey are here introduced with great propriety, these distinguished persons having done more than all their cotemporaries, for extending the honour of Scotland. We cannot follow the author through his exquisite delineation of the court of session, nor do we regret it, because such scenes are furnished, in abundance, at home. Unlike the gentlemen of Westminster Hall, the Scottish lawyers enjoy the privilege of going with or without wigs, as it may please their fancy. The doctor is an advocate for uniformity in this respect. If the wig be allowed to disappear, he fears the gown will follow, and then, dreadful to behold! "in process of time, we may see the very judges, like those Mr. Fearon saw in Connecticut, giving decisions in loose great coats, and black silk neckcloths." We have attended the deliberations of a Connecticut court, when we beheld great propriety of appearance; it has not fallen to our lot to be able to form a comparison between this scene and that which is exhibited at the Parliament-House. There is another point of much more importance in which we find it no less difficult to contrast the two tribunals. No one has yet deemed the arguments of the Scottish bar and the decisions of the bench worth publishing, but in the printed reports of Mr. Day we are furnished with honourable evidence of the ingenuity of our Eastern advocates, and the learning of the judges. In England the cases in the King's Bench, and Common Pleas continue to be published and the reports are inferior in every respect to those of the American courts. Of the dignity of the court of King's Bench the public has recently been favoured with the most ample specimens in the conduct of Carlisle, an infamous retailer of Paine's atrocious blasphemy. We are not informed of the dress which lord chief justice Abbot wore on this occasion, so humiliating in the annals of British Jurisprudence, but we are very certain, that such audacious impudence, such horrid impiety, would not have

been tolerated in the meanest *piepoudre* court of "Atheistical America."

It is in speaking of the members of the Scottish bar that our author betrays himself more, perhaps, than on any other subject. He enters into a very minute analysis of their professional characters, and undertakes to adjust the rank which they hold, in the public estimation. By some readers this will subject him to a charge of adulation, and others may suspect that the pencil was tinged with a little of the spirit of professional jealousy. Thus a gentleman who is said to be feared by the ablest of his competitors, is placed, by name, as the first in the second rank. Without stopping to remark on the confusion which would arise if distributive justice were always dispensed by such decrees as we find in this place, we must condemn the indelicacy of such personal distinctions, and however they may be relished by the writers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, they are offensive to the purer taste of American readers. As an instance of the correct feeling which prevails on our side of the water, we may refer our readers to the letters under the signature of the *Stranger in New York*, formerly published in this miscellany. Our lamented predecessor was then on his death-bed. Although he was almost without pulse, his extremities cold, and every thing indicated approaching dissolution, the ruling passion was strong, even in death. To a friend who spoke of his Journal and adverted to these papers, he said, "*Sir, such things ought never to be published. If the criticisms be just, still it is wrong to sow the seeds of envy and jealousy among the members of a liberal and honourable profession; but generally such things are either rank flattery or gross slander.*"

The Edinburgh Reviewers are regarded, in this entertaining volume, as the legitimate progeny of the sceptical philosophers of the last age, and Mr. Jeffrey himself is represented as the enemy of his country, and as meriting, in all succeeding generations, the displeasure of every high-minded and generous Englishman. The doctor is not singular in remarking, that the tendency of their writings has been uniformly and essentially infidel, and the system of political opinions, which they have inculcated he pronounces to be admirably fitted to go hand in hand with a system

of scepticism. Dr. Morris marks, with honest reprobation, the inconsistency between their submission to Bonaparte and their refusal to aid the young patriotism of Spain. "The Review is now," he says, "a very sensible plain sort of book; in its best parts, certainly not rising above the British Review,—and in its inferior parts there is often a display of calm drivelling, much beyond what the British Review itself would admit. And then there is no point—no wit—no joke—no spirit, nothing of the *glee of young existence* about it. It is a very dull book, more proper to be read between sleeping and waking, among old sober cautious tradesmen, than to give any spring to the fancy or reason of the young, the active, and the intelligent. The secret will out ere long—viz. That the Edinburgh Reviewers have not been able to get any effectual recruits among the young people about them. There is no infusion of fresh blood into the veins of the Review." * * *

"They are really a very disagreeable set of pretenders—I mean those of them that do make any pretensions at all to literary character. They are very ill educated in general; they have no classical learning; few of them can construe two lines of any Latin poet; and as for Greek, they scarcely know which end of the book should be held to their noses." Lest this last assertion may startle the reader, he must be reminded of a well-known anecdote concerning these erudite gentlemen. In reviewing some work, the title of which we do not recollect, objection was made to the author's Greek, who, in vindication, showed, to the no small mortification of the critic, that the line in question, was borrowed from Pindar. This anecdote is the less surprising, since we learn from Dr. Morris, that the *savans* of the North, despising the treasures of antiquity, are in the habit of ridiculing the study of the classics, which they comprehend only "with continued recurrence to some wretched translation, English or Latin, or still more laborious recurrence to the unmanageable bulk, and unreadable types of a Lexicon."

The doctor proceeds: "They have never studied any philosophy of any kind—unless attending a course of lectures on metaphysics, delivered by a man far too ingenious to be comprehended for above five sentences at a time, by persons of their acquire-

ments and capacity—can be called studying philosophy. They know sometimes a little about chemistry and geology to be sure, but these are studies in which the proficiency of mere amateurs can never be of any great matter. They know a very little of English history and politics—enough to enable them to spin out a few half-hours of *blarney* in their debating societies. But, upon the whole, it may safely be asserted, that all they know worthy of being known, upon any subjects of general literature, politics, or philosophy, is derived from the Edinburgh Review itself; and as they cannot do the Review any great service by giving it back its own materials, I conceive that this work is just in the act of falling a sacrifice to habits of superficial acquirement, and contented ignorance; which it was short-sighted enough to encourage, if not to create, in order to serve its own temporary purposes among the rising generation in Scotland.

“One would imagine, however, that these young whigs might have begun, long ere this time, to suspect somewhat of their own situation. They must be quite aware, that they have never written a single page in the Edinburgh Review, or that, if they have done so, their pages were universally looked upon as the mere lumber of the book: contrasting, too their own unproductive petulance with the laborious and fruitful early years of those whom they worship, and in whose walk they would fain be supposed to be following—it is difficult to understand how they happen to keep themselves so free from the qualms of conscious imbecility. Perhaps, after all, they are *au fond* less conceited than they appear to be; but certainly to judge from externals, there never was a more self-satisfied crew of young ignoramuses. After being let a little into their real character and attainments, I cannot say but that I derived a considerable degree of amusement from the contemplation of their manners. As for their talk, it is such utter drivelling, the moment they leave their text-books, (the moment they give over quoting,) that I must own I found no great entertainment in it. It is a pity to see a fine country like Scotland, a country so rich in recollections of glorious antiquity, so rich in the monuments of genius, at this moment adorned with not a few full-grown living trees of immortal fruit—it is a pity to see such

a country so devoid of promise for her future harvests. It is a pity to see her soil wasting on the nurture of this unproductive pestilential underwood, juices which, under better direction, might give breadth to the oak, and elevation to the pine."

All this is the result of the superficial mode of education in Scotland, which has been so ludicrously described by Dr. Johnson. They produce very few men who are thoroughly accomplished in any one branch, though they are generally well qualified to discharge the ordinary duties of life. Dr. Morris speaks with great severity of the scepticism and the want of classical education, which he finds among the literary men of Scotland. He treats them with a degree of ridicule and contempt which shows more of wit than wisdom. In contrasting the English system with the academical institutions of Scotland, the author presents us with some observations on the Universities of the former part of the kingdom, which are written with deep feeling and unusual eloquence. The American reader, while he compares our institutions with the following description, will sigh to reflect how little of this powerful influence is to be found in our young country.

"Those great and venerable institutions have both existed from the very commencement of the English monarchy, and have been gradually strengthened and enriched into their present condition, by the piety and the munificence of many successive generations of kings and nobles. They are frequented by those only who may be called upon, at some future period, to discharge the most sacred and most elevated duties of English citizenship; and the magnificence of the establishments themselves carries down a portion of its spirit into the humblest individual who connects himself with them. The student is lodged in a palace, and when he walks abroad his eyes are fed on every side, with the most splendid assemblages of architectural pomp and majesty which our island can display. He dines in a hall, whose lofty compartments are occupied with the portraiture of the illustrious men who of old, underwent the same discipline in which he is now engaged, amidst the same appropriate and impressive accompaniments of scene and observance. He studies in his closet the same

books which have, for a thousand years, formed the foundation of the intellectual character of Englishmen. In the same chapel wherein the great and good men of England were wont to assemble, he listens, every evening, and every morning, to the same sublime music, and sublimer words, by which their devotion was kindled, and their faith sustained. He walks under the shadow of the same elms, plantains, and sycamores, beneath whose branches the thoughtful steps of Newton, or Bacon, Locke and Milton, have sounded. These old oaks, which can no longer give shade, or shelter, but which still present their bare and gnarled limbs to the elements around him—they were the cotemporaries of Alfred. Here the memories of kings and heroes, and saints, and martyrs, are mingled with those of poets and philosophers; and the Spirit of the Place walks visible, shedding all around one calm and lofty influence, alike refreshing to the affections and to the intellect—an influence which blends together, in indissoluble union, all the finest elements of patriotism, of loyalty, and religion."

Those veracious *gentlemen*, the English travel-mongers through the United States, affect to be excessively disgusted at the vulgarity which they encounter in our polite circles; but if one of the principal cities in Scotland be not wofully misrepresented by Dr. Morris, they might find abundant cause of complaint at home. Let the reader contemplate the following picture of an entertainment, which was given to our author:

"Absurd, however, as is their appearance on the Mall, their appearance at the ball I mentioned was still more exquisitely and inimitably absurd. I have seen all kind of dances, from a minuet at St. James's, to a harvest home bumpkin in the barn of Hafod—but I never saw any thing that could match this Glasgow assembly. I had dined that very day quietly, (comparatively speaking,) and went quite in my senses; but *I don't believe there were half-a-dozen men in the room besides, that could be said to be within ten degrees of sobriety.* The *entrée* of every new comer was announced in the *salle des presentations*, not more distinctly by the voice of the lacquey, than by the additional infusion of punch-steam into the composition of the atmosphere all around.

And then how the eyes of the boobies rolled in their heads, as they staggered up to the lady of the evening to make their counting-house bows! Their dress was the *ne plus ultra* of dazzle, glitter, and tastelessness. Their neckcloths were tied like sheets about their clumsy chins—their coats hung from their backs as if they had been stolen from a window in Monmouth-street—their breeches—or what was more common, their trowsers,—seemed to sit about their haunches with the gripe of a torturing machine—their *chevelures* were clustered up on the tops of their heads like so many cauliflowers, leaving the great red ears flapping below, in the whole naked horrors of their hugeness. The ladies were as fine as the men—but many of them were really pretty creatures, and, but for the masculine contamination to which they must be so grievously exposed, I doubt not some of them would have been charming women in every respect. A few seemed to present a striking contrast of modest loveliness to the manners of the multitude—but the general impression produced by their appearance, was certainly very far from being a delicate one. The most remarkable of their peculiarities, is the loudness of their voices—or rather the free unrestrained use they make of them. * * * What a scene of tumult was this supper! * * Here was one reaching his arm across the table, and helping himself to something, with an accompaniment of jocular execration. There was another bellowing for boiled cabbage and a glass of champagne, both in the same breath. There was a young lady eating a whole plate-full of hot veal cutlets, and talking between every mouthful as loud as a campaigner. There was an old fat dowager screaming for a bottle of porter—or interchanging rough repar-tees with a hiccuping baillie at the opposite side of the table.” * *

“The dancing was almost as novel a thing—I mean on the part of the gentlemen—for I must do the ladies the justice to say that they in general danced well, and that some of them danced quite exquisitely. The men seemed to have no idea beyond the rudest conception of something like keeping time—and a passion of kicking their legs about them”—p. 511.

The wit of the place, it is said, is almost entirely expended in small jokes and nicknames, by which the present are entertained at the expense of those who are absent. Thus, in consequence of

this vulgar mischievousness, every man who quits a circle leaves his character, as sir Peter would say, behind him.

In the American edition the portraits have been omitted; but this circumstance is not to be regretted, as they are said to want the merit of being resemblances. The doctor's horse is represented as moving the two legs on a side at the same time, like a camel. If this had happened here it would have been said that our engravers did not know a horse's head from his tail.

Since the preceding observations were sent to the press, a second American edition of these entertaining, though unequal, epistles, has been published. What alterations have been made, we cannot state. We have only room to say that there is a postscript to this edition, in the form of a letter to Mr. Coleridge, in which Dr. Morris endeavours to exculpate himself from the charges of having taken improper liberties with individuals, and of having written his book for the purpose of inculcating particular principles. He declares that his letters are only to be regarded as unstudied descriptions of men and manners, and it is only in this point of view that we have derived so much amusement from them.

ART. II.—*Decision. A Tale by the author of Correction, &c.*

Three vols. in two. New York, reprinted. 1819.

THIS novel is entitled to notice, chiefly in consequence of the honour which the fair author has done us by laying her scene partly in the city of Philadelphia. Fitzallen, one of the principal characters, like most of the heroes of English tales, is descended from a long line of illustrious ancestry. At the commencement of this eventful story he is found in a violent rage with his father, for not furnishing him with horses and hounds, and other "appointments, such as would do honour to the house and title of Fitzallen." He is said to be very lofty, and very noble, and very clever, and all that; but his father, an Irish peer, can scarcely maintain his family together, and is therefore entirely unable to provide a separate establishment for the heir of all his honours. After some struggling, Fitzallen embraces an offer which has been made by Mr. Hammond, a worthy Quaker, to go to Philadelphia, as a clerk in the employ of Penn and Co.; with a promise that he shall be taken into partnership at a certain period, if he

conducts himself with propriety. Horace Fitzallen, though a warm friend to liberty and equality, and an extravagant admirer of Tom Paine *et id omne genus*, is somewhat shocked, on landing at Philadelphia, at the first proof of equality which he receives. Instead of crowds of half-naked ‘*craters*’ demanding, ‘what would I do for his honour?’—“which he had so often witnessed at the Bay of Dublin,” and which he might have seen at any port in Great Britain, he found that every one was sufficiently employed.

“He had read and talked much of man’s equality, liberty of sentiment, and freedom from restraint,—raved of the untutored savage, and denounced the customs and shackles of civilized society;—but like many others, Horace relished the precepts better than the practice. The shackles of society were necessary to be worn by all who approached him. He now began to experience, that equality, liberty, and all its democratical train, suited better the desperate fortunes of a swindler, a leveller, or a rebel, or the rising one of a man whose father and mother had better be forgotten, than with the man of high family, unblemished reputation, and noble parentage.”—vol. 1. p. 217

If we understand this passage rightly, it is the object of the writer to represent the state of society here to be such that all the considerations arising from personal character, and family connections are of no weight; and that a young adventurer among us may give full swing to those evil passions by which that period of life is assailed. If this be her intention we can assure her that she has formed a very erroneous opinion of American society. Indeed, in this point of view her story is very inconsistent. Her sprig of Irish nobility after a rapid career of dissipation, in which he blasted the happiness of the family of his benefactor, attempted to palm a forgery upon his employer, (vol. 11. p. 168) and broke the heart of the woman whom he had married, returns in disgrace to Ireland, to enjoy his hereditary honours as a *Peer of the Realm*, despised and abhorred by every virtuous mind. In one of the incidents which marked that part of his guilty life, which was passed in Philadelphia, there is so remarkable a difference, between the course of conduct actually pursued and that which in all probability would have been adopted under similar circum-

stances in Great Britain, that we cannot avoid some notice of it. When the overwhelming fact became known that this needy adventurer had deceived the unsuspecting childhood of Esther Penn, her wrongs were not made the ground of a demand for pecuniary compensation. Americans have too much delicacy, too just a sense of dignity to raise a revenue out of such defamings. No advocate of the Cockney school was employed to descant on scenes of depravity, but the young Peer was turned out of doors, and the unfortunate daughter, by a judicious course of treatment was brought to a proper sense of shame and repentance. Such scandalous transactions although so common in Britain, as to have constituted the foundation of the fame of an Erskine, a Curran and a Philips, are entirely unknown in Philadelphia. When we find the distressed heroines of English romance, confessing "with a sigh, that they have little reason to expect much from American society or morals," and shuddering at the thoughts of "American atheism," (pp. 67. 68 vol. 2.) we turn to one of the reports of the benevolent societies which abound in England, and ask whether it be possible for the imagination even of a novelist, to conceive of the existence of a more intolerable mass of corruption than is reported to exist in the streets of London and Dublin?

Such is the state of the British metropolis, that no modest woman can walk the streets without having her eyes and ears assailed by acts and by language, most offensive to her feelings. No apprentice can go out on his master's business or his own, without being subjected to temptation, which youth can rarely resist, and to which they ought not, most assuredly, to be subjected. So says the *Anti-Jacobin for August 1817*, a steadfast and zealous advocate of "Church and State," and the disgraceful statement is fully corroborated by official reports submitted to Parliament.

Our readers must not expect from us an analysis of the plan of this story. It is in fact a collection of stale plots which have no connection with each other, and conduce nothing to the development of the whole, except so far as they tend to retard it until the necessary number of pages has been filled. Isabel is the heroine, who having a fine person, is ready on all occasions to "wrap her long scarf around her majestic figure" and "walk

slowly out of the chamber" according to the most approved pattern. This dignity, however, is not preserved so tenaciously when captain Escott is her companion. This is a young gentleman who is represented as an object peculiarly calculated "to adorn society," and from whom her "morning room" might receive "a charm she sometimes felt it wanted." He was blessed with "a newness, a manly open candour, and a certain identifying of himself, to the exclusion of the world, with Isabel, that was irresistible," &c. We are not often favoured with the conversation of this charming fellow, nor do we suppose the reader will regret that we do not lay before them more than a single specimen. The captain had breakfasted with the ladies, after which the piano was opened, and time, of course, flew on silken wings.—"O cruel," cried Escott, looking at a time-piece on the table "and thus fly the golden sands that compose our happiest moments, while the leaden ones of misery creep slowly by! But thus it is, dear ladies; and thus according to the old allegory, pleasure and pain tread on the heels of each other." (A curious spectacle!) "This delightful morning has been among the highest pleasures of my life,—so shut in from the world, so intellectual and so sweet! May I hope, dear Miss Fitzallen, that you will in pity admit an humble supplicant occasionally, of a morning or evening, without the folly and empty etcetera of company or visiting, to a taste of sweet converse, and pure unsullied bliss." The captain, it is to be borne in mind, had only been introduced to these *dear* ladies on the preceding evening, when he begged permission to breakfast with them the following "morning." We are next informed how admirably the gallant soldier "met the ideas" of Isabel, "and in the beautiful language of a glowing imagination and highly cultivated mind, dazzled, charmed, and enchanted her, by a flow of eloquence she was totally unused to, until in this *mist of words*," Isabel lost her heart. The scene in which this important truth becomes known is so delectable that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it for the especial use of those young bachelors, who like old Reviewers have never enjoyed the reality—that exquisite moment when we gain the first of all trophies "by wit, by valour or by wisdom won." The ladies having expressed

some very natural apprehensions for their brother's safety on account of the roads being boggy and infested with robbers, the captain very loverlike thought "he would gladly pass the fancied dangers a whole long winter to obtain only a small portion of the concern," &c. "This consideration impressed on his fine features an expression of sorrow mingled with uneasiness, which meeting the observing eye of Isabel, she hastily rose from the sofa on which she was sitting with the major and Mrs. Selby, and advancing towards him, inquired, in a voice that expressed every thing but indifference, if he were unwell.—'Unwell!' he repeated, raising his eyes to hers, 'No; but unhappy.' There was something in his eyes that spoke volumes. Yet actuated by an irresistible impulse, Isabel held out her hand, as in the most subduing tones of her melting voice she replied, 'Ah, say not you are unhappy, that would be too much.' Captain Escott caught her hand in rapture, as fervently pressing it to his lips, and drawing her to a seat beside him, he uttered in a low emphatic voice, 'this, this alone can ensure my happiness.' Isabel withdrew her hand, and becoming deadly pale, softly replied, 'you are English, and a Protestant,—insuperable objections; therefore say no more, think no more on such a theme.' Then reaching her portfolio,—(not *ours*, gentle reader,) and striving to speak cheerfully, and smile with deathly lips, she continued,"—&c.

Of such stuff are these volumes made!

ART. III—*Observations on the Information collected by the Ashantee Mission, respecting the course of the Niger, and the Interior of Africa.* By Hugh Murray, Esq.

It has been justly observed, that in the most important human concerns, more is occasionally effected by chance, than by the best laid plans. After the failure of successive efforts to explore Africa, the present mission, prompted by a mere local and accidental cause, has disclosed information respecting the most interesting regions of the interior, much greater than had been obtained by any of those undertaken since the first journey of Park.

Its intelligence has also tended to dispel the damp which our expectations had begun to receive, respecting the unknown portions of Africa. In population, culture, and the arts, Ashantee decidedly surpasses any of the yet explored native states;* and Mr. Bowditch received information, of a long succession of kingdoms, stretching far to the north and east, several of which appear to be superior, and the whole, on an average, equal in these respects to Ashantee. This space, reckoned from that country northwards to Houssa, and from Bambarra eastwards to the frontier of Bornon, may be calculated at a million of square miles. Supposing the whole as populous as Ashantee, which is reckoned to contain a million of inhabitants in fourteen thousand square miles, or seventy to the square mile, we should thus have seventy millions, in a space which does not perhaps exceed a tenth part of the continent. This is one of the largest masses of connected population to be found in the globe; and one which presents such peculiar features, as to deserve well to be studied and known. Its comparative civilization is indeed alloyed by features of deep barbarism;—the continual and furious wars,—the absolute power of the chiefs, and entire slavery of the body of the people;—in particular, the frightful extent of human sacrifices. There appears, however, to exist in Ashantee at least, an anxious wish to emerge out of this condition, and to assume a higher place in the scale of nations; so that this region appears to offer an advantageous field for the exercise of that highly laudable zeal which has long shown itself in this country, for the improvement of Africa.

Interesting as these considerations are, it is not my intention at present to pursue them farther, but to confine this essay to illustrate the information collected by Mr. Bowditch, respecting the great geographical problem of the course and termination of the Niger. He found the capital of Ashantee crowded with Moorish merchants, many of whom had repeatedly crossed and re-crossed this river, and visited the different countries situated on its banks. He collected thus a large mass of intelligence, and arranged it with knowledge and industry, though not always, perhaps, with

* *Vide Port Folio* for Sept. 1819.

that skill, which only experience in such operations can teach. I am of opinion, that Mr. Bowditch's materials afford a fair promise of the solution of this great question,—but not exactly in the manner that he himself supposes. After the obliging manner in which he has repeatedly alluded to my “*History of African Discoveries*,” he will not, I trust, suspect me of any intention to underrate his very valuable work, when I shall frankly state the points in which my opinion on this subject either agrees with or differs from his.

The intelligence of Mr. Bowditch, respecting the course of the Niger, as inferred from the reports of the natives and caravan merchants, may be thus briefly stated. The Niger, after passing through the lake Dibble, separates near Tombuctoo, into three branches. One, called the Gambaroo, flows northward of east, through the countries of Houssa and Kassina, till it terminates in the great lake of Candee or Chadee. Another bearing the name of Joliba, flows northward to a country called Yahooodee, which carries on a great trade with Tombuctoo. The third, or main stream, under the name of Quolla, rolls southward of east through Gauw, Zamfarra, Noofee, Boussa, and other countries, till, after a long course, it also separates. One branch rolls eastward, and, turning to the north, forms the Egyptian Nile; the other flows southwards, and, again separating, pours itself into the southern Atlantic ocean by several channels, of which the Congo is the principal.

In suggesting some modifications upon this statement, it will be necessary to treat successively of the different lines of river course, delineated from this report of the African merchants.

1. The *Gambaroo*. The existence of this river, and the fact that there are two great parallel streams, instead of one, running through the region east of Tombuctoo, forms a most important and unexpected accession to our knowledge of its geography.*

* The fact discovered by Mr. Bowditch, of De Lisle, in 1707, having delineated a river near Tombuctoo, under the name “*Gamarou or Niger*,” is very curious. The notice of such a river by D’Anville, which he refers to as mentioned in my work, exists, as he supposes, only in delineation.

There cannot, it should seem, be the smallest doubt as to there being such a river, for all the merchants who give routes to Houssa, Kassina, and other countries north of the Niger, positively state, that, after having crossed the main stream of the Niger, they come, in ten or twelve days, to this other great river. But, with regard to its being a branch separated from the Niger, and like it flowing eastward, there appears great room for doubt. It may be first remarked, that this early and permanent separation of a great river into two branches, is a phenomenon very contrary to the general analogy of nature. Without inquiring into the circumstances in the structure of the globe which render it so, it need only be observed that among all the multitude of known rivers, there occurs only one authenticated instance. This is the canal of the Cassequaie, connecting the Orinoco with the Rio Negro, which is on too small a scale, and under circumstances too peculiar, to form almost any exception to the general rule. The improbability is much increased, when we find the same authority representing the Gambarra itself as immediately separating, and this excessively rare phenomenon as taking place twice within so short a space.

It may be urged, indeed, as such a separation is not absolutely impossible, that, if supported by positive testimony, its existence cannot be rejected. But we must here remark certain defects in that mode of evidence upon which Mr. Bowditch proceeded, so far as it is applied to ascertain the course and direction of rivers. It was derived entirely from land travellers, to whom the direction of the stream is never an object of any importance. In tropical countries it is not even very observable, unless during the rainy season, when travelling is rarely practised. To a man placed at the confluence of two or more streams, there is even a tendency to use language directly the reverse of the real fact; imagination naturally suggesting them as branches issuing from a trunk. Thus, a Jenné merchant, quoted by the editor of Adams, p. 197, says: "*la separation des deux rivières, est à une demi lieue de Genné, et Genné se trouve entre les deux rivières comme une*

I apprehend, however, that the Gambia of Marmol is the Gambia, which often bears that name in the old writers.

isle. Une de ces rivières court dans le Bombarra, et l'autre va à Betoo." These two rivers are evidently the Joliba and Ba Nimma of Park, which flow *to* Jenné and not *from it*; and the informant was probably aware that they did so, but was led by the analogy above mentioned to use this language. Instances of similar forms of expression are by no means uncommon, even in European writers.

The mere consideration of these circumstances, seems to render it much more probable that these rivers are tributaries falling into the Niger, than branches issuing out of it. There is not wanting positive testimony to the same effect. The Gambaroo being, according to Mr. Bowditch, the river which passes close by Tombuctoo, must be Mar Zarah of Adams, who, though not quite positive on the point, yet, in opposition to his examiners, obstinately stated a "preponderating belief" that this river flowed to the *south-west*.^{*} The Gambaroo must also have been viewed as the Niger by Leo, who, though he had heard contrary rumours, professes a strong belief, derived from observations made during his residence at Tombuctoo, that its course was westward. These testimonies and presumptions combined, leave, I think, very little doubt upon the subject, though, till some more precise report be obtained, I do not wish it to be considered as absolutely certain.

If we suppose that the Gambaroo rolls westward, and falls into the main stream of the Niger, we shall obtain at once a solution of all the mysteries and contradictions which have perplexed this branch of African geography. It appears from Mr. Bowditch's statements, that Kano and Wangara (described to him under the name of Oongoroo) lie upon the north bank of the Gambaroo;

^{*} Adams' testimony has been strongly controverted by statements from America, which undertake to prove that he never could have been at Tombuctoo, (See Edinb. Mag. Oct. 1818.) It is much corroborated, however, by Mr. Bowditch, who confirms the name of the river Zah-mer (evidently the same as Mar Zarah,) and the reign of Woolu and Fatima, as king and queen of Tombuctoo. These names were quite unknown in Europe when Adams gave his testimony, so that if he never was at Tombuctoo, he must at least have had some good original information respecting that city.

consequently the Gambaroo must have been the Nile of the negroes of the Arabians, who always represented that river as flowing westward through these countries. It must, as already noticed, have been the Niger of Leo, represented by him also as skirting the same countries, and as flowing westward. From the position with regard to Kassina, it must have been the river referred to as the Niger by the informants of Mr. Lucas, who described it as flowing in the same direction. From these collected testimonies, I was led, on a former occasion, (*Suppl. to Encyc. Brit., art. AFRICA*) to observe, that the contradictory accounts on the subject could only be reconciled by the supposition of two rivers flowing through this region, one east and the other west; though he had *then* no data which could lead him to suspect that the point of junction could be at or near Tombuctoo.

2. The Joliba.—It appears somewhat odd, that two rivers so near to each other as this and the Joliba of Park, should bear the same name. Without inquiring whether there be not here some mistake, we may remark, that the present river is very probably the Gozen Zayr of Sidi Hamet, which, if the negro *Zayr* be changed to the Moorish *Ba*, will have a sound nearly similar. In that case it must flow chiefly from the west, which is rendered probable by other circumstances. Yahoodee, I presume to be Hoden, a mart in the western part of the desert, which has long carried on a great trade with Tombuctoo in salt.

3. The main stream of the Niger having, according to Mr. Bowditch, the name of *Quolla*.—This is another instance of the perplexing transformations to which words transferred from the Arabic are liable. I agree with Mr. Bowditch in thinking, that this name of *Quolla* is essentially the same with *Joli*, between which a link is formed by the name of *Colle*, applied to the Niger by De Barros. I concur also in the opinion, that the *Kulla* of Browne is probably the very same name, river, and country. Its course is said to be southward of East, which confirms the authority of Sidi Hamet, who first reported that direction to Riley,* and also agrees with Browne.

* He likewise concurs as to its finally taking a southern direction. Mr. Bowditch did not hear of Wassanah; but African names undergo so many

In regard to the termination of the Quolla or Niger, Mr. Bowditch found only one opinion among the merchants in Ashantee, as Mr. Jackson had found in Morocco, and Mr. Homeman in Fezzan. They all considered it as the same stream with the Egyptian Nile. Such a general concurrence, though it cannot induce our assent to the opinion, seems at least a motive to state anew the grounds on which it is rejected. I would first remark, in addition to the defects already noticed in the testimony of land-travellers, their imperfect view of the *continuity of rivers*. When, after travelling along the bank of one river, they strike off and come to another running in the same line, and perhaps the same direction, they are exceedingly apt, without farther evidence, to consider both as one and the same. Hence the extreme difficulty which Europeans long found in distinguishing between the Senegal and Niger, though running in opposite directions, merely on account of their proximity, and forming apparently part of the same line. In several routes collected by Mr. Bowditch himself, the Niger is represented as flowing along the frontier of Footah Jallo and Footah Jorra, which shows that the Faleme, the Senegal, and even the Gambia have been viewed as branches of it. The report of a land-traveller, therefore, as to the course of any river, unless so far as he has actually crossed or coasted along it, is to be considered a mere speculation, or rumour, till it is confirmed by further evidence. Now, it appears by Mr. Bowditch's routes, that the merchants are not at all in the habit of travelling along the continuous line of this supposed river. They strike off as it approaches the Candee Lake, and travel through Begherme, Darfoor, and Wadey towards Sennaar. Thus leaving the Niger flowing eastward, and coming, after a considerable interval, to the Bahr-el-Abiad, flowing also eastward, their imagination is very naturally led to unite these two streams, though separate, into one.

In opposition to the reports, or more properly opinions of persons living 1000 or 1500 miles from the spot, may be placed the testimony of Browne, an active and intelligent inquirer, who re-transformations, that much importance cannot be attached to this circumstance. Ocandee or Osanga, might have undergone such a change.

sided for six months in the capital of Darfoor, about 200 miles from the line which the Niger must follow in making this supposed junction. He heard nothing of it, however, but, on the contrary, received a particular account of the origin of the Bahr-el-Abiad, as derived from a number of torrents descending from the Mountains of the Moon. This perfectly agrees with the delineation of Ptolemy, who, though not perhaps nearer than Egypt, resided constantly in that country, and was habitually occupied in geographical inquiries. These two testimonies, therefore, decidedly outweigh those of the merchants in the western extremity of Africa. The truth is, however, when we come to any precise statements on the part of the latter, they are found to be completely at variance with the inference which they have deduced from them. A Moorish merchant, indeed, assured Mr. Jackson, that he, with a party of his friends, made a voyage by water along the Nile from Jenné to Cairo; but, he added, that in several places they found its channel almost dry, and were obliged to carry the boats over land. There are certainly some rare instances where a river may continue to flow without receiving accessions, and may even sustain some diminution. But that a stream so mighty as that which is universally described to flow through the heart of interior Africa, should dwindle into so paltry a brook, as not to float a canoe that can be carried on men's backs, is what no one I think can be so credulous as to imagine. A person of credit also assured Mr. Horneman, that the communication of the Niger and the Nile is "very little, unless in the rainy season." This evidently gives up the identity of the two rivers, and implies merely some small connecting cut, like that of the Cassiquaire. This is no doubt possible, though I think not probable, considering the rarity of the occurrence, and the mountainous character of the country described by Browne, to intervene between Darfoor and the sources of the Bahr-el-Abiad.

This hypothesis being disposed of, and there being no mention of any great lake or inland sea upon the course of the Quolla, there appears no alternative but that of its discharge into the southern Atlantic. Upon this subject the Ashantee merchants had nothing to say; but Mr. Bowditch having resided for some

months at Gaboon, obtained some important information respecting the rivers of that part of Africa. The natives mentioned the Wola, a river considerably to the north of their country, as the greatest river in the world, four or five miles wide, and flowing to the eastward. There can seemingly be no doubt as to this being the same river called by the Moors *Quolla*. Another river, called the Ogooway, was also described as communicating with the Wolla, and then rolling southwards through the interior. After pursuing a long and winding course through vast savannahs; it was said to separate into two branches, the largest of which formed the main stream of the Congo, while the smaller one discharged itself into the ocean at Cape Lopez. This would form certainly a very large Delta, which could, however, be less wondered at, as the river, previous to separation, would have held a longer course than any other perhaps in the world. The Gaboon and Danger form two other estuaries, the origin of which is unknown, and which may possibly form part of the same great Delta. Much in short remains to be cleared up; but, upon the whole, the probability seems very strong, that this celebrated stream must find its way by more than one channel into the southern Atlantic.

ART. IV.—*The Pastor's Fire-side, a Novel, in Four Volumes. By Miss JANE PORTER, Author of Thaddeus of Warsaw, &c.* 12mo. London, Longman and Co. 1817. Philadelphia, reprinted.

[From the Critical Review.]

THE principal fault of the novel before us is, that the author has not judiciously chosen the scenes where the principal actions are laid, nor the personages chiefly engaged in those actions. The title, it is true, is "*The Pastor's Fire Side*," and by those who first take up the volumes, it would be supposed that they treat of the simplicity, the tranquillity, and the domestic comforts of the circle of a country clergyman; but far otherwise; at least three of the four volumes refer merely to transactions at the courts of Germany and Spain, and the personages, instead of consisting of the family and friends of the pastor, are emperors, kings, queens, ambassadors, and ministers of state: with such characters as these, the reader can have but few feelings in common; in their successes or defeats, he can take but little interest, and though his curiosity may be gratified by a supposed insight into the proceedings of these magnificent individuals, it is soon satiated, and he continues to read of their factious disputes and their secret intrigues

with almost as little interest, as he would peruse the unnatural incidents in the heroical romances to which we have above referred. This is an error in the very construction of the plot, and with a very slight exception it runs nearly through the whole work; and though Miss Porter, even in spite of these difficulties, contrives sometimes powerfully to engage our sympathies and excite our feelings, yet her talents for this reason have always to encounter many additional obstacles.

Although a good novel consists both of character and incident, yet it generally happens, that both these requisites are not combined in the same work, and that an author who has a talent for drawing characters, will not also possess the power of employing them in combined and interesting situations: on the other hand, some writers feel their principal strength in the invention and development of a fable, and bestow comparatively little attention upon the personages who are engaged in it, trusting principally to the curiosity excited by the story they have invented. Among the latter, we think Miss Porter is to be ranked, more especially in the production before us, for though some of the individuals are marked with sufficient force, and are clearly distinguishable from each other in their motives and passions, yet they are only distinguishable by strong shadowing and hard lines, and not by any of the nicer gradations and finer traits, which give an irresistible life and charm to the productions of some of our best writers in this department. Our readers will find what we have said illustrated, when we speak of the story of the novel, to which we shall now proceed.

The hero of the "Pastor's Fire Side" is Louis de Montemar, the only son of the duke de Ripperda, whose father, in consequence of some dispute with the government, had emigrated from Spain to Holland, and had obtained high employments in the United Provinces. The father dying, the son, the present duke de Ripperda, succeeded to his estates and influence in the Dutch councils, and married the niece of the Rev. Richard Athelstone (the Pastor from whom the work derives its title,) who, a widower and childless, resided at Lindisfarne, with another niece Mrs. Conningsby, who had two daughters, Cornelia and Alice. The issue of the marriage between the duke de Ripperda and the niece of the Rev. Richard Athelstone, was Louis de Montemar, his mother expiring soon after his birth. The duke de Ripperda entrusted the education of his son to the Pastor, and soon afterwards was recalled to Spain, and being restored to his titles, guided the councils of his sovereign, although not nominally at the head of his cabinet. The novel opens in the year 1725, when Louis was nearly arrived at manhood, and when the daughters of Mrs. Conningsby were also approaching maturity. There is considerable complication of relationships between the Rev. Mr. Athelstone and Sir Hedworth Athelstone, who had resided at Bamborough

Castle, and who at the time when the action commences was dead, and had left his son Sir Anthony, nephew to the Pastor, in possession of his very extensive property.

Louis is on a visit to Sir Anthony, when the Pastor's fire-side at Lindisfarne, consisting of himself, Mrs. Coningsby, and her daughters Cornelia and Alice, is disturbed by the arrival of two Spaniards, the Marquis Santa Cruz, and his son Ferdinand, who brought letters of introduction from the duke de Ripperda. The following description of the two sisters on this occasion, is not uninteresting, though it will remind our readers of a picture somewhat similar in the *Recluse of Norway*, by Miss Anna Maria Porter.

"The sisters had withdrawn their chairs far from the fire-side circle, and were plying their needles with indefatigable diligence. Cornelia's raven hair was braided back from her polished brow, and confined in a knot with a gold bodkin. The majestic contour of her features suited well with her Roman name; and the simplicity of the plain white garment in which she was arrayed, harmonized with the modest dignity of a figure, which proclaimed in every movement that the nobility of the soul needs no foreign ornament! As her fair hand traversed the embroidery frame, Ferdinand turned from these lofty beauties, to the gentle Alice; whose charms, if of a feebleness, were of a subtler force. Her head, which moved about rather oftener than her sister's, in search of silk, scissors, and needles, gave free scope to the contemplation of the young Spaniard. She appeared several years younger than Cornelia. Her form was fairy in its proportions; slight, airy, and apparently impalpable to aught but the touch of a sylph. Her azure eye, glancing around for what she sought, shone so lucidly bright from under her flaxen locks, that Ferdinand thought he had never seen eyes so beautiful; 'Never,' said he to himself, 'so divinely innocent; never so irresistibly exhilarating.'" (p. 16—17, vol. i.)

The last exclamation will sufficiently prepare the reader to expect that Ferdinand (whose father is a proud and rigid Catholic) should fall in love with Alice: the affection is mutual, and before the two Spaniards quit the Pastor's fire-side, he declares his passion, which she reluctantly consents to conceal until events should enable him to return from Spain, whither he was summoned. Before the departure, however, of the Marquis Santa Cruz and his son, Louis returns from Bamborough to Lindisfarne, by swimming on horse-back the narrow sea that flows between, having escaped from the gay duke of Wharton, who arrived an unexpected guest with sir Anthony Athelstone, and against continuing in whose dangerous society the good Pastor had warned his nephew, and had even extorted a promise. Louis, however, could perceive nothing to be dreaded in the frank and apparently generous duke, who had assiduously sought his friendship, and towards whom the heart of Louis felt a secret and uncontrollable yearning. The duke is

firmly attached to the cause of the banished Stuarts, and he is represented by Miss Porter, and as history records him, as gay and easy in his demeanour, winning in his manners, brilliant in his conversation, irresistibly eloquent in his persuasions, and withal, wily treacherous and intriguing. Louis, however, only saw his engaging qualities, notwithstanding an attempt to seduce him from his loyalty; and one considerable fault of the story is, that a young man like the hero, of admirable education and excellent natural endowments, should thus be imposed upon by the artifices of the duke of Wharton, in opposition to the advice of all his friends, and to the known reputation of the duke. Miss Porter's excuse, however, is, that the nature of her plot required that it should be so.

Louis, in the seclusion of Lindisfarne, had often expressed his anxiety to join in the scenes of life under his father at the court of Spain: he longs for honourable distinction, and a few months after the departure of the Marquis Santa Cruz and Ferdinand, a courier arrives with letters from the duke de Ripperda, requiring that his son should attend the messenger to Vienna, where he would put to the test his abilities and ambition. They reach the Austrian capital in the depth of winter; but instead of meeting his father and enjoying any of the gay scenes of amusement, Louis de Montemar finds himself conveyed to an old deserted mansion in the suburbs: the circumstances attending his arrival are thus detailed:

"The man mounted the steps of a huge black building, sufficiently spacious for a palace, but gloomy enough to be a prison. Louis followed his conductor and the flambeau-bearer across a large cold hall, up a wide-painted stair-case, mildewed and crazy, and through a long echoing gallery into a saloon whose distant extremities, like the outer court, were lost in deep shadow. A pair of wax lights, flaring in the wind, stood upon a great claw-table whose once gilded surface was browned by time and neglect. Little more furniture was visible than a couple of chairs of similar fabric, two or three gigantic pier-glasses, reflecting the persons in the apartment in ghost-like obscurity, and a brasier of newly-kindled fuel, sluggishly glimmering on the hearth.

"When Louis entered the saloon, and so far took possession of its dismal hospitality, as to lay his hat and sword upon the table; Castanos called to the attendant by the name of Gerard, and whispering to him they withdrew together. Louis sat for some time, expecting the re-entrance of the Spaniard, but no one appeared. He looked at his watch: it was near ten o'clock. From the hour, he supposed the taciturn secretary was staying away in his usual care of manufacturing his supper; and that he would presently return with his wine and omelet.

"Louis sat composedly ten minutes after ten minutes, but at last his impatience to know why he was brought to so deserted an abode, and who he was to see, got the better of his determination

to quietly await events, and he rose to ring the bell. He took one of the candles to seek for this indispensable piece of furniture, but in no corner of the grim-visaged tapestry could he find even its remains. He opened the door, and called Castanos. No voice made answer, but the dull vibration of his own from the numerous vacant apartments. With the candle in his hand he retraced his way to the great hall, still calling on Castanos, and then on Gerard, and with as little success.

"Determined to find somebody, he turned down a paved passage to the quarter that seemed to lead to the offices. Not a living creature presented itself, and all doors which appeared likely to open to the air were padlocked, and therefore resisted his attempts to force them. He returned to the hall to examine the great door, and found it unbolted, but locked, and the key taken away. He now comprehended that Castanos, and the only apparent inmate of the house, had left the place, that he was alone, and fastened in; but for what purpose he was thus betrayed into solitary confinement, time only could show. To quell the vague alarm that rose in his breast, he had again to recollect he was brought into these circumstances by his father's orders." (p. 281—285, vol. i.)

Here Louis, after waiting a long time in eager suspense, receives a letter from his father, the duke de Ripperda, in which he is directed to pay implicit obedience to the Sieur Ignatius, who soon appears, of a commanding stature, wrapped in a cloak, and with a large hat flapped over his brows. It afterwards turns out, that this mysterious individual is a secret emissary from the court of Madrid to that of Vienna, and that his business is through the influence of the Empress to reconcile long existing enmities, and to forward a marriage between Maria Theresa and Don Carlos of Spain. Louis is disciplined for some months in copying long despatches in cyphers, which he did not understand, and where the least error might have been fatal to the whole negotiation: his health suffers in consequence of the confinement, and his severe task-master, Ignatius, at length allows him to take the air by walking on the shores of the frozen Danube. Here he is recognized by the duke of Wharton, who was then engaged in intrigues in an opposite interest, and who discovers the purpose of Louis's visit to Vienna. In the course of the secret correspondence carried on by Ignatius and the empress, an attempt is made to assassinate the former, and he is so dangerously wounded that Louis is obliged to conduct the complicated transactions under the directions of his instructor. De Montemar, in consequence, is introduced to the empress under the name of the Chevalier Phaffenburg, and he falls in love with a favourite of her majesty, the Countess Althelm, who receives his advances, not from any return of passion, but because she is aware of the illustrious house to which Louis is heir: though extremely beautiful, she is artful,

intriguing, and ambitious, beyond the ordinary limits of her sex. The important business in which Ignatius and Louis are engaged is favourably terminated, and the latter is informed, that on the following day his father will enter Vienna as ambassador from the court of Spain. The duke de Ripperda arrives, and Louis to his astonishment finds, that he and the Sieur Ignatius are the same person, the duke having found it prudent to carry on his negotiation in the disguise of a Jesuit, without disclosing the secret even to his son. Every object is now attained, Ripperda is almost idolized by his own country, which through his exertions had attained most important advantages, and foreign powers reverence his genius and envy his success. His son, Louis de Montemar, is nominated Secretary of Legation.

Before this consummation, Louis had several times seen the duke of Wharton, but still unsuspecting of ill, though the duke was endeavouring to undermine him, his heart had secretly drawn towards him, and their friendship would have been renewed but for the peremptory commands of Ignatius.

The countess Altheim, otherwise called the beautiful Otteline, seconded by the empress, now uses all her influence to hasten the marriage with Louis, who is almost irretrievably entangled in the complicated nets she had spread. The eyes of De Montemar are, however, now opened to her real character, and events most disastrous in their other consequences, at least relieved him from this embarrassment. The tide of the duke de Ripperda's prosperity has now reached its height, and it begins rapidly to decline towards its ebb. He is recalled on some capricious change of policy in the court of Spain, and disgraced in the eyes of his country and the world: he is even cast into prison on a supposed charge of treason, and is about to be immured in the dungeons of the Inquisition, when he makes his escape by the assistance of a faithful servant. Louis, who had been left for a short time *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna, soon follows his father to Spain, and learns with astonishment the indignity and cruelty with which the unwearied benefactor of his country had been treated. He seeks his father in his confinement and finds him flown, and in his turn is ordered to be secured, though he is afterwards released through the influence of the queen on the representation of the Marquis Santa Cruz.

In the meantime the duke, his father, had taken refuge among the Moors on the coast of Africa, and thirsting for revenge, he was about to change his faith for that of the Mahometan, when Louis discovers his retreat, and the duke reluctantly consents to see him, suspecting in the madness of his rage, that even his son had joined his enemies. The subsequent is a short specimen of the interview that took place.

"It was a cold welcome; but Louis thought not of the words, since the permission was granted. He hastened through the ar-

cares, to a large curtained door.—Martini drew it back, and Louis beheld the honoured object of his long and filial pilgrimage. The duke was standing with his back to him, reading a scroll of paper. Nothing that was not purely the son, was then in his labouring heart; and he was advancing to throw himself at his father's feet, when Martini spoke:—

“‘My Lord! the Marquis de Montemar.’

“Ripperda turned his head.

“‘Let him wait my leisure,’ and, looking on the paper again, sternly resumed his reading.

“Louis stood.—the face of deadly paleness, the eye's livid flash, and the deep emaciated lines, furrowed with every trace of the burning volcano within, filled him with a dismay, even more terrible than the fierce estrangement this reception announced. But it was only for a moment that his astounded faculties were transfixed by the direful apprehension. He was his father still; his noble, injured, suffering father! and, rushing forward, he flung himself on his knees before him, and covered his face in his robe; for the hand he would have grasped was withheld.

“Ripperda's breast was locked.

“‘What is it you require of me?’ said he, ‘the minion of two queens must have some reason for bending thus low, to the man the one has dishonoured, and the other betrayed!’

“Louis looked up in that implacable countenance: he attempted to speak, but no sound obeyed. He struggled for his father's hand, and wrung it to his heart. Ripperda stood cold and collected.

“‘What would you yet seek of me? I have no longer fame, nor riches, nor power to bestow. These were your idols! Deny it not! They were my own! I found their food ashes. But the draught that turned my blood to poison, was the desertion of my son.’

“‘Hear me, my father!’ at last burst from the lips of de Montemar, as he clung around that august, but torpid frame. No warmth glowed there, but the gloomy flame of vengeance; no responsive throe whispered there, that sympathy and forgiveness were within. The very stillness with which he suffered, without returning or reproving this agonized embrace, smote his son the more severely to the soul. Yet he thought he saw more resentment, than the object of his lately conceived apprehension, in the stern calmness of his father; and hoping to prevail by reason, where reason yet reigned, in a less agitated voice, he repeated.

“‘Hear me, and then condemn me! or believe me, and acquit me, before the tribunal of heaven and your own justice!’

“Ripperda, with the same unmoved air, replied:

“‘Speak what you have to say; I will attend.’

“He pointed to a sofa, for Louis to sit. He obeyed; and his father sat opposite to him, folded in his mantle. His eyes were bent to the floor, except when he occasionally turned them in deep

suspicion upon the earnest narrator. Not one oral remark escaped him, till the communication was brought to an end. He then looked up, and slowly pronounced:

“ ‘Tis well; and the tale is marvellously told: but I have no connection with its truth or falsehood.’ (p. 48—52, vol. iv.)

Though Louis is empowered by the government of Spain to make terms with his indignant parent, his efforts are ineffectual to induce him to forsake the course of his bloody and desperate revenge: the duke de Ripperda takes the oaths of a Mussulman, and is placed by the emperor of Morocco at the head of a large army, with which, after reducing some of the barbarous states, he besieges Ceuta, then in the hands of a Spanish garrison, commanded by the marquis Santa Cruz, and his son Ferdinand: there also is found Louis de Montemar, who, in the disguise of a Moorish slave, enters his father's tent at midnight, and once more with tears and prayers, exhorts him to lay down his arms and his infidelity. He pleads in vain, Ceuta is assaulted, Ripperda mounts a breach, and just as he is about to be cut down by two Biscayans, Louis interposes, and by receiving the wounds himself, saves the life of his father: Ferdinand is also severely hurt, but neither mortally; and they are attended in their sufferings by the marchioness Santa Cruz and her lovely daughter Marcella, who had been destined for a nunnery. Louis becomes unconsciously enamoured of his beautiful and benevolent attendant. Before they are perfectly recovered, a general engagement takes place between the Moors under Ripperda, and the Spaniards under Santa Cruz, when the former is totally defeated, and flies, desperately wounded, to Tetuan. Here again he is visited by Louis, who dares all extremities, in the garb of a charitable brother of the order of St. Philip: he learns that his father is dying in the agonies of despair; and his purpose is to endeavour to re-convert him to christianity, that he might participate in its hopes. A part of the interesting dialogue on this dreadful occasion, is the following:

“ ‘Yes, my father,’ gently rejoined Louis, ‘there is rest in the grave when—

“ ‘Silence!’ interrupted the duke, all his former haughtiness confirming his voice and manner: ‘Is it you that would cajole reason with sophistry? That would give up your unsullied truth at last, to insult your father by preaching an annihilation you know to be a falsehood? I know a different lesson. A man cannot rid himself of bodily pangs by moving from place to place. How then shall the torments of the spirit be extinguished, by so small a change as being in or out of this loathed prison of flesh? When my soul, my own and proper self, when it is freed by death from the fetters of the passions which have undone me; then I shall think even more intensely than I do now. I shall remember more than I do now. I shall see the naked springs, the undisguised consequences of all my actions. They will burn in my eyes for

ever. For such, I feel, is the eternal book of accusation prepared for the immortal spirit that has transgressed beyond the hope of pardon, or the power of peace! Louis,' added he, grasping his arm, and looking him sternly in the face; 'has not your Pastor-Uncle taught you the same?'

" 'Yes; and more,' replied his son. 'He has taught me, that it is impossible for the finite faculties of man to comprehend the infinite attributes of God;—how he reconciles justice with mercy, in the mystery of the redemption, and renews the corrupted nature of man by the regeneration of repentance! Recal the promises of the scriptures, my father; and there you will find, that He who washed David from blood-guiltiness, and blotted out the idolatry of Solomon; that He who pardoned Cephas for denying Him in the hour of trial, and satisfied the perverse infidelity of Thomas; that He who forgave Saul his persecutions, and made him the ablest apostle of his church; nay, that He who has been the propitiation of man, from the fall of Adam to the present hour,—wills not the death of a sinner, but calls him to repentance and to life?'

" 'But what,' returned the Duke, 'if I know nothing of these things? You start! But it is true. The scriptures you talk of, is the only book I never opened.' There was a terrible expression in the eyes of Ripperda as he delivered this, and listened to the heavy groan that burst from the heart of his son.

" 'In this hour,' continued he, when all human learning deserts me; rejected by the world, and loathing man and all his ways;—in this bitter hour, I believe, therein I might have found the word of life! But I derided its pretensions; and the penalty must be paid!'" (p. 258—261. vol. iv.)

Louis further impresses upon his agonized parent the comforts of christianity: he gradually becomes more tranquil, and soon afterwards having received the sacrament, he dies in the arms of his son.

De Montemar returns to England by way of Gibraltar, having answered letters from the Marquis Santa Cruz and Ferdinand; the pen of Marcella of course contributed no part to these communications, nor indeed had Louis yet declared his passion. He is welcomed with the utmost transport by the good Pastor, Mrs. Coningsby, and Alice; and after remaining at Lindisfarne a short time he pays a visit to his uncle sir Anthony Athelstone, with whom Cornelia is on a visit. On their return at night they are overtaken on the moors by a violent storm, and they shelter themselves in a low uninhabited hovel, which scarcely excluded the weather. Cornelia is left alone with a light, while Louis directs the servants in disengaging the carriage from a deep slough: she hears several successive groans in the interior of the hut, and taking the lamp in her hand, she finds lying upon some half-putrid sheep-skins, "a man in the garb of a gentleman, and with

one of the noblest forms that ever met her sight." The scene is thus described:—

"A deep groan broke the fixture of his lips. It was that of pain: and she took up the lamp, to see if she could find its immediate cause. She then saw that where his waistcoat was open, the linen on his breast was stained and stiff with blood. His before tranquil features, which had appeared fixed in death, were agitated by an evident sense of acute suffering. She put her hand upon that part of his linen, where the blood-stain was the widest; and in the act, she thought she felt a gaping wound. He shrunk under the touch, and convulsively opened his eyes. They were shut as suddenly, and in a low voice, he hardly articulated—

"'Where am I?'

"'In a wretched place,' replied Cornelia, 'but with those who only wait the morning light to bear you to one of comfort.'

"On the first sound of her voice, the sufferer appeared to struggle to bear the light with his eyes; but it was beyond their power. He tried to speak:—

"'If I live—' said he. But a sudden agony rushing through his frame, arrested the rest; and turning his face again upon the dark pillow, Cornelia thought that moment was his last.

"She clasped her hands in the worldless sympathy of human nature. She was then brought through the horrors of the still raging tempest, at that dismal hour of night, to this lonely hovel, to close the eyes of a forlorn stranger!—To perform the last offices to the beloved son or husband of some tender mother or doating wife, who must 'long look for him who never would return.'

"'Louis, Louis!' cried she, in the piteous accents of one calling for an assistance they needed, but despaired of its bringing help. Louis heard the cry, and the tone struck him with an alarm that instantly brought him into the hovel. Lorenzo followed his master, and both rushed through the chamber in which she was not to be found, into the one whence the light gleamed. She pointed, without being able to speak, to the heap on the floor. Seeing her so overcome, instead of approaching it, Louis put his arm round her waist to support her. Lorenzo stepped towards the wretched bed, and the rays of the lamp resting upon the marks of blood, he started back, and exclaimed:—

"Santa Maria!—a murdered man!—

"Cornelia gasped at the enunciation of his actual death; and Louis, while he held her faster to his heart, instinctively moved towards the terrific object. Her feet readily obeyed the humane impulse of his; and sliding down on her knee by the side of the motionless stranger, she ventured to put her hand on his, expecting to feel the chill of death.

"'He is warm!' cried she looking up in the face of her cousin. He had caught a glimpse of the figure as it lay, and she saw him pale and trembling, while putting away Lorenzo, who leaned over

to assist in raising the dying man, he approached close to the bed. He bent to the head that was smothered up in the wool, and touching it with an emotion in his soul he had only felt once before, he turned that lifeless face upwards. He did not gaze on it a moment. His nerveless hands let go their hold, and it would have fallen back into its loathsome pillow, had not the watchful care of Cornelia caught it on her arm." (p. 335—339, vol. iv.)

To be brief, the dying man is the duke of Wharton, who notwithstanding the attainder against him, having secretly come to the North to ascertain the disposition of the people to the banished Stuarts, had dislocated his shoulder by a fall from his horse, and had afterwards been stabbed and left for dead by his own foreign attendants. The duke is conveyed to Morewick-hall, (one of the residences of the Rev. Mr. Athelstone,) and is attended by Cornelia, who is kept by Louis in ignorance of the name of her patient. Compassion for his sufferings is soon nursed into love for his noble countenance, fine figure, and splendid accomplishments, which are developed as the duke gradually recovers. The Pastor arrives not long afterwards, and discovers that it is the duke of Wharton; and aided by his niece, for whom the wounded man feels a growing and honourable passion, he represents to him the folly and misery of his former mode of life, and successfully exhorts him to abandon it.

In the mean time, the marquis Santa Cruz, the marchioness, Ferdinand, and Marcella, opportunely arrive in England, and are conducted by Louis to Lindisfarne: the *denouement* is now nearly complete: the marquis consents that his son should marry Alice, and that Louis should be united to his daughter Marcella. The attainder against the duke of Wharton is unexpectedly reversed, in consideration of the services and claims of Louis, who, to his great joy discovers that, instead of being the concealed enemy of his father and himself at the court of Spain, the duke had exerted all his influence to prevent the calamities they had endured. Cornelia consents to become the wife of the duke of Wharton after a probation of a year.

The reader will perceive that this story is extremely complicated—not so much from the number of the incidents, as from the peculiar manner in which they are interwoven, and the many characters of importance that are engaged in them: of course, in the sketch we have supplied, we have endeavoured to strip it of some of its episodes, and we have been compelled to omit much that is interesting. It might certainly have been managed in several respects more judiciously; and one chief error is the introduction of such a variety of personages, some of whom are rendered of more consequence than they at all merit. The best drawn character is unquestionably that of the duke de Ripperda, but even he is a little inconsistent; for in the commencement nothing is said of his temper and disposition which should lead us to suppose

that he would become an apostate to his faith, and a traitor to his country; on the contrary, his disinterested love and devotion to Spain are the constant subjects of praise. His son Louis wants firmness and steadiness, and is too easily imposed upon, not because he is innocent of the artifices of politics, but because his faculties seem too obtuse to comprehend them.

The duke of Wharton plays a prominent part throughout the novel, and almost forms a rival to the hero: indeed had Miss Porter shown from the dialogue, that he possessed the brilliant wit and persuasive powers she attributes to him, Louis would have sunk quite into a secondary personage: that the duke is not made witty and persuasive, however is not Miss Porter's fault; she represents him as making many attempts both at the one and the other, but uniformly without success: his character is formed upon that of Lovelace in *Clarissa Harlowe*, but the peculiar turn of Miss Porter's talents could not enable her to support it.

Respecting the females, little more is said than we extracted in the outset: however amiable, the reader cannot but feel that *Marcella* is not worthy of Louis, even with his weaknesses.

As to the style of the work, we have only space to say a few words: it is in general too ambitious, and bears the appearance of effort; to use a familiar phrase, it is too high-flown; and we would recommend Miss Porter to study simplicity, instead of attempting to make her prose poetical: the story is certainly above the ordinary run of novels, and with some omissions and restraints, the language might have been so. In one place, the author says of a man's smile, that "it dwelt on his features like a bending seraph lingering on its cloud;" and in another of a lady's ringlet, that "it waved over her spotless neck, as if it were the wing of love fluttering towards the guarded region of her heart:" these affectations are frequent, and give to the work an air of vulgarity that does not really belong to it. There are some other faults, which we must in candour attribute to carelessness, particularly those of grammar, which are too numerous sprinkled not to require a remark: it almost uniformly happens, that when the relative by transposition of construction is placed before the verb, instead of after it, the printer has given it in the nominative case and not in the accusative—thus, "*De Montemar*, what is your opinion of the marquis of Montrose? he *who* Cromwell sent to the scaffold," &c.—"it is he *who* that father has commanded me to reverence," &c.—"it was instantly opened by a man *who* Louis recognized to be Martini," &c. We might multiply instances of this kind of false grammar to several pages, but we have given enough for illustration: now and then, but not so constantly, we have the accusative case after the verb *to be*—thus, "all that his glad eyes had taken in of that dear apparition, was that it was *him*," &c. These are errors that may easily be corrected in another edition, which the indisputable merits of "*The Pastor's Fire-side*," as a whole, will no doubt soon enable it to reach.

ART. V.—*Account of Batavia—Its Inhabitants, Commerce, Climate, &c. By the late Dr. Gillan, Physician to the Embassy to China, under Lord Macartney.*

[*From the Quarterly Journal.*]

[The following Account of the once splendid Capital of the Oriental Islands, now mouldering in ruins, and of its various inhabitants,—Dutch, Javanese, Malays, Chinese, &c., is from the pen of the late Doctor Gillan, who accompanied Lord Macartney to China, in the capacity of Physician to the Embassy. It will be read with the deeper interest from the lively description it contains of the manners and mode of life of a people “whose merchants were once princes, and traders the honourable of the earth”—of a people who, from the moment they deserted their Sovereign, and betrayed their allies, whom they had called to their assistance, fell rapidly from their elevated station, into the lowest depths of poverty and misery. Their foreign possessions slipped from their dominion; and Batavia, like another Tyre, saw the awful prophecy fulfilled: “Thy riches and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy caulkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war that are in thee, and all thy company which are in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas, on the day of thy ruin.” It was but a few years before the fulfilment of this prophecy was realized with regard to Batavia, that Doctor Gillan drew up, on the spot, the account which we are now enabled, by the kindness of a friend, to lay before our readers. ED.]

BATAVIA, from the excessive heat of its climate, and the peculiar disadvantages of its situation, in a low fenny plain, surrounded with bogs and morasses on every side, has always been accounted one of the most unhealthy spots on the face of the earth; and the uniform experience of its fatal effects upon Europeans who have ventured to settle there, has abundantly confirmed the justice of the apprehension usually entertained against it as a place of residence. It is generally believed that it proves a grave to nine-tenths of the Europeans who remain there in the space of one year; and of those who survive, there is hardly one to be seen who has the appearance of health in his countenance. A sallow paleness of face, a sickly languor of complexion, an emaciated look, and listless debility of motion, appear in every person. The inhabitants are familiar with disease and death. There is scarcely an example of a stranger’s having remained long at Batavia without being attacked by fever, which is a general denomination here for illness of every kind, and indeed it is pretty justly applied. It is now well known in the medical world, that intermittent and remittent fevers derive their origin from those noxious vapours and exhalations which arise from fens and marshes, in warm climates and in warm seasons. And hence, countries and places where these abound, are always infested with these diseases; and the general terms of *miasmata palustria*, have very justly been adopted by physicians, as expressing the source

of the causes which produce them. But Batavia and the adjacent country are, from their local circumstances, so particularly exposed to these miasmata, whose native virulence is intensely exalted by the thick humid shade of the trees and forests, which exclude the rays of the sun and refreshing breezes of the wind, that it does not at all appear surprising that such fevers, with all the train of their malignant effects, should prevail here in their most aggravated forms. Europeans soon after their arrival first become languid and feeble, and in a few weeks, sometimes in a few days after, are attacked by fever. At first it is commonly of a tertian type, which, after two or three paroxysms, becomes a double tertian, and then a continued remittent, which usually carries off the patient in a very short time. Many of them fall victims to the second or third paroxysm; but in these cases a constant delirium, and a great determination of the blood to the brain, are always observed. In some it begins in a quotidian form, with regular intermissions for a day or two, and then becomes a continued remittent, attended with the same fatal consequences as the former. In other cases, the fever from the first attack shows no intermission, or even remission at all, but marks its type by increased periodical exacerbations. Such cases are often mistaken for typhus, and almost always prove fatal; but, upon the strictest examination and the most careful inquiry I could make, it did not appear there were any well ascertained cases of typhus observed at Batavia. It is very difficult, however, for a stranger, who remains here but for a few days, to get accurate information on any subject, much less respecting the nature, genera, and species of the diseases of the country; for the physicians and surgeons of Batavia, like the rest of the inhabitants, are adventurers, who were originally in very low situations in life, and never had the benefit of a liberal education, and much less of a proper medical one; they are totally unacquainted with the classification and distinction of diseases, and are almost entirely ignorant of the theory of medicine. Their practice of course must be entirely empiric; and appear very bad in the eyes of a regular physician, who is accustomed to proceed upon principles and experience together. The principal people, and those who can afford it, are attended, when sick, at their own houses, where the physicians go to see them. It does not appear, however, that they derive much benefit from their skill; and indeed from the circumstances above mentioned, there could be little reason to expect it. The use of Peruvian bark is little known amongst them; and when at any time they do exhibit it, it is in such small quantities, that no cure can be expected from it. There is no change made in the diet or regimen of the patient; and the chief, or rather the sole, remedy administered, is a solution of camphor in spirit of wine, of which a table-spoonful is taken occasionally in a glass of water.

When the fever does not prove fatal, and the patient's constitution resists it for a length of time, it becomes at last habitual or constitutional. In this manner it continues sometimes for several years, and, from long custom, the patient at last becomes so familiarized to it, that it is hardly thought a disease. In the intervals of intermission he manages his business, and goes out and pays visits, as if nothing were the matter. I had an opportunity of seeing a striking example of this while we remained at Batavia. One morning Mr. Maxwell and I went to pay a visit to Mr. Engelhart; he was in his cabinet and in his morning dress: the conversation turned accidentally upon the nature of the climate, the diseases of the place, and the frequency of death among the Europeans who settled there. "Il est bien vrai, monsieur," said he to me, "c'est un des plus mauvais climats qu'il y ait sur la terre, presque tout le monde meurt ici—mais moi, grace à Dieu, je me porte toujours bien, et quoique je perde tous les ans la moitié de mes amis, je jouis toujours moi d'une très bonne santé;"—at the same time he looked around him as if he wanted something. As he had promised to give me in writing a particular account of the Upas Tree, and as that was the principal object I had in view, I thought he was looking for pen, ink, and paper, to write. Accordingly, I brought them to him from the other end of the table, where they stood, and asked him whether they were not what he wanted?—"Point du tout, monsieur, je cherche un mouchoir; c'est aujourd'hui mon jour de fièvre, j'ai eu un terrible accès ce matin qui n'est pas encore tout-à-fait passé. Vous pouvez encore en voir les restes sur mon front, et je voudrais avoir un mouchoir pour m'en essuyer la sueur;"—at the same time he called his servant to bring him one. How, said I, Sir, a fever! I thought you had just told me that you always enjoyed good health. "Oh, Monsieur," replied he, "à ma fièvre près cela est vrai, mais je suis si accoutumé à cela que cela n'empêche que je ne me porte fort bien. Je sais que je dois en mourir un jour si je reste ici, mais, j'ai déjà ramassé une assez jolie fortune, et je compte bien retourner en Europe avant que cette période n'arrive."

There are two public hospitals for the inferior sorts of people, to which they repair when they are taken ill. One of these hospitals is within the town, the other at a little distance without it, and situated on a spot of ground almost surrounded by water, which makes it appear like an island, and hence it is called the Isle of Purmerent. The hospital within the town is not reckoned so good as the other, and is therefore chiefly destined for urgent cases, or sudden accidents, which do not admit of delay, or time to carry the patient to the Isle of Purmerent, whose situation is considered as so much better, and so much more healthful. All convalescents, however, are sent there; their number is, indeed, very small, and the registers of either hospital record but few recoveries. Both these hospitals are under the management and

immediate inspection of the governor and council of the Indies, who also appoint the surgeons and physicians, who are all here upon the company's establishment. The office of the first physician to the hospital is a very lucrative one. He who held it last had been a common surgeon-barber, and employed for some time in the lowest duties of his profession, in running from house to house, shaving heads and dressing hair. In process of time he came to be first physician to the hospital, and about eight months before our arrival he had returned to Holland with a million and a half of florins. His successor, the present occupant, was exactly in the same line with his predecessor, and has followed him with the same good fortune. He does not appear in any respect a man of abilities, and the gentlemen of the council themselves acknowledge that he is totally ignorant of the theory of medicine, and unacquainted with letters. But it is supposed he will retire in a couple of years, with a fortune equal to that of his predecessor; for it should seem this is the term usually allowed for one in his place to acquire a fortune. I had an opportunity of seeing and consulting with him upon Mr. Titsing's case. We met at Mr. Wiegeman's house, but as he neither understood Latin, French, or any language but Dutch, Mr. Titsing himself was obliged to act as interpreter. He could give me no account of Mr. Titsing's case, or indeed of almost any thing whatever, except the laws and regulations for the management of the hospitals. He could only tell me in general, that Mr. Titsing (whose disease I knew to be a tertian, from having seen him repeatedly under the paroxysms, and particularly at Mr. Wiegeman's country house, where sir George Staunton and I had gone with Mr. Wiegeman and Mr. Titsing the evening before,) had been long ill of a fever, as they called it; and that, according to their opinions at Batavia, the nature of this fever was to rot and corrupt the whole frame; that they believed, or were told, that camphor was the most powerful antiseptic in nature, and therefore it was their practice in fever, of which they were not accustomed to distinguish any difference or variety, always to give camphor dissolved in spirit of wine; that they made their patients take a table-spoonful of this solution from time to time in a glass of water, and this not only when they could do it, during the paroxysm itself, but also during the intervals. That for this purpose they recommended it to their patients always to carry with them, wherever they went, a bottle of this solution, and never to omit taking it. That Mr. Titsing was one of the most exact and regular patients, in this respect, that it was possible to have; that he had never omitted his dose of it one day for some years past; that it was his constant companion wherever he went; that if any patient deserved to recover, it was Mr. Titsing; and that if he had not known, from long experience, how obstinate fevers were in Batavia, and how few ever recovered from them, he should have

been very much surprised indeed to find he still continued to labour under it. However, he said, he observed with great satisfaction that, in spite of the fever, and all its septic tendency, the virtues of his camphorated spirit of wine had so far succeeded that Mr. Titsing was not yet quite rotten.

Mr. Titsing corroborated one part of the physician's story, by pulling out of his pocket a bottle of the solution, and taking a dose of it *more solito*. I ventured to prescribe to Mr. Titsing a different plan of cure, and encouraged much his idea of returning to Europe for the recovery of his health; and I doubt not if he complies with both advices, he will find them a more effectual cure than all the camphor in Batavia.

But if diseases are frequent and fatal here, it must be acknowledged that the manner of life of the inhabitants contributes as much to both events, as the climate and situation of the country. The same causes which render the place peculiarly unhealthy, contribute to make it one of the most fruitful spots in the world. It produces fruit and vegetables of every kind in the greatest abundance, and such a variety of spices and condiments as is not to be found in any other country. The ground is fertile, the climate enervating, and the inhabitants indolent, luxurious, and voluptuous. As soon as they get up in the morning, tea, coffee, and chocolate, are served up for breakfast, and fish, flesh, and fowl are placed upon a side-board, as if it were at dinner, and most of the guests partake plentifully of it. No sooner is breakfast removed, than Madeira, claret, gin, Dutch small beer, and English porter, are placed upon a table in the portico before the door of the great hall, and pipes, tobacco, and spitting-boxes, are brought for every body. Here they sit under the shade, drinking, smoking, and spitting, till dinner time. It is no uncommon thing for several of them to drink two or three bottles of wine before dinner; and many of them who have prejudices in favour of their native country, take small beer, which they are told dilutes the blood, and affords plenty of fluids for a free perspiration; they sometimes drink from ten to fifteen bottles of it in the course of the day. They dine a little after one o'clock. Immediately before dinner two men slaves go round with Madeira wine, of which each takes a bumper, as a tonic or whetter of the appetite, and to give the stomach strength for digestion. This is always the signal that dinner is just going to be served up. Then follow three female slaves, one with a silver basin, with a cover of the same metal pierced with many holes; the second, with a silver jar full of pure water, and sometimes of rose-water, for washing the hands, and the third with towels for wiping them. When this ceremony is finished, the company walk into the hall to dinner, during which a band of music plays at a little distance. The musicians are all slaves, and in the number of these the master's chief ostentation seems to consist. The dinners are plentiful, and consist of a

great variety of dishes. They do not, however, eat much, nor indeed could it be supposed that in such circumstances they could have much appetite for it, but they seem to drink as freely as if they had tasted no wine that day before. At dinner a number of female slaves attend, and this seems to be the time principally allotted for their appearance. After dinner they wash their hands again, take a dish of coffee, and all go to sleep. Their beds, even in houses of the first people, have no sheets: they consist only of a mattress, pillows, a large bolster, and a chintz counterpane. They pull off their clothes, put on their night-dress, consisting of a night-cap, and long loose calico gown, which they always carry with them wherever they go; then lie down on the top of the counterpane, and so sleep till about five o'clock. Most of the gentlemen bachelors have a favourite female slave who retires along with them to fan them, and keep off the musquitoes while their master sleeps. This however, is not tolerated in better regulated families, where a wife directs the internal economy of the house. They get up before six o'clock, dress themselves, take tea, and afterwards take an airing in their carriages, pay visits, and form their parties for the evening, which they spend in various amusements, and never part till a very late hour.

Such habits of life soon exhaust the strength, and enfeeble the constitution. The functions of life are fatigued, the powers of the body are worn out by luxury, indolence, and voluptuousness; and, when disease attacks them, the feeble victim, without nerves or stamina to resist it, falls a speedy sacrifice, and sinks into the grave. Deaths of this kind are so frequent at Batavia, that they scarcely make any impression upon the minds of the inhabitants. The frequency of the event has rendered it familiar, and they show no signs of emotion or surprise when they hear in the morning of the death of the person with whom they supped in seemingly good health the evening before.

There are but very few of the women of Batavia who have been born in Europe, most of them being natives of the place, but descended originally from European parents. The climate and manners of the country appear however to have had very considerable influence upon them, with regard to figure and appearance. The features and outlines of the face are European, but the complexion, character, and modes of life are very different, and approach more to those of the native inhabitants of Java. A pale sickly languor overspreads the whole countenance. There is not the least tint of the rose to be seen in any cheek. While at home in their own houses, they dress like their slaves. Their clothes are made of the same red checkered cotton cloth, and consist chiefly of a long loose gown descending to the ankles, with large wide sleeves. They have no head-dress, but they wear their hair plaited and fixed behind with a silver bodkin, in

the same manner as the Paysannes of the Valais, and of several of the cantons of Switzerland do. The colour of the hair is almost universally black. They never use powder, but wear chaplets of flowers, and anoint the hair with cocoa-nut oil to make it grow. They certainly have great abundance of it, and very long and flowing, but whether the cocoa-nut oil contributes any thing to this effect or not, it always gives the hair a greasy dirty look, and has a very disagreeable smell. While they sit in this manner in the midst of their female slaves, dressed as they are, employed in the same occupation, and conversing familiarly with them, a stranger does not easily distinguish them, and passes by without taking any further notice of them. A circumstance of this kind that happened to Mr. Maxwell and myself, embarrassed us a little. It was on the day we went to pay the visit to Mr. Engelhart, which has been mentioned before. Madame Engelhart, (who is the present governor-general's niece) and her daughter, by a former marriage, were sitting amidst their slaves in the portico behind the hall, and dressed exactly in the manner now described. After some conversation with Mr. Engelhart, we walked out to see the garden, stables, and other buildings behind the house; and we passed and repassed several times through the portico, without taking the smallest notice of madame or mademoiselle, whom we confounded with the group that surrounded them. We returned into the hall again, and were going to take leave of Mr. Engelhart, and go away. He said he must first present us to his wife and step-daughter. He went to the door and called them in. We thought we saw two slaves approaching before their mistresses; it was madam and mademoiselle, bare-headed, bare-necked, bare-legged, and bare-footed, clad in nothing but the loose red and blue-checked night-gown. We made our bow, not a little surprised and embarrassed. The ladies curtsied, spoke a few words to us, and then returned to their slaves.

When the Batavian ladies go abroad in the cool of the evening, to pay visits, or take an airing in their carriages, and particularly when they go to their assemblies or evening parties, they dress magnificently. Still, however, they put no powder in their hair, but adorn their heads with a profusion of diamonds and jewels of various kinds, intermixed with chaplets of flowers, and particularly the leaves of the *polyantha tuberosa* and *pandang*. They have very rich gold and silver boxes, in which they carry their betel and areca, and various spices, which they mix with it. They first take one of the betel leaves, and spread upon it a little slackened quick-lime and *gambir*, (which is the inspissated juice or extract of the cashew-nut;) they next take a piece of the areca nut, some bruised cardamom-seeds, pepper, and tobacco, and, placing this composition over the gambir, and quick-lime, they roll it up in the betel leaf, then wrap the whole in one or two more fresh

leaves, and so put it into their mouths, and chew it constantly. This warm stimulating masticatory excites a flow of saliva tinged with the brown dirty colour of the gambir, which also overspreads their lips, teeth, and gums. Each of their areca boxes contains many small compartments for the different kinds of spices and other substances they make use of, and a knife, scissors, nippers, and other instruments for breaking the areca nut, and preparing it for being chewed. The ladies pretend the effect of these pungent fiery substances is to sweeten the smell of the breath, to strengthen the stomach, and give firmness and tone to the muscles and nerves. Each lady has a female slave or squaw that accompanies her wherever she goes, sits at her feet, and carries the areca box, and frequently prepares the quid for her mistress. In the parties or assemblies, when they find the heat disagreeable, they retire without any ceremony, undress themselves, put on loose cotton night-gowns, and return again into the hall, hardly recognisable by strangers. The gentlemen do the same, strip off their heavy velvets, and return in white cotton jackets, with loose sleeves. The *Edelherrs*, however, have generally diamond buttons to these jackets, and those a little advanced in years also put on their night-caps. Custom may reconcile these things, so as at last to make them appear indifferent, and especially in such climates as these, where every individual finds the benefit of a light loose dress, and pants for cooler air. But, with regard to the chewing the areca, it appears astonishing it should ever cease to appear disgusting to a European. Whatever real or pretended advantages the Batavian fair may derive from it, the appearance and practice are shocking and nauseous to a stranger; and instead of inviting passion, or increasing their charms, seem an invincible antidote against them.

This progressive change from the original European, and gradual approach to the complexion, character, and manners of the Aborigines of Java, would seem an argument in favour of the system of those philosophers who derive the whole of the human race from one common original stock, and make every variety of form, colour, and character, depend upon the influence of climate, local circumstances, and habits of life. Some of the wits of Batavia, however, pretend that the partialities and favours many of the ladies have been suspected of showing to some of their male slaves, might very possibly come in for a modifying share of this physical effect. Women here are generally nubile between eleven and twelve years of age. They are soon ripe, and as soon decay. A woman before the thirtieth year of her age is accounted a *femme passée*. After bearing one or two children their whole frame is relaxed and debilitated. The husband seeks for another mistress, and the slighted wife looks for another lover. It sometimes happens that a mutual tacit consent supports this double economy; but more frequently the passion of jealousy

and indignant revenge prevails over every other feeling; and often, it is said, the furious spouse has administered poison to the husband, whose sudden death has been ascribed to the usual violence of the malignant fevers of the country. It appears certain that the climate is by no means so fatal to the female sex as it is to the male. Women live much longer, and are more exempt from disease. There are many examples at Batavia of one woman having outlived six or seven husbands; and in general most married women there have passed through several widowhoods. The mistress of the hotel where we lodged had been six times married before, and the present landlord was her seventh husband. There was every reason to conclude from her *embonpoint* and healthier look, compared with his thin emaciated form, that she stood a fair chance of soon changing him for another successor. There are, however, several causes which contribute to this effect, and that account physically for the longer life and better health of the women in this country. The greatest number of them, though originally of European descent, are natives of the place, and naturalized to the climate and manners of the country. They accommodate themselves from their infancy to the situation in which they are placed. They lead a life of ease and quiet; they continue all day under the coolness of the shade, never stirring abroad or exposing themselves to the heat of the sun, or the action of those noxious miasmata which perpetually float around the country. They take no concern in business or commerce, and of course live unmolested by the cares, anxieties, and concerns of trade and public affairs. They make frequent use of the cold bath, and are much more temperate in eating and drinking than the men, who in general ruin their health and constitutions by excessive indulgence in both these respects.

There are six different kinds of inhabitants in Batavia and its environs, quite separate and distinct from each other.

1st. The Dutch and Europeans in general, who have all the power, offices and employments in their own hands, and exercise authority over all the rest; and whose perishing numbers are annually recruited from Europe.

2d. The Portuguese descendants of the first occupants of Batavia. They have now lost all commerce and connexion with their mother country, and have only a corrupted dialect of the Portuguese remaining amongst them. Even this, there are many of them who hardly understand; and all more willingly and readily speak the Malay language. They dress like the native Javanese in every respect, except that they wear their hair still after the European fashion. They have adopted almost entirely the manners and customs of the Javanese, from whom they are chiefly to be distinguished by the darker colour of their complexion and skin, by their having longer noses and sharper features of face. They are no longer Roman catholics, but have all become

Lutherans. They are all of them employed in the lowest menial capacities; a few of them are artificers and mechanics, and some of them live entirely by hunting in the woods and forests. They are indeed, the only chasseurs in the place. In short, they have nothing European or Portuguese about them except the name.

3d. The native Javanese. These have a peculiar colour of complexion that easily distinguishes them from all the other Indians and inhabitants of the place. They are neither so swarthy as the Portuguese, nor of so yellow a tinge as the Malays in general. Their features are fuller, their eyes large, their noses broad and flat, and their faces large. They are all free, and it is stipulated by treaty with the Dutch, that they must not be made slaves. Their dress too is different from that of the other Indians. They wear their hair in the manner already described, plaited behind and fixed with a silver bodkin, which is the common fashion here for women of all ranks and conditions. But their necks, shoulders, arms, and a great part of the breast and back are quite bare. The men indeed, are usually naked from the waist upwards; but the women have a kind of wrapper which just covers the breast, and so passing obliquely downwards and backwards to the ancles; they cover themselves with a piece of the red and blue cotton cloth, folded in form of a petticoat. This dress they consider as a privilege to distinguish them from the slaves, who are never permitted to wear it, even after they are made free. Female slaves, however, are dressed in a much better, and much handsomer manner; and although the form and fashion be uniform with respect to them all, some of them, who are more handsome or greater favourites with their masters than the rest, are clothed in a much finer manner, and adorned with abundance of toys and trinkets. Their dress consists, first, of a white cotton jacket loose at the neck, and with a frill of lace round the opening of the breast. The sleeves are made to fit tight and reach down to the wrist, where they fix them close with a button; round the wrists they wear every kind of toy they can procure. Several of Mr. Wiegernan's had many such of gold and silver, and various coloured stones. This jacket sits close upon the body, and descends below the waist. Round the waist they wear a kind of double petticoat, reaching down the leg almost to the ancle. The petticoat is composed of two pieces of the checker cotton cloth. The one piece is brought from behind forward, and almost meets on the forepart. The other piece resembles an apron, but is put on the contrary way, passing from before backwards, but it is much narrower than the former and does not meet behind. As this kind of double petticoat has no spare cloth, and is drawn very tight round the waist, it shows the figure and shape. The price of slaves varies according to their age and figure, but when they are handsome they cost from 400 to 500 dollars.

4th. The slaves. They are very numerous, every one having as many as he chooses, and can afford to buy and keep. There are many more female than male slaves. They are brought here from all parts of India, and it is remarked, that at all times, even in themselves and their descendants, the original character and habits of their country may be distinctly traced. Those from the same places or countries associate with each other in preference to the rest; and, it should seem, they encourage and give examples to each other in keeping up pertinaciously the early habits and impressions of their native land. The dress of the female slaves has been already described. That of the males is more humble and simple. It consists of one long gown, reaching from the neck down to the ancles. It is of the same red and blue striped cloth entirely close, excepting an opening at the top for passing it over the head. It has closer sleeves which are buttoned at the wrist, where they too sometimes wear a few ornaments, and always they have several small yellow buttons at the collar. Each male and female slave has particular departments and particular services to perform, and these only they attend to. Hence the great number of both always employed and thought necessary in warm climates, and particularly in eastern countries; these slaves have each an allowance of a certain quantity of rice, and about the value of one penny sterling, in Dutch money, per day. They dress their rice in their own manner, and with the penny they buy fish, which they mix with their rice for their ordinary diet; if they choose vegetables they are commonly allowed to take as much as they want from their master's garden. Even from this scanty pittance, there are several examples of slaves who have subsisted themselves, and saved at last as much as was necessary for paying letters of liberty, when they have obtained their freedom.

Although the children of slaves are here, as in other countries where slavery reigns, the property of their masters, yet this source seems to afford but a very small number. The master chooses rather to buy than to rear one. Female slaves are reckoned hardly good for any thing after bearing a child, but for nursing and bringing it up. I saw one or two of them so employed at Mr. Wiegman's. They look old and worn out, yet I was informed they were young. They seemed to have no task but the care of their child imposed upon them, and I was assured they had nothing else to do. It is looked upon in these circumstances rather to be a loss than an advantage, to encourage matrimonial connexions between the slaves, and accordingly it is discouraged, and as much as possible prevented; nor does it appear that the males are much disposed to press the matter. They are in general, lazy, languid, and feeble; the low diet on which they feed, and the indolent, unanimated, discouraging life they lead, give but little stimulus to passion. It should seem too their propensities to

gallantry are never strong, nor are the exciting objects within their reach peculiarly calculated for calling them forth; unless it be in those cases where their kind mistress has chanced to cast a favouring eye on some happy individual, as the master often does on the female slave that pleases him. The fifth class consists of freed slaves and their descendants, who all continue free in virtue of the liberty of their fathers. The number of these is not very great, but they are manumitted from time to time by their masters, for various reasons: sometimes on account of long and faithful services, sometimes for particular actions meritorious in the eyes of their masters, or particularly acceptable to them; at other times when their master, having acquired an ample fortune, is about to return to Europe, and hardly thinks it worth his while to sell them again; but most frequently when he is about to die, and then from various motives, chooses to liberate his slave. The slave so manumitted is obliged to have his liberty confirmed by letters-patent from the governor and council of the Indies, and for these letters he must pay a tax of twenty-five dollars. This sum the slave has sometimes accumulated himself from the savings of his daily allowance from his master, and sometimes the master also pays it for him. But it often happens that he neither has it himself, nor does his master choose to pay it for him; in this case the master engages him to serve him for a stipulated time longer, most frequently, I was told, two years; at the end of which period, if the slave has still continued to behave well and please his master, he then confirms his liberty and pays for his letters-patent, ascertaining his manumission. But should he behave amiss, or unfortunately displease his master, he then retracts his promise of liberating him, and keeps him in his former condition of servitude. When masters are cruel, severe, and otherwise maltreat their slaves, they are sometimes in considerable danger from their revenge; and there have been examples of masters having more than once been murdered by them. But in general they have nothing to fear; and to the masters who use them well they are said to show uncommon fidelity and attachment. After they are thus liberated, the same principle of association with their countrymen prevails in full force. They seek for others in the same condition and from the same countries; they build little hamlets, and join together in the same occupations. Their usual practice is to hire a small spot of ground from the governor and council, or any of the servants of the company who have land to let. They convert these spots into gardens, where they cultivate fruit, flowers and vegetables, and carry them for sale to the market of Batavia, or to the Passai-Tannabank, the general market for such commodities for all the environs of Batavia, and even for all the district back to the Blewenberg mountains. This place is about five miles from the town; it is a small eminence about thirty feet higher than the level of Batavia, but being the

only rising ground to be seen as far as the eye can sweep the plain around the town, it has been selected as a distinguished spot for a public market-place. Twice a week, on Mondays and Fridays, these freed slaves, and the other country people who live at some miles farther distance from town, bring their fruit, flowers, culinary vegetables, poultry, eggs, &c., to this place. The hucksters, fruiterers, and green-grocers, meet them from Batavia, purchase their commodities wholesale, and carry them to Batavia, where they retail them in the streets and in their stands. I saw one of these markets, and could not help being surprised at the prodigious variety and abundance; but nothing struck me so much as to see large waggon and cart-loads of pine-apples, heaped up as turnips are brought to Covent-Garden. When they are sold here they hardly cost a farthing a-piece. We thought them exceedingly good, although the great abundance seemed to depreciate their value among the inhabitants. Whole fields of them are to be seen growing in the open air around Wiegernan's country-house, and all along the road-side for many miles, back towards the mountains. Even the fruit-sellers, who retail them again, and take their chance of those that spoil in the mean time, (which they readily do in this climate,) sold them to the ships for less than a penny a-piece after carrying them from Tannabank to Batavia. *Tannabank* means in Malay, *Land of the Friends*; and such it surely is to the Dutch, who have their tables plentifully supplied from this as from a public store, and the market taxes into the bargain. Besides these articles, the freed slaves cultivate small fields of rice and tobacco for their own consumption; and they are the only people who cultivate the betel and areca, so much used here, and which, in the Malay language, they call *Siri* and *Pinang*. I was informed that these people, besides supplying the place, sold considerable quantities of these articles to the Chinese who trade between Batavia and Canton, where it is also much in vogue. But they get the gambir themselves from Malacca. It has been already remarked, that the constant use of the betel has a very disagreeable effect upon the lips, gums, and teeth, in the eyes of strangers. But the dirty brown colour it gives their teeth does not affect the enamel. It may be rubbed off, and then they appear quite clean, and very white. I saw this done repeatedly, and never observed any teeth spoiled by the use of it. There is another singular practice universal among all the natives of Java, and imitated by many of the free slaves, Portuguese, and Malays, which appears particular to this place. They grind down the extremities of the teeth in both jaws with a whetstone, till they have rendered them smooth and flat, so as that the junction, when they are shut, may be quite close or complete. This operation, I was told, was painful to them, but not by any means so much so as I should have apprehended. I saw the whetstones they commonly use, and found them of two kinds;

one sort was evidently of lava, very compact and hard, found in the mountains of Java. The other kind was of the same nature as the common hone, and brought to them from Canton by the Chinese. Not content with this first operation, they cut a deep groove with a very sharp instrument of hard steel, quite across the enamel of the teeth of the upper jaw, and directly in the middle between the gums and the extremities. This they seem to consider as a very particular ornament, and what appears singularly surprising to a European, they suffer no inconvenience from it. The decay of the teeth, which we find occasioned from the exposure of the substance of the teeth to the free access of the air, does not affect them here. However, there are several reasons that appear in some measure to account for it. In Europe such caries and decay happen indeed when the enamel is destroyed, and the substance of the tooth laid bare to the access of the air; but the destruction of the enamel is the effect of previous disease of the tooth, and the consequent destruction of the substance may be owing fully as much to the diseased action of the enamel, communicated to the substance of the tooth, with which it is in such close contact, as to the deleterious influences of the air. In this case there is no previous disease of the enamel, and of course no communication of it to the substance of the tooth. Besides, they live in a warm climate, and respire an atmosphere whose temperature is equable, and never subject to those vicissitudes of heat and cold, which particularly prevail in the northern countries of Europe, where diseases of the teeth are common. The food they use is not of the same putrescent nature as ours. They live chiefly on rice, and drink no fermented or vinous liquors. And the constant use of the astringent juice of the gambir, and the antiseptic qualities of the cardamom seeds, and other spices they use with their betel, may, in some measure, be supposed preservatives of the gums and teeth, and even to preserve them from the air, as they are constantly covered over with these substances. Although white teeth are reckoned a peculiar ornament by the natives of Europe, they are not so in the estimation of the Javanese fair, nor in the eyes of their admirers. Jet black is their favourite colour, and their standard of beauty for the teeth. It is a common phrase in all their mouths, "monkeys have white teeth, but we choose to have ours black." Accordingly they paint all their teeth in both jaws of a jet black colour, except the two middle incisors, which they gild, or cover over with gold-leaf in each; and when the black paint or gilding wears off, they replace them both with as much care as the belles of Europe seek to purify and whiten theirs.

The Javanese and Malays, in general, are of a cowardly, but malicious and revengeful, disposition. They will stab or poison for the smallest causes, and many of them will commit murder for money. The common hire of an assassin among themselves

is a dollar, and it seems the crime is frequently perpetrated. It is common when they are much pleased or well treated by any one, to express their gratitude by offering to kill any of his enemies, or any person he may have a quarrel with; at the same time they contrive their measures so well as often to escape detection. Not long ago a Dutch clergyman was murdered in this way, about ten or twelve miles from Batavia, and the assassins never could be found out. Clergymen here engage in civil speculation as well as in theological studies. This man had taken a lease of some lands from the governor and council, and was thought extremely rigid by the Malay and Javanese tenants in collecting his rents; and, in revenge, they determined to murder him. He had a house on his farm, and a church close by, where he used to preach on Sundays. One morning, going to his church, he was stabbed in three places, and instantly expired. I was told this by a gentleman who knew the clergyman, and the circumstances of his murder. But, although they make so light of assassinations of this kind, they never attack openly, or dare to face an enemy who is aware of them. Ten of them would fly before a single European armed, and on his guard. It is this dread that keeps them so much in subjection to the Dutch. They acknowledge themselves that, were it not for their fire-arms and artillery, they would be in great danger, as they are more than a thousand to one against them. The sixth class of inhabitants are the Chinese, many of whom have settled here, and are engaged in trade between Batavia and Canton. They are the most active and industrious class of the whole, and carry on the greatest part of the business of the place. They are severely taxed, but still they find resources for paying them, and living comfortably. They retain the customs, manners, religion, ceremonies, character, and dress of their native country. They are great cheats, especially the merchants. I wanted to buy two or three yards of cotton-cloth at Batavia, and as I did not understand the language, the landlord of the hotel went with me, and conducted me to a Chinese shop, where I saw a small piece of about seven yards, which I would have purchased at a reasonable price. The Chinese woman (the merchant's wife,) who stood behind the counter, demanded thirty dollars for it. I should have thought four dollars a sufficient price, and was much surprised at the extravagance of the demand. The landlord told me twenty dollars was the usual price of such a piece, and advised me to offer that sum. I replied that I thought it too dear, and should not purchase it at all, and turned towards the door of the shop to go out. The woman, observing this, offered the cloth for twenty dollars, then for fifteen, for ten, and at last for three. I went away, however, without buying it, and much surprised that the landlord should have advised me to offer twenty dollars for what, in his own presence, the woman at last offered me for three. I understood afterwards the landlord would have

put the overplus into his own pocket, and paid the merchant only the just price; and it seems this is the common practice at Batavia, where the Dutch employ the Chinese to execute any business, or furnish any articles of merchandise, but receive the price themselves, paying the Chinese only a very small part of it. The Javanese have many singular customs and practices. They pretend particularly to a knowledge of herbs, and remedies of wonderful virtue and efficacy in the cure of all diseases, and to great skill in magic and fascination. In every country where diseases are frequent and dangerous, and physicians few and ignorant, empiricism prevails, and superstitious credulity in amulets and charms is carried to the greatest length. This seems to be peculiarly the case at Batavia, and the numberless deaths that constantly occur, notwithstanding all these infallible remedies, have not cured their confidence in them. The Dutch say, indeed, that they know neither the nature nor composition of these nostrums; that the Javanese only are in possession of the secret, and that they alone know the plants and simples whence they are prepared, and the forests or mountains where they grow, and that no temptation has yet prevailed upon them to discover them to any European. It is not surprising that such things should be credited and received amongst the ignorant vulgar; but at Batavia, men of the best sense and understanding in other respects are equally duped.

ART. VI.—*An Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean; with an original Grammar and Vocabulary of their Language. Compiled and arranged from the extensive communication of Mr. WM. MARINER, several years resident in those Islands; by JOHN MARTIN, M. D. 2 vols. royal 8vo. pp. 460—412. London, Murray. 1817.—From the Critical Review.*

*To no single individual is the science of geography more indebted than to the late captain Cook, who fell a sacrifice to the ignorance or ferocity of the barbarous regions he explored. In his first voyage the Society Isles were discovered by him; the insularity of New Zealand was ascertained, when the streights which separated the two component parts were distinguished by his name: and in the same voyage he explored the coasts of New Holland through an extent of two thousand miles. In his second voyage he was enabled to negative the conjecture with regard to a southern continent within the reach of navigation; he added New Caledonia to our charts, the largest island in the South Pacific, New Zealand excepted; and also Georgia, in the latitude of Cape Horn, with an unknown coast that he called Sandwich

Land, and which has been denominated the Ultima Thule of the southern hemisphere.

In his third voyage he revisited the Friendly Islands, discovered several smaller clusters on the tropic of Capricorn, and the Sandwich Islands to the north of the equinoctial line; he explored the western coast of America from 43 to 70 degrees of north latitude; he determined the proximity of Asia to that continent; and passing the streights between them, demonstrated the impracticability of a northern passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In consequence of these important discoveries, the hydrography of the habitable globe may be said to have been completed, with the exception of the Sea of Amur and the Japanese Archipelago; so that little remains for future navigators but to furnish us with more minute accounts of the situations he had examined, and this purpose with respect to the Friendly, or Tonga Islands, is performed in a very able and interesting manner by the author of the account before us, assisted as he was by his professional editor.

Before we enter on the narrative here given, it may be convenient to supply some few dates as to the visitants of these islands, since the last voyage of captain Cook in 1777, and especially as in the geographical illustrations the work before us is very deficient.

Four years subsequent to 1777, Maurielle, a Spaniard, was entangled among these islands; and in 1789, Lieutenant Bligh, in the *Bounty*, anchored at Anamooka, one of the cluster of the Hapai Islands, captain Perouse having approached them in 1787. Captain Edwards twice visited Anamooka in 1791, which was the appointed place of rendezvous with the schooner that had attended him from Otaheite, and which had lost company with the *Random*. Bligh again in the *Providence*, and captain Pullock in the *Assistance*, returning with bread fruit from Otaheite, remained during the night of August 3d, 1792, off these islands. The whole group is in number computed at 150, but only 61 of these have their places and proper situations assigned in the chart, and in the sketch of the harbour of Tongataboo attached to the Voyages of captain Cook.

We do not very well understand why confusion should be introduced into the geography of the immense tract of the Pacific, by the substitution of the name of Tonga for the Friendly Islands, merely because the chart of Capt. Cook did not comprehend, *eo nomine*, Vavaoo; and if the same liberty were taken with this sort of nomenclature as to the other places in the like sea which were visited by that distinguished victim of useful and daring enterprise, such difficulties would be occasioned to the inquirer, that it might be necessary to devote a long life to remove the needless obstacles which caprice, or some other intrusive motive, would occasion. In the present instance, we do not entirely at-

tribute the variation to whim or fancy, but we rather ascribe it to a disposition to communicate a novel appearance to the work, in order that it may be more attractive to the general class of readers. The Friendly Islands have been mentioned so frequently since 1773, that it might be thought, if not by the author or editor by some trading adviser, that an account of the Tonga Islands would be supposed to be the relation of a new discovery, which had hitherto eluded the vigilance of all former adventurers, and which deception would at least continue until the book itself were procured, the first page of which must, however, remove the misapprehension.

The Tonga Islands comprehend, Tonga, a cluster called the Hapai Islands, and Vavaoo. Those who have consulted the Dutch voyages will know three of them under the appellations of Amsterdam, Middleburg, and Rotterdam; in the neighbourhood of which last are a great number of other islands of much smaller dimensions. Amsterdam had also the native distinction of Tongataboo, or Sacred Tonga; tabu, or taboo, denoting sacred or prohibited.

Dr. Martin explains the circumstances which led him to afford his valuable assistance to the present work in the following manner:—

“In the year 1811, I accidentally heard that Mr. William Mariner, the bearer of a letter from the East Indies to one of my connections in London, had been a resident at the Friendly Islands during the space of four years; and, my curiosity being strongly excited, I solicited his acquaintance. In the course of three or four interviews I discovered, with much satisfaction, that the information he was able to communicate respecting the people with whom he had been so long and so intimately associated, was very far superior to, and much more extensive than any thing that had yet appeared before the public. His answer to several inquiries, in regard to their religion, government, and habits of life, were given with that kind of unassuming confidence, which bespeaks a thorough intimacy with the subject, and carries with it the conviction of truth:—in fact, having been thrown upon those islands at an early age, his young and flexible mind had so accorded itself with the habits and circumstances of the natives, that he evinced no disposition to overrate or to embellish what to him was neither strange nor new. To my inquiries respecting his intentions of publishing, he replied, that having necessarily been, for several years, out of the habit either of writing or reading, or of that turn of thinking requisite for composition and arrangement, he was apprehensive his endeavours would fail in doing that justice to the work which I seemed to think its importance demanded: he modestly proposed, however, to submit the subject to my consideration for a future opportunity. In the mean while circumstances called him away to the West Indies:

on his return he brought me a memoranda of the principal events at the Tonga Islands, in the order in which they had happened during his residence there, together with a description of the most important religious ceremonies, and a vocabulary of about four or five hundred words. The inspection of these materials served greatly to increase the interest which I had already taken in the matter, and I urged the necessity of committing the whole to paper while every thing remained fresh in his memory. To facilitate this object, I proposed to undertake the composition and arrangement of the intended work, whilst Mr. Mariner should direct his view solely to noting down all that he had seen and heard in the order in which his memory might spontaneously furnish it, that these materials might afterwards be made, from time to time, subjects of conversation, strict scrutiny, amplification, arrangement and composition; consequently not one of the ensuing pages has been written without Mr. Mariner's presence, that he might be consulted in regard to every little circumstance or observation that could in the smallest degree affect the truth of the subject under consideration; and, in this way, it is presumed that a great deal more useful and interesting matter has been elicited, than would probably have occurred to him through the medium of his own unassisted reflections; for conversation calls to mind many things that would otherwise have escaped the memory; it constantly demands elucidations; one idea gives birth to another, until the whole subject lies completely unfolded to the mind." (p. vi—ix.)

The arrangement of the work may be briefly stated. It commences with the voyages of the ship *Port au Prince*, in which Mr. Mariner was conveyed to the Tonga Islands; next follows an historical account of what occurred during his stay for about four years at those islands, including not only what regarded himself, but the different changes, religious and political; and the recital being thus brought down to the departure of Mr. Mariner, the remaining chapters are devoted to an orderly statement of the condition of society; the ranks and professions; the names and attributes of the gods; the notions entertained of the human soul and a future life; the most important ceremonies; the games and amusements; the music, vocal and instrumental; the state of pharmacy of arts and manufactures; and lastly, is supplied a grammar of the language, and a vocabulary comprehending two thousand words.

This insight into the dialect of the people we consider to be the most valuable, although not the most entertaining part of the work. Captain Cook observes, that the language of the Friendly Islands is sufficiently copious to express all the ideas of the people; and that he had many proofs of its applicability to musical purposes, both in song and recitative. The language may like-

wise be considered as the master-key to all that may be acquired in the neighbouring situations, as on the like authority we learn that this tongue has the greatest affinity imaginable to that of New Zealand, of Wateoo, and Mangena, and consequently to that of Otaheite and the Society Isles. Many of the words are also the same as those spoken at Coco's Island, as appears by the vocabulary collected by Le Maire and Schouten. Some of the terms of Horn Island, another of the discoveries of Schouten, also belong to the language of Tongataboo.

Those who look for much information in these volumes on natural history and philosophy, particularly in the departments of botany, zoology, and mineralogy, will infallibly be disappointed; but the moralist, who loves to examine human nature in that middle state, between the solemn gravity of savage and the affected levity of polished life, will find this interesting situation faithfully depicted, with all that relates to the arts, the customs, the religion, the government, and whatever is peculiar to man in this stage of social cultivation; and under such a view, we confidently recommend it to the attentive examination of our readers.

The voyage commenced from Gravesend, in the *Port au Prince*, on the 12th Feb. 1805, and after a variety of the ordinary adventures, on Saturday, 29th Nov. 1806, she brought to on the north-west point of Lefooga, one of the Hapai Islands, in the same place where captain Cook had formerly anchored. In this situation several of the crew mutinied, and were killed on shore by the natives. On the 1st December, the islanders took possession of the ship; and Mr. Mariner, after being exposed to very great danger, was landed in a canoe. He was conducted into the presence of Finow, the king of the island, who fortunately took a particular fancy to him. The ship was subsequently run aground and plundered by Finow's orders; and in the evening of the 9th December the natives set fire to her, in order the more conveniently to get at the iron work, which was highly valued by them. The next day, at sun-rise, the people flocked to the beach, and some of the crew, under the direction of Mr. Mariner, conveyed five of the carronades on shore.

After a shooting excursion with the king to the neighbouring island of Whiha, he and Mr. Mariner returned to Lefooga. Our adventurer was now required to surrender his books and papers, which he learnt afterwards were burnt; and on inquiring the reason, he was told (as he afterwards understood) that his majesty could not on any account allow him to practise witchcraft to the injury of the Tonga people; and that it was well known to the king, that those books and papers were instruments and means of invocation, to bring down some evil or plague upon the country. Mr. Mariner and his companions, who were reduced to the number of five, (the rest either being killed or dispersed on the adjacent islands,) began soon to be tired of their way of life, and

endeavoured to procure from the king the gift of a canoe, that they might rig it as a sloop, and make Norfolk Island, on their voyage to New Holland. Their purpose, however, was disappointed.

The history of a revolution which took place is next given. At the time of captain Cook's visit, the whole of Tonga (that is, the island of Tonga, the Hapai Islands, and Vavaoo) was under the dominion of Tongoo Ahoo; but in consequence of this change, the island of Tonga had been for ten or twelve years, divided into several petty states, all at war with one another; Finow being then king of the Hapai Islands and Vavaoo, and Tooboo Neuha tributary chief of the latter.

The death of Finow occurred after an entertainment. His illness began with a difficulty of respiration, his lips became purple, and his under jaw was convulsed. His friends finding he did not get better, procured one of his children to sacrifice it to the gods, that the divine anger might be appeased, and the health of the father restored. They found the child in a neighbouring house, sleeping in its mother's lap; they snatched it away by force, and retiring, they strangled it with a band of gnatoo.* The corpse was then taken with all speed before two consecrated houses and a grave; at each place a short prayer to the god was hurried over, that he might interpose with the other deities in the behalf of Finow, and accept of this sacrifice as an atonement for his crimes.

The appearance and character of the deceased king, with whom Mr. Mariner was an almost constant associate, will interest the reader.

"Finow, the sole and arbitrary monarch of Vavaoo and the Hapai Islands, was in stature six feet two inches; in bulk and strength, stout and muscular; his head erect and bold; his shoulders broad and well made; his limbs well set, strong, and graceful in action; his body not corpulent, but muscular; his hair of a jet black, and curly, yet agreeably so, without being woolly; his forehead remarkably high; his brow bold and intelligent, with a little austerity; his eye large and penetrating, yet joined to an expression of mildness; his nose aquiline and large, his lips well made and expressive; his teeth remarkably large, white, and regular; his lower jaw rather prominent; his cheek-bones also rather prominent, compared with those of Europeans.—All his features were well developed, and declared a strong and energetic mind, with that sort of intellectual expression, which belongs not so much to the sage as to the warlike chieftain: ambition sat high on his front, and guided all his energies: his deep and penetrating eye, and his firm and masculine deportment, while they inspired his adherents with confidence, struck awe to the minds of con-

* A substance used for clothing, prepared from the bark of the Chinese paper-mulberry tree.

spirators:—his actions were, for the most part, steady and determined, and directed to some well-studied purpose: his resolve was fate, and those who obeyed him with reluctance trembled, not without reason. He appeared, almost constantly, in deep thought, and did not often smile;—when he spoke, on matters of some importance, it was not without first holding up the balance in his mind, to weigh well what he had to say: persuasion hung upon his lip, and the flow of his eloquence was such, that many of his enemies were afraid to listen to him, lest they should be led to view the subject in a light prejudicial to their interests.

“ Although, in matters of consequence, he always seemed to weigh well what he had to say, in subjects of minor importance he was very quick in reply: his voice was loud, not harsh but mellow, and his pronunciation remarkably distinct. When he laughed, which was not on trifling occasions, it was so loud as to be heard at an incredible distance; and with a very strange noise preceding it, as if he were hallooing after somebody a long way off, and the same kind of noise as he always made when in a passion; and this was peculiar to him. When in his house, however, giving orders about his domestic arrangements, his voice was uncommonly mild, and very low.

“ In regard to his sentiments of religion and policy, they may be pretty well gathered from sundry passages in the narrative:—with respect to his religion in particular, it is difficult to say whether he had any: it is certain that he disbelieved most of the doctrines taught by the priests, for although he believed that they were really inspired, when they pretended to be so, yet he thought that frequently a great deal of what they declared to be the sentiments of the god, was their own invention; and this particularly in regard to what did not suit his own sentiments. He never, however, declared his opinion of these things in public; though he expressed them very decidedly to Mr. Mariner, and some of his intimate friends. He used to say, that the gods would always favour that party in war in which there were the greatest chiefs and warriors. He did not believe that the gods paid much attention in other respects to the affairs of mankind; nor did he think they could have any reason for doing so,—no more than man could have any reason or interest in attending to the affairs of the gods. He believed in the doctrine of a future state, agreeably to the notions entertained by his countrymen; that is, that chiefs and mataboles, having souls, exist hereafter in Bolotoo, according to their rank in this world; but that the common people, having no souls, or those only that die with their bodies, are without any hope of a future existence. (p. 429—432, vol. i.)

He was succeeded by his son, a man whose intellect was of a very superior kind, and who, unlike his father, was void of political ambition, and sought rather the happiness of his people than

the extension of his power. He was an admirer of the arts, and a philosopher among savages.

Mr. Mariner now began to be very solicitous to return to his native country in a time of peace, when he had nothing on which to employ himself but objects of amusement. Sometimes with Finow the younger, or with the chiefs, and sometimes alone, by way of recreation, he would frequently go, for two or three days together, among the neighbouring islands on fishing excursions; as he was one evening returning homeward in his canoe, he espied a sail in the westward horizon, just as the sun had descended below it. He was then with three servants that worked on his plantation, and he insisted that they should make for the vessel. They admitted that they had seen her before, but that their fear of his wishing to go on board prevented them from pointing her out to him; as they had often heard their chiefs say that they never meant to let him go if they could help it, and these attendants were apprehensive that their brains would be knocked out if they suffered him to escape. It was not until one of the men was killed by Mariner that he could succeed in approaching the vessel, which he reached about day-light the next morning. The brig proved to be the Favourite, captain Fiske, from Port Jackson, of about 130 tons burthen. Mr. Mariner was received, and from on board sent an invitation to the king, when Finow, with his sister and several of her female attendants, visited him, bringing presents of provisions; and so delighted was his majesty with every thing he saw in the ship, and so desirous was he of acquiring those accomplishments which raised Europeans so much above the Tonga people, that he was with difficulty dissuaded from accompanying Mr. Mariner to Europe.

“Finow’s sister, who was a very beautiful, lively girl, proposed in joke to go to England, and see the white women: she asked if they would allow her to wear the Tonga dress; ‘though, perhaps,’ she said, ‘that would not do in such a cold country in the winter season. I don’t know what I should do at that time: but Togi tells me that you have hot-houses for plants from warm climates, so I should like to live all winter in a hot-house. Could I bathe there two or three times a day without being seen? I wonder whether I should stand a chance of getting a husband; but my skin is so brown, I suppose none of the young *papalangi* men would have me; and it would be a great pity to leave so many handsome young chiefs at Vavaoo, and go to England to live a single life.—If I were to go to England, I would amass a great quantity of beads, and then I should like to return to Tonga, because in England beads are so common that nobody would admire me for wearing them, and I should not have the pleasure of being envied.’—She said, laughing, that either the white men must make very kind and good-tempered husbands, or else the white women must have very little spirit, for them to live so long together without parting.

She thought the custom of having only one wife a very good one, provided the husband loved her; if not, it was a very bad one, because he would tyrannize over her the more, whereas if his attention was divided between five or six, and he did not behave kindly towards them, it would be very easy to deceive him." (p. 32—34, vol. ii.)

"Before the ship's departure, Mr. Mariner was charged with several messages from the chiefs of Vavaoo to those of Hapai. Among others, Finow sent his strong recommendations to Toobo Toa to be contented with the Hapai Islands, and not to think of invading Vavaoo; to stay and look to the prosperity of his own dominions, for that was the way to preserve peace and happiness.—'Tell him again,' said he, 'that the best way to make a country powerful and strong against all enemies, is to cultivate it well, for then the people have something worth fighting for, and will defend it with invincible bravery: I have adopted this plan, and his attempts upon Vavaoo will be in vain!'" (p. 34, vol. ii.)

The civil ranks of society in the Tonga Islands may be divided into How, or King, Egi, or Nobles, Matabooles, Mocas and Tooas. The king is an arbitrary monarch, and his influence over the people is derived from hereditary right, the supposed protection of the gods, his reputation as a warrior, and lastly but principally, from the number and strength of his fighting men. The Egi are those persons who are related to the divine family of Tootonga and Veachi, or to the royal house, and in point of rank, the former are considered to be superior to the latter, and even the king himself is allowed the priority only in power. The Matabooles are a sort of honourable attendants upon the chiefs, and are their companions and counsellors. They are more or less regarded according to the rank of the chief to whom they are attached, and they have the management of all ceremonies. The Mooas are either the brothers, or descendants of Matabooles. This order has much to do in assisting at the public ceremonies. Like the Matabooles they form part of the retinue of chiefs, and most of them are professors of some art. The Tooas, who till the ground, compose the bulk and the lowest order of the people. Some of them are employed occasionally in performing the tattoo, club-carving, shaving, and according to their abilities in other duties, for the discharge of which they meet with encouragement by presents. Of the attention paid to age, sex, and infancy, we have the following particulars.

"Old persons of both sexes are highly revered on account of their age and experience, in so much that it constitutes a branch of their first moral and religious duty, viz. to reverence the gods, the chiefs, and aged persons; and consequently there is hardly any instance in these islands of old age being wantonly insulted.

"Women have considerable respect shown to them on account of their sex, independent of the rank they might otherwise hold

as nobles. They are considered to contribute much to the comforts and domestic happiness of the other sex, and as they are the weaker of the two, it is thought unmanly not to show them attention and kind regard; they are therefore not subjected to hard labour or any very menial work. Those that are nobles rank like the men according to the superiority of their relationship. If a woman not a noble is the wife or daughter of a mataboole, she ranks as a mataboole; if she be a noble, she is superior in rank to him, and so are the children male and female; but in domestic matters she submits entirely to his arrangements; notwithstanding this, however, she never loses the respect from her husband due to her rank, that is to say, he is obliged to perform the ceremony of *mo'ë-mo'ë* (touching the feet) before he can feed himself. If the husband and wife are both nobles of equal rank, the ceremony of *mo'ë-mo'ë* is dispensed with; but where there is any difference the inferior must perform this ceremony to be freed from the taboo (the offence of taking what is prohibited.) If a woman marries a man higher in rank than herself, she always derives additional respect on that account; but a man having a wife who is a greater noble than himself acquires no additional respect from this source, but he has the advantage of her larger property.

It is a custom in the Tonga islands for women to be what they call mothers to children or grown up young persons who are not their own, for the purpose of providing them or seeing that they are provided with all the conveniences of life; and this is often done, although their own natural mothers be living, and residing near the spot,—no doubt for the sake of greater care and attention, or to be afterwards a substitute for the true parent, in the event of her premature death." (p. 97—98. vol. ii.)

The religion of the Tonga Islands is said to consist chiefly in the following notions.

That there are Hotoas, or superior beings, who can dispense good and evil to mankind. That the souls of deceased nobles and matabooles, have the same power in an inferior degree. That there are Hootoa Pow, (mischievous gods,) who never dispense good but always evil; that all human evil is inflicted by the gods, either on account of the neglect of some religious duty, by the person who suffers the infliction, or by the Egi whom he serves, that all Egi have souls which exist hereafter, not on account of their moral merit, but of their rank in this world. The Matabooles also go to Bolotoo (Heaven) after death, where they are ministers to the gods. Whether the Mooas are admitted to Heaven is doubtful, but the Tooas have no souls, or such only as perish with the body. The human soul, during life, is not supposed to be an essence distinct from the corporeal frame; the primitive gods and deceased nobles, it is assumed, appear sometimes to mankind to warn or assist them, sometimes are incorporated with lizards and

other animals for beneficent purposes; and omens with inspirations constitute also part of the creed.

"The Tonga people do not indeed believe in any future state of rewards and punishment, but they believe in that first of all religious tenets, that there is a power and intelligence superior to all that is human, which is able to control their actions, and which discovers all their most secret thoughts; and though they consider this power and intelligence to be inherent in a number of individual beings, the principle of belief is precisely the same; it is perhaps equally strong, and as practically useful as if they considered it all concentrated in their chief god. They firmly believe that the gods approve of virtue, and are displeased with vice; that every man has his tutelar deity, who will protect him as long as he conducts himself as he ought to do; but, if he does not, will leave him to the approaches of misfortune, disease, and death. And here we find some ground on which to establish a virtuous line of conduct: but this is not sufficient: there is implanted in the human breast, a knowledge or sentiment, which enables us sometimes, if not always, to distinguish between the beauty of disinterestedness and the foul ugliness of what is low, sordid, and selfish; and the effect of this sentiment is one of the strongest marks of character in the natives of these islands." (p. 149. vol. ii.)

With regard to the sex, we cannot here call it the fair sex, we have the following curious particulars.

"The next subject we shall consider is chastity. In respect to this, their notions are widely different from those of most European nations; we must, therefore, first examine what are their own ideas respecting this matter, and if they are such as are consistent with public decorum and due order and regularity in the social state, without tending to enervate the mind or debase the character of man, we shall take those ideas as the standard by which to judge them, and as far as they act consistently thereto, we shall call them chaste, and as far as they infringe upon it we shall deem them offenders. But here it may be asked how are we to judge whether their own notions upon this subject are consistent with the good order of society, &c. To this we can make no other answer than by referring to the actual state of society there, and pointing out those evils which may be supposed to arise from their wrong notions upon this subject.

"In the first place, it is universally considered a positive duty in every married woman to remain true to her husband. What we mean by a married woman is, one who cohabits with a man, and lives under his roof and protection, holding an establishment of him. A woman's marriage is frequently independent of her consent, she having been betrothed by her parents, at an early age, to some chief, mataboole or mooa: perhaps about one-third of the married women have been thus betrothed; the remaining two thirds have married with their free consent. Every married woman

must remain with her husband whether she choose it or not, until he please to divorce her. Mr. Mariner thinks that about two thirds of the women are married, and of this number full half remain with their husbands till death separates them; that is to say, full one third of the female population remain married till either themselves or their husbands die: the remaining two thirds are married and are soon divorced, and are married again perhaps three, four, or five times in their lives, with the exception of a few who, from whim or some accidental cause, are never married; so that about one third of the whole female population, as before stated, are at any given point of time unmarried." (p. 166—168. vol. ii.)

No man is understood to be bound to conjugal fidelity, but notwithstanding this admitted liberty of conduct, we are told that most of the married men are tolerably true to their wives. If they have any other amour, it is kept a secret from the lady, because it is unnecessary to excite jealousy, and cruel to produce unhappiness. With respect to the unmarried men, they range at large with more freedom, but they seldom make any deliberate attempts upon the continence of the wives of others.

We do not know if our European wives will be perfectly satisfied with the cause to which family repose is assigned by the author.

"As to domestic quarrels, they are seldom known, but this must be said to happen rather from the absolute power which every man holds in his own family: for even if his wife be of superior rank, he is nevertheless of the highest authority in all domestic matters, and no woman entertains the least idea of rebelling against that authority; and if she should, even her own relations would not take her part, unless the conduct of her husband were undoubtedly cruel. That the men are also capable of much paternal affection, Mr. Mariner has witnessed many proofs, some of which have been related; and we have already mentioned that filial piety is a most important duty, and appears to be universally felt.

"Upon these grounds we would venture to say, that the natives of these islands are rather to be considered a chaste than a libertine people; and that, even compared with the most civilized nations, their character in this respect is to be rated at no mean height; and if a free intercourse could exist with European society, it is a matter of great doubt (whatever might be the change in their sentiments), if their habits or dispositions in this respect would be much improved by copying the examples of their instructors. If, on the other hand, we compare them to the natives of the Society islands, and the Sandwich islands, we should add insult to injustice." (p. 179—180. vol. ii.)

Mr. Mariner having, in the preceding chapters given an account of the state of religion and morals in these islands, proceeds to develop the progress in useful knowledge. He first treats of the healing art, in his notice of which we apprehend he has been materially assisted by his learned editor.

All the remedies resorted to among these people may be ranked under three heads: invocation, sacrifice, and external operation; excepting that they sometimes resort to infusions of a few plants taken internally, which produce, however, no sensible effect, either upon the system or the disease.

No native of Tonga undertakes to practise surgery unless he has been at the Fiji Islands, which are about three day's sail, or 100 leagues distant from Tonga. The constant wars in that situation afford abundant experience to the professors.

"The three most important operations are *cawso*, or parracentesis thoracis; *toorolosi*, or an operation for the cure of tetanus, which consists in making a seton in the urethra; and *boca*, or castration.

"*Cawso* is an operation which is performed to allow of the escape of extravasated blood, which has lodged in the cavity of the thorax, in consequence of wounds, or for the extraction of a broken arrow. There are no other instances where they think of performing it. The instruments they use are a piece of bamboo and a splinter of shell; sometimes a probe made of the stem of the cocoa-nut leaf. Mr. Mariner has seen a number of persons on whom the operation had been performed, and who were in perfect health; and two instances of the fact itself he was an eyewitness to." (p. 246—247. vol. ii.)

"The most common surgical operation among them is what they call *tassa*, which is topical blood letting, and is performed by making, with a shell, incisions in the skin to the extent of about half an inch in various parts of the body, particularly in the lumbar region and extremities, for the relief of pains, lassitude, &c.; also for inflamed tumours they never fail to promote a flow of blood from the part; by the same means they open abscesses, and press out the purulent matter: in cases of hard indolent tumours, they either apply ignited *tapa*, or hot bread fruit repeatedly, so as to blister the part and ultimately to produce a purulent surface. Ill-conditioned ulcers, particularly in those persons whose constitution disposes to such things, are scarified by shells; those that seem disposed to heal are allowed to take their course without any application.

"In cases of sprains, the affected part is rubbed with a mixture of oil and water, the friction being always continued in one direction, that is to say, from the smaller towards the larger branches of the vessels. Friction, with the dry hand, is also often used in similar and other cases, for the purpose of relieving pain." (p. 261. vol. ii.)

As we approach the close of the work we have some general observations on the arts and manufactures of these islands; such as canoe building, inlaying with ivory, net making, carving clubs, and culinary preparations; but we do not observe in this part of the work any thing of sufficient novelty and interest to justify additional extracts, and especially as the ingenuity of the people in regard to several of these particulars, is described with the assistance of plates, and with much minuteness of detail by Cook and other navigators.

We must likewise limit ourselves with regard to a part of the work which we have before described as of great value and importance; we mean the grammar and vocabulary of the Tonga language; which is a permanent acquisition that will be had recourse to by every person who visits Tonga and the neighbouring islands.

To Cook's voyages is also added a very brief vocabulary, which was collected during a residence of only two or three months in these situations, and although so much talent was applied in the few particulars of which it consists, yet in point of accuracy it can admit of no competition with that before us, which was the result of four year's residence with this remote people. There are, however, some omissions by Mr. Mariner which we cannot easily account for, and some variations which it may be as difficult to explain. Bread fruit Maiee, Shaddock Moree, Elbow Etoee, although in Cook's vocabulary are here excluded. Necklace, in Cook, is attahoa, in Mariner, cahooa, or cacala. A mat to wear in the former is egreeai, in the latter gnafi-gnafi. To sneeze, in the first, is efangus, in the other mafatooa. A rat is epallo in Cook, and gooma in Mariner. We might mention fifty other examples, where there is not the smallest similarity in the two versions.

We cannot avoid repeating our complaint of the deficiency of this work with regard to all geographical illustrations, of which most writers possessing Mr. Mariner's qualifications are usually abundant, even to unnecessary prolixity of detail; and the omission is the more to be regretted, because no map or chart is afforded to the work, so that the reader must be in the greatest imaginable perplexity, unless he be provided with the charts of Cook's voyages, with those of the ship Duff, or others of the like description. We confess that we should have been satisfied with a delineation in the simplest form, but without some such aid the localities are wholly unintelligible.

The latitude of Port Refuge, in Vavaoo, is stated with sufficient accuracy, being only 14 minutes more south than that assigned to it in the voyage of Capt. James Wilson. Tasman, who appeared in the neighbourhood as early as Jan. 1642-3, lays down an island about south latitude 19, which is within 10 minutes of that ascribed to Port Refuge, and which is probably Vavaoo, now

supposed to be a new discovery. Cook states that it never was visited by any European. That navigator was certainly deceived by the natives of the Friendly Islands, from some interested motives with regard to Vavaoo, and subsequently, when its dimensions and importance became known to him, he had no convenient opportunity to explore it. Vavaoo, although not comprehended in his map *eo nomine*, yet is among the sixty-one islands named in his catalogue of this cluster, and it is distinguished by italics, as being classed with the largest. He ranks it with Hamoa and Fidjee (Fiji,) the last of these belonging to a distinct government, and a separate Archipelago.

The Hapai Islands are also noticed by Tasman. The principal of them he called Rotterdam, the native appellation being Anamooka, and they extend, according to Cook, south west by south, and north east by north about nineteen miles. Lefooga is the most fertile of these, and it is consequently the most populous. The inhabitants of the whole of the Tonga Islands have been computed at 200,000, distributed over 150 of these minute prominences in the mighty Pacific. The way in which the distances between these points of land were ascertained by Cook, was from the time which the natives represented as necessary to complete their voyages. They sail, he says, in their canoes about eight miles an hour; the sun is their guide by day, and the stars by night. When by the atmospheric vapours the heavenly bodies are obscured, attention is paid to the direction from whence the winds and waves strike upon the vessel. In the computation of distance the night is not included, and a day's sail is somewhat within a hundred miles. Mr. Mariner has given an amusing account of the use he made of a pocket compass on one occasion, and of the difficulty with which he acquired the dominion of the vessel, from the incredulity of his companions. By their compliance alone he and they were preserved from that destruction to which many of the islanders must be annually consigned, on account of their ignorance of such an inestimable discovery.

The botanical omissions in these volumes are of the less consequence, because the Tonga Islands produce the same plants as Otaheite; and although, according to Forster, some others not indigenous in the latter, flourish in the former, yet the inquiry with regard to them seems to be rather curious to the naturalist than useful to the public.

There is one part of the history which we read with much uneasiness. Cook says of these places, at the time of his visits, "No one wants the common necessities of life. Joy and contentment are painted on every face, and an easy freedom prevails in all ranks of people;" and that worthy navigator, when he quitted the situation, after a stay of between two and three months, consoled himself with the thought, that he had improved the condition of this remote quarter. Very different was the state of

things when Mr. Mariner, after the lapse of about thirty years, arrived: there was neither peace at home nor abroad; the island which was the seat of government had been divided into petty states, that were constantly at war with each other; and ten or twelve years of hostility with the neighbouring islands, were terminated only by the fatigue and anxiety the elder Finow had endured from incessant action. It is true that his successor, from his pacific character and enlightened judgment, presents a more tranquil prospect, and we shall be happy to learn from succeeding adventurers that the condition of repose is regained, which was the theme of eulogy and admiration with Capt. Cook, and which acquired for these stations the pleasing appellation of the Friendly Islands.

ART. VII.—*Account of the Expedition to Baffin's Bay, under Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry.* Drawn up from Captain Ross's account of the Voyage, and other sources of information.

In the year 1815, and the two succeeding years, numerous masses of ice were seen floating in the Atlantic; and in 1817, it was reported by vessels from the arctic regions, that a very considerable extent of ice had disappeared between Greenland and Spitzbergen. These unusual appearances directed the attention of the learned to the almost forgotten subject of a passage across the Pole. An ingenious and intelligent writer published several dissertations in the *Quarterly Review*, for the purpose of demonstrating the practicability of a passage across the polar seas. The breaking up of the ice on the east coast of Greenland, held out to him the prospect of arriving directly at the Pole through an open sea; while the want of precision in Baffin's narration of his voyage, combined with physical and hydrographical considerations, induced him to expunge the bay of Baffin from our maps; and to predict the existence of a passage to Behring's straits by the Northern extremity of the American continent.

Captain Scoresby, who had distinguished himself in no fewer than sixteen voyages to the Arctic regions, had maintained, that the Pole, guarded by a frozen barrier, could only be approached by the alternate use of boats, and of sledges drawn by dogs; while his learned opponent, on the authority of every iceberg that travelled to the south, insisted that a change of temperature had

effected an opening through the frozen ridge; and that while we accomplished the great object of a passage across the Pole, we might execute, also, the more romantic enterprise of releasing the lost colony of Eastern Greenland, whom the accumulated ice was supposed to have for ever separated from the rest of the world.

The public took a deep interest in speculations like these, where the dry details of hydrography were enlivened by discussions and schemes almost bordering upon romance; and though they were assailed by poetical theories of climate, and the usual allowance of malevolent predictions, yet the general expectation of advancing the interests of natural science, and of practical navigation, would not permit itself to be damped; and there were a few, more sanguine than the rest, who expected that the British flag would be fixed upon the Pole of the world, whether it was deposited from a sledge and four, or more formally transplanted from the quarter-deck of a British vessel.

With the greatest liberality and love of science, the British government equipped four vessels, viz. the *Isabella* of 385 tons, and the *Alexander* of 252 1-2 tons, under the command of captain Ross and lieutenant Parry, for the purpose of exploring the passage through Baffin's bay; and the *Dorothea* of 382 tons, and the *Treat* of 249, under the command of captain Buchan and lieutenant Franklin, with the view of penetrating directly into the Polar regions, by the way of Spitzbergen. These vessels were adapted in the most scientific manner, for the perils which they had to encounter, and every precaution was taken for insuring the health and comfort of their respective crews, and for accomplishing in the most satisfactory manner the general object of the expedition.

The expedition under captain Ross left Deptford on the 18th April 1818. It reached Lerwick in Shetland on the 30th, and on the 1st of June it entered Davis's straits, after encountering an iceberg about 40 feet high and 1000 feet long. On the 14th of June it reached Whale Islands, in latitude 63° 54' and longitude 53° 30'; and on the 17th, a landing was effected on Waygat or Hare Island, where they continued two days making observations in a fixed observatory. After leaving Waygat Island on the

20th, captain Ross began to experience the difficulties and perils of navigating an icy sea. Followed by thirty-nine sail of Greenland whalers, the *Isabella* and *Alexander* were conducted with great skill and perseverance through narrow and intricate channels, sometimes closed in by floes of ice, sometimes exposed to the impulse of these driving masses, and at other times lifted out of the water by their mutual approach. By warping, towing, and tracking the vessels, which was sometimes performed by the whole ship's company marching to music, they reached the latitude of $75^{\circ} 50'$ where new perils awaited them. The wind having increased to a gale on the 7th of August, the floes of ice closed in upon them on all sides. The pressure upon the vessels continuing to increase, it became a trial of strength between the wood and the ice. Every support threatened to give way. The beams in the hold began to bend, and the iron tanks settled together. At this critical moment, the *Isabella* rose several feet, and the ice, which was more than six feet thick, broke against her sides, curling back upon itself. The great stress now fell upon her bow, and after being a second time lifted up, she was carried with great violence against the *Alexander*. The ice anchors and cables broke one after another; and the sterns of the two ships came so violently into contact, as to crush to pieces a boat that could not be removed in time. By this tremendous collision, the anchors were broken, and the result might have proved fatal to both vessels, had not the ice exhausted its fury, and by the separation of the two contending fields permitted the *Isabella* to pass the *Alexander* with comparatively little damage.

According to sir Charles Giesecké, the island of Tessiursak, in latitude $74^{\circ} 15'$, and about eighty miles north of Uppernavic, was the most northern inhabited part of Greenland. The line of the coast, he was no longer able to trace beyond $72^{\circ} 30'$; but he had carefully examined the numerous islands by which it is fringed, and which are so crowded, that a ship at sea cannot fail to consider them as part of the continent. Sir Charles had penetrated as far as Nullok, Saitok, and Ujordlersoak, to the latitude of $76^{\circ} 30'$, but had found no inhabitants in any of the twenty-three islands to the north of Tessiursak. Between the parallels of 76° and

77° however, captain Ross discovered a tribe of Esquimaux, who reside principally a few miles to the north of Cape Dudley Digges, and who, during the summer months, spread themselves about 30 or 40 miles to the north or south. A few of the southern stragglers appeared on the 8th of August, in latitude $75^{\circ} 55'$, in longitude $65^{\circ} 37'$, and were recognized by a general shout, which they set up for the purpose of frightening away the ships, which they regarded as animals sent from the sun and moon to destroy them. They rode in sledges, drawn by dogs, and when their shout was returned from the ships, they wheeled round, and drove off with great velocity to their habitations. In order to induce them to approach, captain Ross erected a pole, on which he fixed a flag, and a bag containing presents, and then sailed to a distance. The natives however, did not re-appear, till the 10th of August, when eight sledges were seen advancing by a circuitous route. The natives, halted about a mile from the *Isabella*, ascended a small iceberg, and were induced to approach, when they observed John Saccheuse, a southern Esquimaux, who accompanied the expedition, advancing from the ship, with a white flag and presents. When both parties had arrived as near to each other as a chasm in the ice would permit, Saccheuse soon discovered that they spoke the Humock dialect, which prevails in the Womens Islands, and which he had fortunately learned, when a child. By this means he was enabled to remove the alarm which the sight of the ships had at first occasioned, and to prevail on them to go on board of the *Isabella*. The scenes which were there exhibited at this and subsequent interviews, though extremely amusing to those who witnessed them, do not present us with much new information respecting the inhabitants of these forlorn regions. The dress and the manners of the Esquimaux, their sledges drawn by the dogs, their domestic arrangements, their superstitions, and their methods of procuring their food, have been all described with such accuracy by sir Charles Giesecké, who resided eight years in their country, that it is not easy to gather any new information from the descriptions of more hurried visiters. There are some points, however, in the narrative of captain Ross, and captain Sabine, to which we cannot fail to

attach a very high degree of interest. Although the canoe is in universal use among the southern Greenlanders, yet this simple apparatus, so easily constructed, and apparently so necessary to the very existence of tribes who are clothed and fed by the produce of the sea, appears to be entirely unknown to this remote people. They have no word for it in their language; and though accustomed to see their waves navigated by icebergs, yet they are said to have considered the two ships of discovery, as living animals swimming upon the surface of the deep. This utter ignorance of the art of navigation, and of every other people but themselves, will appear the more remarkable, when we consider, that the islands of Nullok and Ujordlersoak, which were examined by sir Charles Giesecké, and are known to the southern Greenlanders, cannot be distant more than 30 miles from the spot where captain Ross discovered the new Esquimaux * In the manuscript map of sir Charles, in the possession of Thomas Allan, Esq. and which we have now before us, the southern side of Nullok is placed in 76° of north latitude, and he has laid down seven islands to the north of Nullok, one of which reaches as high as $76^{\circ} 30'$. Now, the spot where captain Ross first observed the inhabitants, had little more than 76° north latitude, and it is not likely that sir Charles Giesecké could have erred more than half a degree in his latitude.

The existence of meteoric iron in the mountains of this desolate region, appears to have been distinctly ascertained by captain Ross. The knives of the Esquimaux, one of which we have in our possession, consists of one or more pieces of flattened iron, inserted in a groove, made in a piece of bone. This iron was at first supposed to have been obtained from nails or iron hoops accidentally driven on their shores; but it appeared from a more minute investigation, that it had been knocked by a stone from two large masses lying on a hill near the shore, called Sowallick, derived no doubt from *sowic*, a word which signifies iron. One of these pieces is said to be altogether iron, and about two feet in diame-

* From this and many other considerations, we cannot permit ourselves to believe that the canoe is unknown to this tribe.

ter; while the other was described as a hard and dark rock, from which small pieces of iron were obtained by breaking it.

The iron of which these knives are made was examined by Dr. Wollaston, who found it contain from *three to four* per cent. of nickel; and who remarks "that it appears to differ in no respect from those masses of which so many have now been found on various tracts of the surface of the earth; and which, in some few instances from tradition, and in all, from the analysis, appear to be of meteoric origin."

On the 16th of August, captain Ross left the Prince Regent's Bay, and after rounding Cape York, he continued his course along the land, among numerous bergs, and pieces of loose ice. The snow on the face of the cliffs presented an appearance of a very singular kind, and appeared to have the colour of the deepest crimson. The colouring matter seemed to have penetrated in some places to the depth of ten or twelve inches, and the snow had the appearance of having been a long time in that state. These cliffs extended about eight miles, and were denominated the Crimson Cliffs. Dr. Wollaston, who examined the colouring matter of the crimson snow, conceives it to be of vegetable origin. "The red matter," he observes, "consists of minute globules, from $\frac{1}{1000}$ to $\frac{1}{800}$ of an inch in diameter. They appear to be subdivided internally, into about eight or ten cells. The colour seems to belong to the contents of the globule, and not to its coat. The contents, which are of an oily nature, are not soluble in water, but they may be dissolved in rectified spirits of wine."

On the 18th of August, to the north of Cape Dudley Digges, several huts were plainly distinguished, and were supposed to be Petowack, the residence of the chief of the Esquimaux, who had been obscurely alluded to in the conversation with the natives. Wolstenholm Sound, which agreed precisely with Baffin's description of it, was now in sight. It seemed to be about eighteen or twenty leagues in depth, and was completely blocked up with ice. On the same day Whale Sound was discovered; and Carey's Island, which appeared to be about twelve leagues from the coast, were distinctly seen.

Captain Ross now sailed across the bay, and in the passage of the ships to the opposite shore, the officers, both of the *Isabella* and the *Alexander*, were satisfied that they saw the land distinctly round the top of the Bay. Smith's Sound, the only one which existed in this part of the Bay, was completely shut up with ice, so that no farther hopes were entertained of a north-west passage in this direction.

The ships of discovery had now reached the latitude of $76^{\circ} 55'$, and longitude $74^{\circ} 56' 48''$ west, and began to descend the western coast of Baffin's Bay. Jones' Sound was seen on the 21st completely blocked up with ice, and on the 23d, a piece of fir wood was picked up with nails in it, and bearing the marks of the plane and adze. On the 31st the expedition entered Lancaster's Sound. At a little before four o'clock A. M. the land was seen at the bottom of the inlet by the officers of the watch, but before captain Ross got upon deck, a space of about seven degrees of the compass was obscured by the fog. This land was a high ridge of mountains extending directly across the bottom of the inlet. At twelve o'clock, Mr. Beverly, who went up to the crow's nest, reported that he had seen the land across the Bay, except for a very short space; but even this uncertainty was removed about three o'clock, when captain Ross went on deck, and at the distance of about eight leagues, *distinctly saw the land round the bottom of the Bay, forming a connected chain of mountains with those which extended along the north and south sides.* Captain Ross also saw a *continuity of ice, at the distance of seven miles, extending from one side of the Bay to the other.*

The testimony of captain Ross, thus distinctly given, has been called in question in an indirect manner, by captain Sabine, who accompanied the expedition; and who still holds out expectations of a north-west passage through one or the other of the seven sounds in Baffin's Bay.*

* When speaking of the inlets or sounds discovered by Baffin, captain Sabine says, "It is partly on these inlets that the hopes of persons who have thought since then of the probability of a passage, have been fixed. It has been expected, that one or more will be found to communicate with the northern ocean. They have remained unexplored, and still remain so."

We have no hesitation in admitting, that the land round the bottom of Lancaster Sound was not seen by captain Sabine, or any of the officers of the *Isabella* and the *Alexander*, beside captain Ross; but this is no evidence at all against the continuity of the land, unless these gentlemen assure us, that they were upon deck, looking out for the land, during the ten minutes when the fog cleared away, and enabled captain Ross to trace the outline of the hills round the bottom of the Bay.

The variation of the needle in Lancaster Sound, as observed on board the *Isabella*, was no less than 114° ; and it is deeply to be regretted, that captain Ross could find here no harbour, where the variation and the dip of the needle might have been accurately ascertained, out of the reach of the ship's attraction.

As captain Ross was required, by his instructions, to look for the north-east point of America, or the north-west passage, (as

There are altogether seven sounds, of which five only are interesting, from being on the northern and western coasts. Of these, the first is Wolstenholm Sound, the entrance of which we passed at a few miles distance, sufficiently near to identify it, "by the island in the midst, which maketh two entrances." Of Whale Sound, we could just discern the opening in the coast, being thirty or forty miles distant from us. Of Smith's Sound, "the greatest and longest in all this Bay, and which runneth to the north of 78° ," we can say nothing, as our extreme north was in $76^{\circ} 53'$. We were near the entrance of Jones' Sound, but not so near as Baffin, who sent his boat on shore. We had thick weather: the sound was full of ice, and not then accessible. The last is Lancaster's Sound, which Baffin merely opened, but we sailed into it for about thirty miles. It is needless to enter into a detail here, of the many encouraging coincidences which awaited us in this the only one of Baffin's Sounds into which we entered; the great depth of water, the sudden increase of temperature, the absence of ice, the direction of the swell, the width of the shores apart, (exceeding that of Behring's Straits,) and the different character of the country on the north and south sides, especially in the latter, appearing to be wooded. This magnificent inlet, will no doubt be fully explored by the expedition now fitting; and those who are so employed, will have the privilege of being the first whose curiosity will be gratified in following where it may lead, or in putting its termination, should there prove one, beyond a question." *Quarterly Journal*, No. XIII. p. 93.

he understood this to mean,) about the 72d degree of latitude, he did not allow himself to be detained by any minor objects, in so high a latitude as Lancaster Sound, and therefore made the best of his way to the south.

On the 11th of September, when about seven leagues to the westward of the island called Agnes's Monument, they fell in with an enormous iceberg, about 4169 yards, or nearly two and a half miles long, 3869 yards broad, 51 feet high, and aground in 61 fathoms of water, so that its real altitude must have been 417 feet. After ascending this iceberg, for the purpose of measuring the dip, and the variation, the party were received on its flat summit, by a white bear. They immediately advanced to attack it, but though at first it showed some disposition to stand on the defensive, it made for the other side of the iceberg, and threw itself into the sea, over the edge of a precipice fifty feet high.

During the rest of September, the ships of discovery were employed in coasting along the western shores of Baffin's Bay. On the 19th of September, they reached Cape Walsingham, and on the 1st of October, they were off the Earl of Warwick's Foreland, where Cumberland Strait commences, with a breadth of between thirty and forty miles. In the morning, the tide was observed to carry the ships to the westward, and in the afternoon, to the south-east, at the rate of two miles an hour. This strong current at the entrance of the strait, naturally impressed captain Ross with a belief, that there was a much better chance of passage here, than in any part of Baffin's Bay; but the season was now far advanced, and as his instructions to quit the ice "by the 1st of October, at the latest," were of the most peremptory nature, he had no alternative but to leave the examination of this inlet for another expedition. He accordingly made for Cape Farewell, which he passed on the 9th of October, anchored in Brassa Sound in Shetland on the 30th, and arrived in Grimsby Roads, on the 14th November, without the loss of a single man.

The circumnavigation of Baffin's Bay, as performed by captain Ross, has no doubt added greatly to our geographical knowledge of the Arctic regions; but we cannot allow ourselves to agree with him in thinking, that it has "set at rest for ever the question

of a north-west passage in that direction." There can be no doubt that captain Ross saw, or thought he saw, land apparently continuous from Disco Bay, round to Cumberland Straits. This apparent continuity in the coast, however, is by no means incompatible with the existence of winding inlets of sufficient magnitude, to form a communication between Baffin's Bay and the Polar Sea.

In the manuscript map of sir Charles Giesecké, which we have already mentioned, and which is projected on a scale of *one inch and a half* to a degree of latitude, the eastern coast of Greenland is fringed with so many islands, that we have no hesitation in saying, that captain Ross never saw the coast from the latitude of 69° to that of $76^{\circ} 30'$, the most northern part of the map. This coast indeed, was not traced by sir Charles Giesecké higher than the latitude of $72^{\circ} 30'$, although he examined minutely the geological structure and mineralogical productions of all the various islands by which it is guarded. We conceive it, therefore, thoroughly established, that the land laid down in captain Ross' chart, is formed by the western side of the same islands; and though our evidence for this reaches no higher than the latitude of $76^{\circ} 30'$, yet we think there is reason to conclude, that the new tribe of Esquimaux were the inhabitants of an island, and that the rest of the coast of Baffin's Bay may have been bounded by islands, equally large and numerous as those upon its eastern shores.*

But though the opposite shores of Baffin's Bay are probably formed of archipelagos of islands, like the coast of Norway and Corea, yet we do not think that there is any probability of a passage being discovered to the north of Cumberland Straits. Another expedition, to the same quarter, fitted out in a similar manner, could do little more than captain Ross has accomplished; and if our government is desirous of obtaining more minute information respecting the Arctic regions, they must send small vessels, with officers and men of science on board, who will have the re-

* A very curious example of this is given by captain Berry, in the case of the harbour of Wangeroa in New Zealand, which escaped the penetration of captain Cook, though he was nearly a month in the neighbourhood. See *Edinburgh Magazine*, April 1819, p. 304.

solution of wintering, as air Charles Giesecké did, among the inhabitants of these desolate regions.

We must reserve for another occasion, a notice of the scientific results of the Arctic expedition. With the exception of a few good measures of the dip and the variation of the needle, taken upon icebergs, science has received few additions from an enterprise, otherwise well planned, and judiciously executed. The cause of this is too obvious to require explanation; and it is a mystery yet to be unravelled, and a stain yet to be removed from the scientific character of Britain, in the eyes of foreign nations, that an expedition should have left our shores, without a naturalist on board, without even a professional draftsman, and without a man of general science, who could observe, and record the interesting phenomena which nature might have been expected to present at the limit of her habitable dominions.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. VIII.—*On the utility and pleasures of the study of Mineralogy and Geology.* By Daniel Drake, M. D.

THE variety of aspects under which our earth and its inhabitants may be contemplated, and the groups into which its materials and productions may be assembled, according to their natural affinities, are almost innumerable. This diversity is the foundation of what are denominated the *physical sciences*. There are perhaps some to whom a more exact explanation of the import of the term physical may be acceptable. This word is derived from the Greek word *Phusis*, which is precisely synonymous with the Latin word *Natura*, out of which our ordinary term Natural is formed. The word physical then is precisely equivalent to the word natural, and they may be prefixed, indiscriminately, to those sciences which treat of nature.

For the purpose of expressing more fully what is meant by the physical or natural sciences, I will name a few of them by their familiar epithets.

* Captain Sabine, who was recommended by the Royal Society to make the experiments with pendulum and other instruments which were sent along with the expedition at the request of that distinguished body, discharged his duty to their entire satisfaction, and with an ardour and zeal deserving of the highest praise.

Astronomy and natural philosophy, which relate to the effects of large, or at least obvious and palpable masses of matter upon each other, is one of the physical sciences. Botany, which displays a history of the vegetable kingdom, is another of these sciences.

Medicine, which has for its object the study of the human body, considered as a natural subject, is another; and, as students and practitioners of medicine, from the earliest periods, have been attached to the study of nature at large, the term *physic* has from time immemorial been applied to that branch of science, when with equal propriety it might have been prefixed to many others. Lastly, mineralogy and geology, as already observed, are branches of this great department of human knowledge.

The object of the first of these sciences, is to teach the qualities and properties of the multitude of bodies, which in their aggregation, constitute our globe: the object of the second, is to show the relative situation, order, arrangement and formation of these materials, as they are found, naturally, in the earth. We must not be misled by this phraseology into the expectation that science can develop to us the mode in which these materials were originally formed, or the nature and arrangement of those which compose the interior of the globe. Of the condition of the substances composing the earth, previously to that in which we find them, or at least that which may analogically be inferred, from the study of their existing characters, we know nothing; and of the state of the interior of the earth, we are equally ignorant. All that these sciences can teach, and all which, at the present time, they pretend to teach, relates to the materials and construction of the *crust* of the earth. It is from an examination of the substances that compose this crust, that all the deductions of these sciences are made. When thus stripped, however, of all oracular pretensions; when divested of every supernatural prerogative; when no longer permitted to indulge in the utterance of hypotheses, or to sport in the creation of phantasms, enough still remains to render these sciences broad, dignified and highly interesting. Their extent is commensurate to that of the surface of the earth; their variety equal to the innumerable substances of which that surface is composed; their utility correspondent to the unbounded advantages which that surface pours out to the human race; the pleasures they impart, proportionate to the intimacy with which they are known, and the capacity of the student for comprehending and relishing the beauties, sublimities and eccentricities of nature.

An account, in detail, of the utility and gratifications imparted by these branches of science, would fill a volume; and involve the consideration of a multitude of subjects. I shall present but a few of them, and those perhaps not the most important or interesting.

"From dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," is equally applicable to man and all organized beings, whether animal or vegetable. The curse pronounced by an offended Deity, appears in its consequences, as a law of nature. Every object but the globe itself, has, as it were, a momentary existence. True it is that nature provides in some degree against the extinction of *species*; but *individual productions*, after a few revolutions of their mother earth, lose their imperfect self-existence, and sink into her bosom. Their bodies undergo decomposition, and the materials of which they were composed, again commingle with their kindred dust. Such is the indiscriminate and inexorable fiat of Heaven. How intimate then is the connexion of all animated existences with the earth which they inhabit and adorn. How multiplied are the dependencies which exist, and can never be dissolved, between those beings and the globe. How numerous the reasons, how irresistible the arguments, in favour of studying its nature and properties. Was it a mass of one species of matter, existing in a single state, without modification and without diversity, the same at every depth and in every continent, the case would be entirely different. The most superficial observer is apprized, however, that exactly the reverse of this is true. The elementary substances which have already been discovered in the crust of the globe, are more than fifty in number, and the distinct bodies formed by the combination of these, are so numerous as to defy all computation. Each of these has its peculiar relations with animated nature, and constitutes a specific object of inquiry and interest to man. It is capable of exerting on him an effect, and compelling him, as it were, to feel and appreciate its existence. Hence we arrive at the conclusion, *a priori*, that an endless variety of advantages and gratifications, must result from the cultivation of the sciences which now invite our attention.

Many of the relations of man with the globe are indirect, and established by means of intermediate existences. His dependence upon the inferior animals, and upon the vegetable kingdom, is seen in numberless instances, and involves both his happiness and existence. But these races of beings are only links which chain him to the earth. If indissolubly united with him on the one hand, they are as deeply rooted in it on the other. His continuance and prosperity depend on the state in which he finds them; and that state, whether good or bad, perfect or imperfect, depends on their parent earth. These relations then, although indirect, can never be dissolved. They are mediate, but act upon him incessantly and with uncontrollable energy.

Vegetables are the first and the greatest link of this chain. Constituting the sustenance of all animals except those which subsist on flesh, and, of consequence, composing, directly or indirectly, the food of every one, from the worm, whose duration and limits are those of a single leaf, to man, the lord of all, they may

be regarded, as the principal channels, through which the earth pours forth its streams of nutriment for animated nature. That the quantity and quality of this nutriment depends greatly on the nature of the soil from which it is derived, is a well established fact; and hence we deduce the important corollary, that an acquaintance with soils is indispensable to the practice of agriculture and gardening. Now as agriculture has a connection with civilization, which neither time nor place can destroy; as one cannot be augmented nor diminished without affecting the other; and as those things which have the greatest controlling influence on civilization are necessarily of the deepest concern to a civilized community, it follows, as an inevitable consequence, that the corollary, which has been stated, is second to no other in magnitude, and therefore that the study of mineralogy is intimately and inseparably connected with the happiness of man.

Let us contemplate our subject under another aspect. Savage nations are not more distinguished from civilized by their ignorance of the means of drawing sustenance from the earth by cultivation, than of the various important purposes to which the materials it contains may be applied. Indeed, if we take our neighbouring Indians as an example, we shall find, I apprehend, that their knowledge of agriculture is really greater than that of the arts; that they know more of the earth as a store house of sustenance than as a magazine of the utensils and implements which are at once the accompaniments and ensigns of civilization. We may conclude, therefore, that the use and knowledge of these articles are as inseparable from the civilized state, and as much the means of its extension and perpetuity, as the practice of agriculture. We may test this position by another which will not be denied. If every thing that is fabricated from materials drawn out of the earth were lost, the most populous and civilized nation would speedily become extinct, or degenerate into bands of hunters and herdsmen. Its agriculture could not be practised; its arts and sciences could no longer be prosecuted; its commerce would no more whiten the ocean; domestic habits could not be sustained; religion itself would degenerate; its extended social relations would be broken; and every civilized institution dissolved.

Incredible as it may at first view appear, the whole of these effects would be produced in a less degree by the loss of a single substance. Were our race deprived of the use of iron, they would inevitably recede on the scale of civilization. To speak in some degree figuratively, this is the material out of which the highest scaffoldings of civilized society are formed; and without which mankind could not have ascended to those elevations in knowledge, which seem to lift them into communion with angelic nature. To prove this position, let me remind you of the various purposes to which this metal is applied, and ask you to offer a substitute. This, we know, with respect to the most important of them has not been

formed. Permit me, moreover, to ask you to compare a nation which has made some advances in civilization, but not attained to the discovery of this metal, with another, which has been more fortunate, and observe on which side the advantage lies. Take the Mexicans, a people that were in this state, as an example of the former, and any of the civilized nations of the old world, before the art of printing was discovered, as an instance of the latter, and you will at once perceive the indispensable influence of this substance over the destiny of man. Further; had the people who once inhabited the plain on which we are now assembled, attained to the use of this metal, they would have left upon it much higher and more indelible marks of civilization than mounds of earth, or the copper relics they contain. The magnitude and construction of these antiquities bespeak their authors to have been more concentrated and social; more industrious, ingenious and civilized than hunters or shepherds; but they were destitute of iron, and to this may, *perhaps*, be ascribed their ultimate relapse into barbarism, or their total extinction.

These views will undoubtedly produce your assent to the general propositions that it is to the earth, directly or indirectly, that mankind are indebted for subsistence, and the power of organizing and sustaining civilized communities; and consequently, that the study of its materials and construction is indispensable.

He who might put the republic into the possession of an adequate supply of copper and antimony, and quicksilver, and tin, would deserve to be regarded as its benefactor. He who should discover a clay fit for porcelain, would lessen our dependencies both on Europe and Asia. He who might lay bare in different parts of the western country a sufficiency of rock salt, gypsum, coppers, alum, and sulphur, would draw from the earth a new element of public prosperity. Lastly, he who might replenish our empty vaults with the precious metals extracted from our native rocks, would have the enviable glory of restoring the golden age. That many important discoveries will hereafter be made in the mineralogy of the region we inhabit, there cannot be a doubt. That those who have the most intimate acquaintance with the mineral kingdom will generally be the happy discoverers, is extremely probable. It has seldom occurred that persons entirely ignorant of this science, have made, or at least, have been benefited by important mineralogical discoveries. Nature has not always stamped the productions with which she has encrusted our globe, with distinct and legible characters. They do not, like plants and animals, stand out from each other in bold relief, and exhibit to the eye of superficial observation an aspect of detached and independent specific existence. Among the countless multitude of mineral species, there are but few which in all situations and in all conditions are inscribed with invariable characters, and are known to mankind at large. I will cite as an example, a

mineral with which more persons are perhaps acquainted than any other. It is *carbonate of lime* or limestone. Concerning this, therefore, we should expect but few mistakes. It is a fact, however, that in some parts of the United States, a soft limestone has been mistaken for plaister of paris, and used as a substitute for that article. Again—the farmers in the vicinity of New Haven had, for many years, employed in the construction of their walls and fences, a mouldering stone which they considered of no particular value. A student of Yale College, at length discovered, however, that these fragments were from a bed of *verde antique*, or primitive marble. The quarry has since been opened, and become a source of great emolument to the owners, and a benefit to the country at large.

Let us pursue this subject a little further. It is not merely necessary to know the valuable minerals, however disguised; it is equally important to be acquainted with their associates. Most of those which are of great utility to mankind exist in veins or beds, in connexion with larger strata. A knowledge of this connexion is indispensable to our success, and without it we proceed, when in quest of a particular mineral, as much at random, as the herbalist who might search the globe for the orange tree without knowing that it belongs to the tropics; or the star-gazer who might explore the heavens for the planet Jupiter, without understanding whether it exists within or without the zodiac. From a want of this knowledge, years of labour have been lost, disappointment has succeeded to disappointment; fortunes have been exhausted, and ruin induced. The desire to search for valuable minerals, when once excited, is perhaps as strong and irresistible as any propensity of our nature. It exhibits every obstacle to success as surmountable; and animates us to more vigorous efforts after every abortive attempt. It can only be compared to the infatuation which prompted a search for the philosopher's stone. You are all apprized that those unfortunate men denominated the Alchemists, who flourished in Europe a few centuries since, were impelled with sleepless and melancholy perseverance throughout their whole lives to the discovery of a process for converting all other metals into gold; and so entirely were they deranged on this point, as not to perceive that such a discovery would neither benefit themselves nor mankind. Yet the conduct of the deluded alchemist was not more preposterous, than is that of many a worthy man who, becoming enchanted by golden dreams, beholds with the vision of a disordered mind, the signs of subterranean wealth in spots which nature never selected as her treasury of the precious metals. It is of the utmost importance then, that he who is about to engage in a course of experimental researches, should be conducted in his descents into the dark recesses of the mineral kingdom, by every light which science can afford. Unless his path be thus illuminated, he is

doomed to grope his way among bodies with which he is unacquainted, and re-ascend perhaps, without a single acquisition. Literally speaking, he will search for minerals that do not belong to the rocks and strata which he explores; and in his eagerness to discover the favourite object in view, will overlook others of more value which exist, but which he rejects as worthless, or regards as incumbrances to the pursuit. If men usually sat out with a general and undefined intention of searching for useful minerals, this ignorance would be less deplorable; but those who search invariably have a specific or particular object in view; and are disposed to disregard all others. He who is in quest of gold, will perhaps reject without regard, the most valuable ores of lead. He who seeks for silver, will be equally regardless of the signs which indicate the presence or contiguity of iron: he who penetrates the earth for salt, will derive but little gratification from the discovery of sulphur or copperas: and he who perforates for coal, will not be satisfied with the acquisition of marl or gypsum. Seeing then that the greater number of those who dig and bore the solid earth to find the useful minerals, frame to themselves some particular object before they commence, it is of the utmost importance that they should be acquainted with the signs which show its existence or absence in the strata that are to be explored. To learn the language of these signs; to know what lies beneath from an inspection of what appears above; to determine, as it were, the character of our earth from beholding the physiognomy of its surface, is the province of geology.

We are all endued with a disposition to inquire into the nature and relations of the things that surround us; and are led to gratify this disposition as liberally as possible in relation to works of art, and to the animal and vegetable kingdom; but why should we stop at these? Why not penetrate the thin covering which conceals from our prying and curious eyes the multitudinous subjects of the mineral world? Its boundless variety of forms; its secret and silent decompositions and transformations, its beautiful petrifications, and astonishing arrangement of parts? So inexhaustible are these wonders, that curiosity may feast to satiety, and inquisitiveness exhaust itself in the most delightful scrutiny. Why then should we not devote a small portion of time to the studies which now claim our attention, and add to our catalogue of subjects for rational investigation, those which our mother so liberally furnishes to her inquiring children?

It is not the gratification of curiosity alone that delights us in studying the productions of the earth. The beneficent Creator has mercifully given us capacity for deriving pleasure even from the contemplation of those portions of his mighty works which immediately surround us, and with which we are most familiar. It is this taste which, next to a sense of Deity and of moral obligation, seems to lift us above the brute creation, and to elevate

the man of genius and refinement over the more ordinary members of his race. Under whatever aspect nature is viewed by the man of taste, she appears lovely and inviting—"Her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Whether he contemplate her in the stillness and sublimity of night bespangled with a canopy of stars; or in the gorgeousness and brilliancy of evening, when the colours of the rainbow are seen sporting from cloud to cloud in ceaseless mutation like the joys of human life; whether he watch her secret workings in the noble purpose of the high minded youth, or admire her personified in the bloom and loveliness of woman; whether in winter he direct his view to the leafless forest, with every bow surrounded by ice and the reflecting rays of silver light—in spring unfolding a myriad of tender buds, the insignia of returning life—in summer, with a full expanded foliage, arresting the sunbeams and screening the prolific earth—or in autumn, with that foliage stamped with a thousand exquisite hues, and descending to the ground as an emblem of death; whether he walk forth upon the sea shore and hearken to the solemn murmuring of its waves, or inspect the gaudy Mosaic work of shells and coral which their retreat has laid bare; whether he cast his eye along the surface of the earth and behold the groups of hills and mountains that diversify its aspect with an endless succession of verdant slopes and abrupt and rocky precipices; whether he explore the uncovered and rugged faces of those cliffs, and admire the order of arrangement which they exhibit, or enter the caverns which open underneath and gaze with new and solitary admiration at the brilliant crystalization and splendid stalactites with which they are vaulted; whether, in short, he contemplate nature in the ocean, in the earth or in the skies, in tranquillity or convulsion, in perfection or in ruins—she is sublime or beautiful, and fills his soul with emotions of pleasure and devotion.

ART. IX.—*The Seven Asiatic Churches.*

[In a letter from the Rev. H. Lindsay, chaplain to the English Embassy at Constantinople, dated 10th January 1816, we find the most recent intelligence respecting the seven Apocalyptic churches. The following extracts from this interesting dispatch, will be perused, we are persuaded, with lively emotions, by every christian reader.]

FROM the conversations I had with the Greek Bishop and his clergy, as well as various well informed individuals, I am led to suppose, that, if the population of Smyrna be estimated at 140,000 inhabitants, there are from 15, to 20,000 Greeks, 6,000 Armenians, 5,000 Catholics, 140 Protestants, and 11,000 Jews.

After Smyrna, the first place I visited was Ephesus, or rather (as the site is not quite the same) Aiasalick, which consists of about fifteen poor cottages. I found there but three christians, two brothers who keep a small shop, and a gardener. They are all three Greeks, and their ignorance is lamentable indeed. In that place, which was blessed so long with an Apostle's labours, and those of his zealous assistants, are christians who have not so much as heard of that Apostle, or seem only to recognize the name of Paul as one in the calendar of their saints. One of them I found able to read a little, and left with him the New Testament in ancient and modern Greek, which he expressed a strong desire to read, and promised me he would not only study it himself, but lend it to his friends in the neighbouring villages.

My next object was to see Laodicea. In the road to this, is Guzelhisar, a large town, with one church, and about 700 christians. In conversing with the priests here, I found them so little acquainted with the Bible, or even the New Testament, in an entire form, that they had no distinct knowledge of the books it contained, beyond the four gospels, but mentioned them indiscriminately, with various idle legends and lives of saints. I have sent thither three copies of the modern Greek Testament since my return. About three miles from Laodicea is Denizli, which has been styled, but I am inclined to think erroneously, the ancient Colosse; it is a considerable town, with about 400 christians, Greeks and Armenians, each of whom has a church. I regret, however, to say, that here also the most extravagant tales of miracles, and fabulous accounts of angels, saints and relics, had so usurped the place of the Scriptures, as to render it very difficult to separate, in their minds, divine truths from human inventions. I felt, that here that unhappy time was come when men should "turn away their ears from the truth, and be turned unto fables." I had with me some copies of the Gospels in ancient Greek, which I distributed here, as in some other places through which I had passed. Eski-hisar close to which are the remains of ancient Laodicea, contains about fifty poor inhabitants, in which number are but two christians, who live together in a small mill: unhappily neither could read; the copy, therefore, of the New Testament which I intended for this church, I left with that of Denizli, the offspring and poor remains of Laodicea and Colosse. The prayers of the mosque are the only prayers which are heard near the ruins of Laodicea, on which the threat seems to have been fully executed, in its utter rejection as a church.

I left it for Philadelphia, now Alahshehr. It was gratifying to find at last some surviving fruits of early zeal; and here, at least, whatever may be lost of the *spirit* of christianity there is still the form of a christian church,—this has been kept from the hour of temptation which came upon all the christian world. There are here about 1000 christians, chiefly Greeks, who, for the most

part, speak **only** Turkish; there are twenty-five places of public worship, **five** of which are large, regular churches; to these there is a resident bishop, with twenty inferior clergy. A copy of the **modern** Greek Testament was received by the Bishop, with great thankfulness.

I quitted Alah-shehr, deeply disappointed at the statement I received there of the church of Sardis. I trusted that in its utmost trials, it would not not have been suffered to perish utterly, and I heard with surprise, that not a vestige of it remained.— With what satisfaction, then, did I find on the plains of Sardis, a small church establishment: the few christians who dwell around modern Sart, were anxious to settle there and erect a church, as they were in the habit of meeting at each others houses, for the exercise of religion. From this design they were prohibited by Kar 'Osman Oglu, the Turkish governor of the district, and in consequence, about five years ago, they built a church upon the plain, within view of ancient Sardis, and there they maintain a priest. The place has gradually risen into a little village, now called Tartar-Keny; thither the few christians of Sart, who amount to seven, and those in its immediate vicinity, resort for public worship, and form together a congregation of about forty. There appears then still a remnant, “a few names even in Sardis,” which have been preserved. I cannot repeat the expressions of gratitude with which they received a copy of the New Testament in a language with which they were familiar. Several crowded about the priest, to hear it on the spot; and I left them thus engaged.

Ak-hisar, the ancient Thyatira, is said to contain about 30,000 inhabitants, of whom 3000 are christians, all Greeks, except about 200 Armenians. There is, however, but one Greek church, and one Armenian. The superior of the Greek church, to whom I presented the Romaic Testament, esteemed it so great a treasure that he earnestly pressed me, if possible, to spare another, that one might be secured to the church, and free from accidents, while the other went around among the people, for their private reading. I have therefore, since my return hither, sent him four copies.

The church of Pergamos, in respect to numbers, may be said to flourish still in Bergamo. The town is less than Ak-hisar, but the number of Christians is about as great, the proportion of Armenians to Greeks nearly the same, and each nation also has **one church**. The Bishop of the district, who occasionally resides there, was at that time absent; and I experienced, with deep regret, that the resident clergy were totally incapable of estimating the gift I intended for them; I therefore delivered the Testament to the lay vicar of the bishop, at his urgent request, he having assured me, that the bishop would highly prize so valuable an

acquisition to the church; he seemed much pleased that the benighted state of his nation had excited the attention of strangers.

Thus I have left, at least, one copy of the unadulterated word of God, at each of the seven Asiatic churches of the Apocalypse, and I trust they are not utterly thrown away; but, whoever may plant, it is God only who can give the increase; and from his goodness, we may hope, they will in due time, bring forth fruit some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold!

ART. X.—*Scenes at an English Election.*

[*From an English Paper.*]

MR. EDITOR—What a scene electioneering is! I shall never forget what I have seen of it. I was prevailed upon to go with a friend to witness his being elected, but it is the last scene of the kind in which I shall ever take a part. There was, however, in it a mixture of the serio-comic, of the intriguing, of the marvellous, and of the ridiculous. There must certainly be a great charm in being a member of parliament; otherwise, would men condescend and drudge, flatter, fawn, and cajole, stoop to all ranks and to all humours to gain that point? A candidate is the most affable, the most accommodating character in the world; but it cannot be expected, after such rebuffs, that, when chosen, the same painful part should be acted to the end.

The rivalry at the election of which I have spoken, was excessive: and John Bull was more than ordinarily brutal. Yet so supple was one of the candidates, that he considered a stone thrown at him only as a *striking* proof of John's regard, and he "hugged the greasy rogues" as though they had been his dearest friends. Then were family anecdotes, and private vices, personal defects, and even personal misfortunes, made the broad theme of vulgar clamour, and bandied from side to side in order to annoy the opposite party. I was so ignorant of these matters, that I inveighed against such disgraceful practices, as a dishonour to the representatives of a great nation, and an indelible stain on the people who committed these excesses. But I was informed that it was all according to ancient custom, that a broken head or the receipt of a dead dog in one's face, was only the pot-luck on these occasions; and that elections are the Englishman's carnival, or rather his saturnalia, for, in the former, insults are given and received under the mask, and are of course less gross and degrading; but, in the latter, they are warranted by privilege and usage, and are assumed as if by charter.

One of the candidates became a complete catechumen to his constituents elect; and it was laughable to hear how like a good boy he answered all his catechisers. My friend, however, took it easier: he had represented the city before, and knew the temper

of his constituents. The corn bill was thrown in his face, but he swallowed it. The Habeas Corpus Act he took the liberty to parry; and as he had no place nor pension, he got off scot free on those heads. What most astonished me was, that a very proud and a very indolent man should so demean himself for a vote, and bestir himself with such activity in order to accomplish his purpose. His memory too, appeared to me prodigious. He recollected every man's name, his avocation, his weakness, his circumstances, and his interest.—“Ha, Thomas,” it was to one, “how well you look! why, you’ve shaken off your ague!” ‘Ees,’ says Thomas, ‘I’ve been shaking long enough, but they shan’t shake my politics.’ “Well done, Thomas! I honour thee; give me thy hand (the dirtiest I ever saw, covered with manure.) Then thou’lt stick to the old Orange interest!” (Thomas) ‘Noah—I have had much better offers t’other side. Beside, I think we han’t well used by the king’s men; dang it, they are too proud; they treats the poor all as one as dirt under their feet.’—“Oh! fie; oh! fie, my dear Thomas.” My friend stepped aside with Thomas: what he said to him I don’t pretend to know; but thrice they shook hands; and Thomas shook his sides with laughter. He went off grinning, and said, ‘Well, ye bid to get the plumper.’ He next met an old man, “How sorry I was, friend Barnacle, for the loss of your cattle (this circumstance he learned a few minutes before.) I wish you had written to me; but I think I have a plan for you. By the by, how many sons have you who are freemen?” ‘Four, your honour.’ “And how are they doing?” ‘Mortat bad; and the young one, I can’t do nothing with.’ “That’s a pity, friend Barnacle. I should think that the Blue Coat school would not be a bad thing for the young one; and the two eldest must manage your affairs.” ‘—Ees—’ “And I should think that Jack—” ‘His name is James, your honour.’ “Ah! true—James would make a rare exciseman; he’s a keen dog, friend Barnacle.” ‘Ah! that he be.’ “And Bob—” ‘Bill, your honour.’ “True! how can I be so foolish—Bill would make a good clerk.” ‘Ees, the lad writes a scholarly hand.’ “Well, do you take as much snuff as ever?” ‘Ees, your honour, I likes it as well as ever; but its waundy dear.’ “Come, give me a pinch, and, I say, my servant shall bring you a pound of rare stuff which I brought you from town.” ‘I thank you kindly.’ “There, go up to the ~~landings~~! take the four boys all plumpers, I hope.” ‘Ees.’ After ~~which~~ my friend bought a pound of common snuff and sent it as if he had brought it from London.

Coming to a smart well-dressed fellow, he said, “Are you out of place?” ‘I am, Sir.’ “But have you kept your vote?” ‘I have, Sir.’ “Well, we must get you into place.” ‘Yes, Sir, I should like a place under government, I am tired of service.’ “Surely! well, we must see to that.” (The man had been a footman!)

Disengaged from him my friend was attacked by an old woman, who abused him most violently for breach of promises, for voting against the interest of the country, for neglect, and for a long list of sins. His gentleness and adroitness got the better in the end; and after enduring much, he prevailed upon her to allow her son to split his vote betwixt him and the opposite party.

"Honest Mr. Shambles!" exclaimed he next, "Why you did'n't give me a call when last you came to Smithfield." "Yes, your honour, I did; but your pert jack-anapes of a French valet almost shut the door in my face, and said as how you was not visible." "A rascal!" said the member; "I must turn him away, Shambles; he offends every body; he does not know how to discriminate between my real friends, and a parcel of intruders. But I say, that's a mighty pretty woman—your second wife?" "Tol lol, your honour." "And what do you think of doing with your heir—a fine lad too—your only son, I think?" "He is sir. Why I think of making a doctor of him (fine lessons of humanity he must have learned from you, thought I to myself,) but he prefers being a parson; and as I can afford to give him the first of meddycations, it don't matter. He's a bright boy; he'll get on; and I can give him some thousands." "Right, my honest friend; and I know a family which has high church interest. But we must not talk of that now, at another time we will. He'll make a capital bishop: he speaks well, don't he?" "Oh! aye, your honour; he has the gift of the gab; you'll hear him by and by up 'em a bit of a speech for your side of the question." "Bravo! But, Shambles, why don't you make him a lawyer? I could give him a lift there: I vow, I should not be surprised to see him Lord Chancellor yet." The old butcher was so delighted with this dream of ambition, that he went off resolved to strain every nerve for my friend, and swore, that if his next door neighbour, who had promised his vote for the Blue, as he called it, did not break his word and change sides, he would arrest him for his bill due for meat. We lastly called at a schoolmaster's, who had seven children. These my friend called Cherubim and Seraphim. Indeed all the electors, children whom he met, were the finest children in the world. Into each of their hands he put a guinea. But this was no bribery; for it is clear that the poor children had no vote, and the fathers did not see the money given, neither could they be accountable for others. On our road to the hustings, I asked him if he had such extensive interest as to give away all the things which he had led his friends to expect. He answered me in the negative. I inquired what then he could give them? which he answered me by putting the two following questions:—"Can our physicians cure one tenth of the maladies incident to man, or restore all their patients to health? Can they always give them even relief?" "Decidedly not." "Neither can I provide for all these people. Indeed I don't think that I can provide for

any of them; but there is one thing which I can give them, and so can the physician to his patients." "What is that?" "*Hope!*" I was now quite satisfied with the solidity of his promises.

ART. XI.—*Explanation of a passage in Walsh's "Appeal;" in a letter from the Author to the Editor of the Port Folio.*

SIR,

IN publishing the work entitled "*An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain*," I prescribed it to myself as a rule, not to reply to any printed criticisms on its style, or the opinions which it contained. I was well aware, from the general purport of the volume, that umbrage would be taken at particular parts of it, by individuals of foreign birth, or of particular political and religious sects. The enterprise did not admit of the mincing language and nice distinctions required by the morbid sensibility of some readers, and the loose perusal of others. I could not expect that its scope would be perceived, or its tendency relished, by all.

I should, in relation to the article respecting it, published in your last number, adhere to my plan of silence, were it not that the writer has laboured to attach to one passage of the eighth section, a construction tending to bring me into odium with a numerous description of my fellow-citizens. Encomiums upon my supposed literary merits could yield me no compensation for the loss of their good will, or of public confidence in the candour of my declarations and the liberality of my feelings. I will, therefore, with your permission, offer the proper explanation of the passage in question, and be careful in repelling the accusations, not to imitate the tone and strain of your incensed correspondent.

It may be well, in the first place, to supply an omission of which he has been guilty—that of quoting what he has made the ground of vituperation. The paragraph to which he refers is as follows:

"Lyon, the aggressor in the affair of the American House of Representatives, was not an American, and it is probable that those who sent him to the American legislature were chiefly foreigners. The right of suffrage in the United States is subject to few restrictions; it is acquired, after a few years' residence, without much difficulty, by Europeans of every order. It would not, therefore,

be matter of surprise, if men of vulgar manners and unruly spirit—strangers, with the slough of their native grossness and virulence, were occasionally found in our Congress. Besides, the American representatives belong to professions, and circles of society, in which the more elaborate and delicate courtesies cannot be supposed to be practised, nor self-control to be acquired in the same extent as in what is called the fashionable and polished company of the British islands, where the legislators are boastfully said to be trained to habitual politeness, under a discipline suited to their hereditary gentility and affluence. Yet, it has so happened that instances of members such as I have described above, are rare in the annals of Congress; and that as much decorum has prevailed in that body at all times, as in any similar institute of modern days. p. 300.

Upon the foregoing, your correspondent has built the charge that I have "imputed to foreigners indiscriminately, who have shown their good taste and their attachment to us, by becoming citizens of America, a general predilection for grossness and vulgarity." Now, admitting that my language might seem to convey this imputation, nothing could be more evident to one who had read the whole of the "*Appeal*," than that no such imputation was intended. I think no liberal reader can fail to perceive what I now aver, that it was written with a single eye to the refutation of the European slanderers of our country; without the least design to disparage any description of persons among us, or to exalt one description above another. I dedicated it to a foreigner *as such*, as well as on account of the general excellence of his character; and this motive is expressly alleged in the dedication, with the remarks that "the native American is not backward in recognizing and honouring the estimable qualities and just pretensions of a fellow-citizen of foreign birth; that "we make no distinctions, and have no reserved feelings where respect and confidence are abstractly due."

The very fact noticed, with a personality but little to be admired, by your correspondent, of the foreign birth of the gentleman to whom my work is dedicated, and of my respectable father, ought to have taught him, as it must convince all your readers,

that I could not have meant "to impute to foreigners indiscriminately a general predilection for grossness and vulgarity." The case will be yet clearer when I mention that some of my closest friendships and dearest ties of affinity, are with the same class of persons. You will find, also, that I expressly deny, in the twenty-sixth page of my preface, the allegation of the English traveller Fearon, that "there is in America a strong line of distinction drawn between citizens of native and foreign birth."

The responsibility for *every* instance of unruly deportment in our Congress, which the British reviewers sought to fasten on the *native* American, formed the occasion of the passage quoted above. I aimed at showing that this responsibility did not *necessarily* attach. It was proper for me, therefore, to adduce the fact that Lyon, whose case had so often been cast in the teeth of the *native* American, did not belong to this description of our citizens. Knowing, moreover, what is well known to all—that there were districts in Pennsylvania and New York, in which persons of foreign birth possessed the majority of suffrages for the federal representative, I suggested it as probable, that those who sent him to Congress, were chiefly foreigners. This was truly my impression when I wrote the passage. The circumstance which your correspondent notes, of Lyon's having been sent from Vermont and Kentucky, wholly escaped my recollection. Had I adverted to it, I would not have used the term *probable*; but, in rejecting *this* term, I should not have been influenced by the apprehension of being accused or suspected of throwing a general reflection upon foreigners. I could not have imagined it would be denied that, of the number of those foreigners who have become citizens, *some* at least brought with them "a slough of native grossness and virulence." I would have been sure of being understood to refer to this part alone, since, in mentioning that individuals of it might make their way into Congress, I added that "*instances of such members were however, rare in the annals of that assembly.*" I should have supposed all my readers to be apprised equally with myself, of the circumstance that *many* foreigners had been mem-

Your correspondent, in likening the body of citizens of foreign birth to a *nest of hornets*, has certainly done them an injustice. A few among them may resemble that irascible insect, and delight in stinging every object within their reach. But, though I have been at times wantonly and fiercely assailed by two or three of this small number, I am far from nourishing a general resentment, or esteeming the less that great majority whom they belie and disgrace.

I am, sir,
very truly,
your obedient servant,
ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

Philadelphia, 28 Jan. 1820.

ART. XII.—*A Biographical Memoir of Hugh Williamson, M. D. LL. D. &c. &c. delivered on the first of November, 1819, at the request of the New York Historical Society. By David Hosack, M. D. LL. D. &c. &c. New York. pp. 91.*

THIS is another instance of the very laudable practice which prevails among literary associations of preserving the memory of departed members for the emulation of the survivors. On the present occasion, the choice of the society fell with peculiar propriety upon one who, in an uninterrupted intercourse with the deceased for the space of twenty-five years, had enjoyed the best opportunities of observing his habits and principles. Dr. Hosack acknowledges his obligations to several individuals for the communication of anecdotes and other circumstances, tending to illustrate his subject; and he adds, that for correlative information he is likewise indebted to the miscellaneous and curious volume, entitled "*Memoirs of the Life of the late Dr. Rittenhouse, by William Barton, Esquire,*" and to Dr. Miller's *Retrospect*,—that "*learned and excellent history of literature and science in this country.*"

Hugh Williamson was born in Pennsylvania in the year 1735, of parents who were distinguished for their undeviating integrity, their habits of industry and attention to the duties of religion. At an early age he was sent to the academy at New London Cross

Roads, in this state, which was then under the superintendence of the Rev. Francis Alison, a man of erudition and piety, to whose discipline we are indebted for some of the illustrious names that have adorned our history. From this place he was removed to the (now) University of Pennsylvania, where his education was completed. His father died about the time that he graduated, and he devoted himself, for two years, to the settlement of his estate, and the study of divinity. In 1759 he went to Connecticut, where he pursued his theological studies, and was licensed to preach the gospel. He was afterwards admitted a member of the presbytery of Philadelphia, and preached occasionally; but he was never ordained, and his health would not permit him to undertake the labour of a regular service in the ministry. In consequence of this circumstance, and disgusted, as the biographer was informed, by the disputes which then prevailed between the adherents of Mr. Whitefield and those who considered themselves as the orthodox party, Mr. Williamson withdrew from serious studies and resolved to become a physician.

In the year 1760 he was appointed professor of mathematics in the college of Philadelphia, and in 1764 he went to Europe in order to prosecute his medical studies in the University of Edinburgh. On his return, he practised medicine in Philadelphia with great success, Dr. Hosack says, as it respected the health of his patients, but with painful effects as it regarded his own.

In 1769 he was appointed, by the American Philosophical Society, a member of a committee to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disk, a phenomenon which attracted the attention of the philosophers in all parts of the world. His associates, on this important occasion, were, among others, Dr. Rittenhouse, Dr. W. Smith, provost of the college, Mr. Charles Thompson, and the Rev. Dr. Ewing, by the last of whom the report was drawn up. It was inserted in the first volume of the Society's Transactions, and was perused by the scientific men of that day with much satisfaction. In the same volume was published the first sketch of Dr. W.'s *Observations on the Change of Climate*, which obtained for the ingenious author the most flattering distinctions, both at home and abroad.

In 1772 he made a voyage to the West India Islands for the purpose of collecting subscriptions for the academy of Newark, in Delaware, and in the ensuing year, in conjunction with Dr. Ewing, the successor of Dr. Smith, he made a tour through England, Scotland and Ireland, for the same object. Dr. Hosack says that their success was but indifferent, in consequence of the irritation of the public mind which then subsisted, although the king himself had given an example of better feelings, by a liberal donation. Still they were treated with the greatest respect and even kindness. In the Memoir of Dr. Ewing, prefixed to his "Sermons," it is said that this gentleman was presented with the freedom of the cities of Glasgow, Montrose, Dundee and Perth; and the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Robertson, the principal, on presenting his diploma, declared that he had never conferred a degree with more pleasure. The acquaintance, thus commenced with this celebrated personage, ripened into intimacy, and until the death of the latter, in 1793, he made constant and affectionate inquiries about Dr. Ewing, from travelling Americans who visited Edinburgh. A few days before his death, some young American gentleman waited upon him, to whom he spoke of his friend as "*a man of great talents, for whom he entertained a great personal regard;*" and his last words at parting were, "*do not forget to present my kind regards to Dr. Ewing.*" Such a testimonial, it is well remarked by the writer from whom we take this anecdote, from such a man as the historian of Charles V. the descendants of Dr. Ewing may be permitted to remember and speak of to the world.

Dr. Williamson was in Boston when the tea was destroyed, and he was the first person who reported that occurrence to the British government. On his examination before the privy council, 19th Feb. 1774, he declared explicitly that coercive measures on the part of Parliament would be resisted in this country. Dr. Ewing had frequent offers of reward from men in power, if he would remain in England, but nothing could tempt him to abandon his home, and in frequent conversations with lord North, he

communicated full information respecting the strength and spirit of the colonies, and predicted the issue of a contest.

While Dr. Williamson was in London he rendered an important service, which shall be described here in the words of his biographer. As some incredulity has been excited by the relation, we shall only remark that the Dr. was a man of rigid veracity, firm in his purpose, and distinguished by that very address and singularity of manner which we might conceive of him who could devise so strange and so bold an enterprize.

"We now come to an event, memorable by the commotion it excited at the time, and by the magnitude of the consequences which have since arisen from it; I refer to the discovery of the celebrated Letters of Hutchinson and Oliver.

"In these letters, the character of the people of Massachusetts was painted in the most odious colours, and their grievances and proceedings misrepresented by falsehoods the most glaring and unfounded.

"It would seem to have been equally the object of governor Hutchinson, and his coadjutors, to furnish excuses for the ministry, already sufficiently disposed to adopt every measure of severity towards the colonists, through the prejudiced representations of Bernard and his commissioners; and to poison the minds of the opposition, who had, on most occasions, proved themselves their warm advocates.

"Dr. Franklin lost no time in transmitting these letters to his constituents at Boston. 'The indignation and animosity which were excited, on their perusal, knew no bounds. The house of representatives agreed on a petition, and remonstrance, to his majesty, in which they charged their governor and lieutenant governor with being betrayers of their trust, and of the people they governed; and of giving private, partial, and false information. They also declared them enemies to the colonies, and prayed for justice against them, and for their speedy removal from their places.'*

* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Franklin*, 4to. p. 183. *Lond. ed.* 1818.

"The petition and the remonstrance of the people of Massachusetts were communicated to his majesty's privy council by Dr. Franklin, in person, and after a hearing by that board, the governor and lieutenant governor were acquitted. It was on this occasion that Mr. Wedderburn, (afterwards lord Loughborough,) who was employed as counsel on the part of the governor, pronounced his famous philippic against Dr. Franklin; which has always been considered among the most finished specimens of oratory in the English language. * * * A controversy having taken place in the public prints, between Mr. William Whateley, (the brother of the secretary to whom the letters had been addressed, and who was now dead,) and Mr., afterwards sir John Temple, arising out of the manner in which the letters of governor Hutchinson had been procured and transmitted to Boston, and which dispute was followed by a duel between those two gentlemen, Dr. Franklin, in order to prevent any further mischief, published a letter in the newspapers, in which he assumed the entire responsibility of sending the papers to America.* Alluding to this letter of Dr. Franklin, Mr. Wedderburn said:

"But he not only took away the letters from one brother, but kept himself concealed till he had nearly occasioned the murder of the other. It is impossible to read his account, expressive of the coolest and most deliberate malice, without horror. Amid these tragical events, of one person nearly murdered, of another answerable for the issue; of a worthy governor hurt in his dearest interest; the fate of America is in suspense. Here is a man, who with the utmost insensibility of remorse, stands up and avows himself the author of all: I can compare it only to Zanga, in Dr. Young's *Revenge*—

'Know then 'twas I——

I forged the letter—I disposed the picture—

I hated—I despised—and I destroy.—

* The letters which were written on this occasion are preserved in the Appendix to the "*Biographical, Literary and Political Anecdotes*," &c. 3 vols. 8vo. London 1797. *Rev.*

"I ask, my lords, whether the revengeful temper, attributed by poetic fiction only to the bloody African, is not surpassed by the *coolness* and *apathy* of the wily American."

"The speeches of Mr. Dunning, afterwards lord Ashburton, and Mr. Lee, who appeared as council in behalf of the assembly of Massachusetts, were never reported at length; but they chiefly insisted upon the noxious parts of the letters of Hutchinson and Oliver.

"By the preceding extracts from the speech of Mr. Wedderburn, it will be seen that the chief subject of his vehement invective was the disclosure, by Dr. Franklin, of what was termed by the Parliamentary orator, a private correspondence. But the truth is, these letters could not be considered in any wise as private; but were as public as letters could be. To use the emphatic language of Dr. Franklin himself, "they were not of the nature of private letters between friends; they were written by public officers to persons in public stations, on public affairs, and intended to procure public measures: they were therefore handed to other public persons who might be influenced by them to produce those measures. Their tendency was to incense the mother country against her colonies, and by the steps recommended, to widen the breach, which they effected. The chief caution expressed with regard to privacy was, to keep their contents from the colony agents, who, the writers apprehended, might return them, or copies of them, to America. That apprehension was, it seems, well founded; for the first agent who laid his hands on them thought it his duty to transmit them to his constituents."* In a letter on this subject, addressed to a friend, he also observes: "On this occasion I think fit to acquaint you, that there has lately fallen into my hands, part of a correspondence, that I have reason to believe laid the foundation of most, if not all, of our present grievances. I am not at liberty to tell through *what channel* I received it; and I have engaged that it shall not be printed, nor any copies taken of the whole, or any part of it; but I am allowed to let it be seen by some men of worth in the province, for their

* Franklin's Letter to the printer of the Daily Advertiser.

satisfaction only. In confidence of your preserving inviolably my engagement, I send you enclosed the original letters, to obviate every pretence of unfairness in copying, interpolation, or omission."*

"Thus, Dr. Franklin performed a service which his situation as a public agent required of him. But notwithstanding the secrecy with which it had been conducted, the letters were soon after published by the assembly of Massachusetts; not however until after the appearance of other copies in Boston, produced by a member who, it was reported, had just received them from England. * * *

"But it is time that I should declare to you, that this *third person* from whom Dr. Franklin received these famous letters, (and permit me to add that this is the first time the fact has been publicly disclosed,) was Dr. HUGH WILLIAMSON. * * *

"He had learned that governor Hutchinson's letters were deposited in an office different from that in which they ought regularly to have been placed; and having understood that there was little exactness in the transaction of the business of that office; (it is believed it was the office of a particular department of the treasury;) he immediately repaired to it, and addressed himself to the chief clerk, not finding the principal within: assuming the demeanour of official importance, he peremptorily stated that he had come for the last letters that had been received from governor Hutchinson and Mr. Oliver, noticing the office in which they ought regularly to have been placed. Without a question being asked, the letters were delivered. The clerk, doubtless, supposed him to be an authorized person from some other public office. Dr. Williamson immediately carried them to Dr. Franklin, and next the day left London for Holland.

"I received this important fact from a gentleman of high respectability, now living; with whom, as the companion and friend of his early days, Dr. Williamson had entrusted the secret.

"By this daring measure, was detected and put beyond question, the misrepresentations and designs of Hutchinson and his associates; and, perhaps, no event in the previous history of the provinces excited more bitter indignation, or was calculated to call

* Memoirs, 4to. p. 191.

for opposition to the measures of Great Britain, to which these misrepresentations had given rise."

On the declaration of our Independence, Dr. W. returned to this country, where he found the army organized and the medical staff filled up. He repaired to Edenton, in North Carolina, and having signified to the governor of the province, his readiness to undertake any employ in which he could be useful, he engaged in mercantile speculations in partnership with his brother, and resumed the practice of medicine. In 1779-1780, he was called into public service at the head of the medical department, in which he displayed great patriotism, disinterestedness and professional skill. After the battle of Camden, 18th Aug. 1780, the Doctor, at his own request, remained in that place several weeks, in order to attend the American prisoners, and was consulted by the British surgeons.

In the year 1780, he was elected a member of the House of Commons of North Carolina, from which place he was shortly afterwards elected to a seat in the Congress of the United States. For the space of ten years he was now actively engaged in political life, and the integrity of his conduct acquired the confidence of his constituents. "He was anxious," says his faithful biographer, "to prove himself worthy of the high trust reposed in him, nor did he ever permit any private or selfish views to interfere with considerations of public interest. As chairman of numerous committees, as the mover of important resolutions, as the framer of new propositions, and new laws, he devoted the best energies of an active mind, and was ever prominent in the business of the house. In debate, his elocution was striking, but somewhat peculiar. The graces of oratory did not belong to Dr. Williamson; yet the known purity of his intentions, his inflexible devotedness to the interests of his country, and the unblemished tenor of his private life, awakened an attention which was well supported by the pertinency of his observations, the soundness of his reasoning, and the information he possessed upon every subject to which he directed his attention."

"While in Congress, his duties as a legislator were his exclusive study, and this advantage seldom failed of that success which

was denied to the lengthened debate and declamation of his opponents.

"In his answer to a letter enclosing the thanks of the general assembly of North Carolina, for his long and faithful services, referring to his own conduct, he observes, 'On this repeated testimony of the approbation of my fellow citizens, I cannot promise that I shall be more diligent or more attentive to their interests; for ever since I have had the honour to serve them in congress, their particular interest, and the honour and prosperity of the nation, have been the sole objects of my care; *to them I have devoted every hour of my time.*'"

In January 1789, Dr. Williamson married. This union was blessed with two sons, but his wife died a few days after the birth of the second. The unfortunate widower now resolved to withdraw from public cares, for the purpose of devoting himself to literary pursuits, and the education of his children.

"Delightful industry! enjoyed at home."—COWPER.

The eldest of his children, died in 1811, in his 22d year, after giving honourable proofs how well the duties of a parent had been performed; and the demise of the second soon after, deprived that parent of his last domestic companion.

From this period, we are informed, the attention of Dr. W. was occupied more exclusively by philosophical pursuits. In 1811 he published his *Observations on the Climate of different parts of America, compared with the climate in corresponding parts of the other Continent*, in 1 vol. 8vo. The object of this book is thus stated by his biographer:

"Actuated by patriotism and the love of truth, Dr. Williamson indignantly exposes the sophistry of those writers who have asserted that America is a country in which the frigid temperature and vice of the climate, prevent the growth and expansion of animal and vegetable nature, and cause man and beast to degenerate. He altogether discards the notion, that a new or inferior race of men had been created for the American continent. A firm believer in the Mosaic writings, he labours with the learned bishop of Clogher, to prove the conformity of things to Biblical history. He believes our country, in her rivers, mountains, lakes,

and vegetable productions, to be formed on a scale of more magnificence than those of the old world, and thinks that the winters are more temperate on the western than on the eastern coast of North America; although in some parts of this continent they are colder than in corresponding latitudes of Europe: he maintains a gradual amelioration of our climate. He considers the opinion that the Indian is of a new race, to be altogether untenable; that every part of America was inhabited when discovered by Columbus, and that North America was settled from Tartary or Japan, and from Norway: that South America was peopled from India."

His History of North Carolina, in 2 vols. 8vo. which appeared in 1812, is a valuable addition to our stock of colonial annals.

Dr. Hosack enumerates various other publications from the same pen, which demonstrate no less the zeal of Dr. Williamson's attachment to the cause of letters, than his ability as a philosopher and patriotism as a citizen. "No man," says the biographer, "enjoyed the luxury of literary pursuits more than Dr. Williamson. These, with the society of his particular friends, added to the consolations afforded by religion, and the recollection of a life passed in the performance of duty, and devoted to the benefit of his fellow men, gilded the evening of his days, and rendered them no less cheerful and serene than had been the morning and meridian of his long and useful career."

His strength and spirits declined after the death of his eldest son, and in a few years his friends were alarmed by the symptoms which denoted the approach of general dropsy. He died in May 1819, in the 85th year of his age.

Of his character as a writer, Dr. Hosack says, "His style, both in conversation and in writing, was simple, concise, perspicuous, and remarkable for its strength; always displaying correctness of thought, and logical precision. In the order too and disposal of his discourse, whether oral or written, such was the close connexion of its parts, and the dependence of one proposition upon that which preceded it, that it became easy to discern the influence of his early predilection for mathematical investigation. The same habit of analysis, arising from "the purifying influence of

geometrical demonstration," led him to avoid that profusion of language, with which it has become customary with some writers to dilute their thoughts: in like manner, he carefully abstained from that embroidery of words which a modern and vitiated taste has rendered too prevalent."

His manners, "though in some respects eccentric, were generally those of a polite, well bred gentleman." * * "Under the impressions and precepts he had very early received, no circumstances could ever induce him to depart from that line of conduct which his understanding had informed him was correct. His constancy of character, the obstinacy I may say of his integrity, whether in the minor concerns of private life, or in the performance of his public duties, became proverbial with all who knew him. Nothing could ever induce him

"To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind."

It may well be imagined that in such a mind, the absurd doctrine of *instructions*—a parrot mimicry disgraceful to liberal minds—was regarded with merited contempt. In the debate on the Whiskey law, in 1791, which gave rise to Gallatin's, otherwise called the Western, Insurrection, he voted in direct opposition to the wishes of his constituents. On this occasion, he observed to a friend "in his usual sententious manner, 'Sir, my vote was in its favour; I have discharged my duty to my conscience, but I have lost my popularity. I shall never again be elected to Congress:' but that gave him no uneasiness: believing it to be a right measure, he had voted as his conscience and his best judgment dictated, and as he observed, 'he was not without the hope that one of its effects would be to lessen the use of a poison which was destructive of the morals and health of a numerous class of the people.' " *

The following correspondence with an eminent Italian, is so characteristic of this stern republican, that we shall copy it without any commentary:

* See Remarks by Dr. Williamson, on the increasing consumption of Spirituous Liquors in the United States, and the evil they produce to society. *History of North Carolina*, vol. 2.

"Mr. Ceracchi requests the favour of Mr. Williamson to sit for his bust, not on account of getting Mr. Williamson's influence in favour of the National Monument; this is a subject too worthy to be recommended, but merely on account of his distinguished character, that will produce honour to the artist, and may give to posterity the expressive features of the American Cato." To this note Dr. Williamson replied in his appropriate caustic style:

"Mr. Hugh Williamson is much obliged to Mr. Ceracchi for the polite offer of taking his bust. Mr. Williamson could not possibly suppose that Mr. Ceracchi had offered such a compliment by way of a bribe, for the man in his public station who could accept of a bribe, or betray his trust, ought never to have his likeness made, except from a block of wood.

"Mr. Williamson, in the mean time, cannot avail himself of Mr. Ceracchi's services, as he believes that posterity will not be solicitous to know what were the features of his face. He hopes, nevertheless, for the sake of his children, that posterity will do him the justice to believe, that his conduct was upright, and that he was uniformly influenced by a regard to the happiness of his fellow citizens, and those who shall come after them.

"Philadelphia, 11th April, 1792."

"To those who knew his unbending resolution when once formed, it need not be added, that Dr. Williamson, offended by this flattery, persisted in his determination not to sit to Mr. Ceracchi."

The general character of the deceased is thus portrayed in the conclusion of this interesting and well written memoir:

"Whatever may be the merits of Dr. Williamson, as a scholar, a physician, a statesman, or philosopher; however he may be distinguished for his integrity, his benevolence, and those virtues which enter into the moral character of man; he presents to the world claims of a still higher order. The lovers of truth and virtue will admire much more than his literary endowments, that regard for religious duty, of which, under all circumstances and in all situations, he exhibited so eminent an example.

"There are some philosophers, and of great attainments too in their particular departments of knowledge, whose views are so rivetted to, I had almost said identified with, the objects of their research, that they cannot extend their vision beyond the little spot of earth which they inhabit; they are, indeed, with great felicity of expression, designated by the appropriate name of *Materialists*. Dr. Williamson was not an associate of this class—with all his inquiries into the physical constitution of this globe, like Newton and Rittenhouse, he could elevate his views to the great agent that gave existence to our world, and sustains it in its connexions with the other parts of the universe. With all the attention he bestowed upon the various departments of nature, he still, in the true spirit of a lover of wisdom, could direct his thoughts to

"————— Sion Hill,
And Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God."

We close this sketch with respect for the departed, and gratitude for the satisfactory manner in which his memory has been preserved. Although not distinguished for the suavity of his manners, Dr. Williamson was not insensible to the endearing charities of the heart. He was frank and honest. He shrunk not from the perils of war, when the rights of his country were assailed, but he was a promoter of peace and good will. He maintained, on all occasions, and with undeviating firmness, the genuine principles of civil liberty. He had never learned the profitable art of accommodating the important maxims of morality to the exigency of circumstances. He lived in the patriot-age of his country, when men of mighty minds, instead of squabbling for place and power, were the zealous and steady friends to the liberties of the people. *"In those days there were giants."*

As an individual, his life evinced that the public conduct of the statesman was formed upon the speculative virtues of the closet; and as a christian, while he drew from the enlightened page of philosophy, he was not ashamed to

————— sound Jehovah's name, and pour his praise along.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XIII.—*History of the Wars of the French Revolution, from the breaking out of the war in 1792 to the restoration of a general Peace, in 1815; comprehending the civil History of Great Britain and France, during that period.* By Edward Baines. In four volumes. With notes and an original History of the late war between the United States and Great Britain. Embellished with Portraits of the most distinguished characters (persons) of the age, and illustrated with maps, plans and charts. Philadelphia, McCarty and Davis. 1819.

HE who undertakes to describe recent events has a difficult task to perform. If he should be so fortunate as to penetrate the mystery in which they may be involved by the fears or the artifices of those who have been concerned in them, he is still exposed to all the temptations of party spirit. If he attempt to please every one, his sincerity may reasonably be suspected; and if he aim at impartiality, how shall he hold the balance between the contentions, the emulations, the hopes and fears of an active people! Then again, if the events are cotemporaneous, and occurring in different places, it will be next to impossible to preserve distinctness of detail and unity of object. If the writer is unable to unite these qualities in his narrative, the reader will not perceive the connection between causes and effects; and one of the great purposes of history will be lost. The ambition of Mr. Baines, we suppose, does not soar so high; his praise appears to be that of a faithful journalist; and though his work is irregular and disjointed, it is full of interest and instruction. For many years the states of the christian world have been convulsed by the principles which were disseminated by the French philosophers and their disciples. When the assassins dragged their unfortunate monarch to the scaffold, and threatened to overrun Europe, all eyes were turned upon England. From the dreadful storm which then raged, this country was preserved by the same prudent counsels which led us through the perils of the Revolution. But Europe was not so blessed. She had to contend with cabinet

factions and popular factions. Even in the empire of Great Britain, a misguided portion of her subjects were willing to receive the fraternal embrace, and one of her most conspicuous statesmen, opened the door to corruption by a private and suspicious intercourse with a foreign power. The situation of that country was extremely critical. While all the other European powers were alternately subsidized, intimidated or overcome, she alone remained to uphold the liberties of the world. The story of her struggles is assuredly among the most interesting that has ever been confided to the fruitful pen of history; never was there a theme so abundant in the richest materials for displaying the force of contrast. In a single moment all the glory of a fair city, which had been distinguished for ages by its elegance, its monuments of arts, the courtesy of its people, its chivalry and its loyalty, was laid low by a ruthless band of inhuman destroyers. These in turn, became the victims of one universal robber, whose consummate hypocrisy, utter insensibility, and cruel malice, are powerfully contrasted with the magnanimity of those who subdued and chained him. The wanton destruction of Moscow sheds new lustre on the illustrious captain who gave security to the city of Paris; and if the heart is sickened by the dreadful destruction of the French army on its flight from the regions of the north, we may be delightfully relieved by the subsequent events when peace again diffused her benign influence over

the vine covered hills and gay vallies of France.

While the prisoner at Jaffa is languishing out the remnant of his life in confinement, an object of loathing abhorrence in his own days and an awful lesson to unprincipled ambition in future times, the name of the triumphant Wellington shall be handed down with exultation through all generations. He inspired his soldiers with that moral courage and enduring fortitude which supported them in the most gloomy conjunctures. When the conqueror and the defeated shall be no more among the children of the earth, his great name will remain an imperishable monument.

Mr. Baines very justly observes that "if the importance of events be estimated by the magnitude of their effects, and the extent of

their influence upon the happiness of mankind, we shall be compelled to confess, that this portion of the history of the world, is infinitely more interesting than any that has preceded it. The period of the last five and twenty years, commencing with the dawn of the French Revolution, has given birth to events, which fix the attention by their novelty, gratify curiosity by their variety, and overpower the imagination by their magnitude—events which powerfully interest the heart, by the astonishing influence they have exerted, not merely on the fate of monarchs and of empires, but over the domestic circle of the most retired individual.” It may indeed be asserted with great truth that scarcely a single inhabitant of Europe has escaped the influence of this universal uproar, which compressed whole centuries into moments and made all experience “a cheat.”

An introduction is prefixed to the work in which the author has presented a view of the various causes which produced the revolution. In the front of these he places the writings of Montesquieu, Raynal, Rousseau, VOLTAIRE, Bailly, Buffon, CONDORCET, Diderot, d’Alembert, &c. The age of Louis XIV, which is so triumphantly referred to as the fairest portion in the annals of France, was the period when these baleful seeds were sown. The discontents excited in the moral world by these atheistical writers were increased by the disclosures respecting the state of the royal treasury, which were made by the rival financiers, Neckar and Calonne, and accelerated the political revolution. The people contrasted the freedom, and stability of the English government with the distracted state of their own counsels; and the soldiers who had served in America during our revolution could not but reflect upon the simplicity and security of republican rule when they beheld the intrigues and versatility of a court. “The king possessing many virtues, but feeble, irresolute and uxorious, excited pity and even contempt. Vibrating between the virulent counsels of his court and the timidity of his own nature, he appears to have been, by turns, tyrannical and complaisant.” p. 29. The king’s elder brother, the infamous Orleans

*Bareheaded, popularly low had bowed,
And paid the salutations of the crowd,*

which he was enabled to do from his immense revenues. Writings were every where read and circulated against the weight, number, inequality, and misapplication of the taxes; the vexations of the farmers-general; the venality of offices; the imperfection of the criminal code; and those arbitrary and illegal imprisonments produced by *lettres de cachet*. There was, with great reason, we think, "a general outcry against the tributes paid to the pope, the wealth of the clergy, and the profusion with which pensions were assigned on an exhausted treasury." * * * * "The people being thus left destitute of redress or protection," after their principles had first been destroyed by the philosophers; "the royal authority paramount and unbounded; the laws venal; the peasantry oppressed; agriculture in a languishing state; commerce considered as degrading; the public revenues farmed out to greedy financiers; the public money consumed by a court wallowing in luxury, and every institution at variance with justice, policy and reason;—a change became inevitable in the ordinary course of human events, and, like all sudden alterations in corrupt states, was accompanied with evils and crimes, that made many good men look back on the ancient despotism with a sigh." *Introd.* p. 30.

After presenting to the reader a view of the state of France, the author proceeds to a brief survey of the European hemisphere in order to estimate the effect of these proceedings on the different princes on the continent. They were followed by a combination against France, at the head of which Frederic William II of Prussia was placed.

The press groaned with publications on the nature of government, and declamation against the ancient *regime*. For every incident in the French revolution some writers found a parallel in ancient history; and for every character that became remarkable a classical architype was discovered. This was gravely maintained by the author of an *Essai Historique*, &c. and that it was not without some foundation the following table of parallelism may show:

Confederated against Greece. Confederated against France.

The empire of Persia

The empire of Germany

*Allies.**Allies.*

The Arabians

The Spaniards

The Thracians

The Russians

The Macedonians

The Prussians

*Maritime Powers.**Maritime Powers.*

The Carthaginians

The English

The Tyrians

The Hollanders

*Revolted Provinces.**Revolted Provinces.*

Bœotia

Flanders

Argolis

Liege

Isles of the Archipelago

Avignon

*Greek Emigrants.**French Emigrants.*

Hippias and his adherents

Monsieur and his adherents

*Neutral Nations.**Neutral Nations.*

The Scythians

The Swiss

The Thessalians

The Scandinavians

The Cretans

The Hanseatic towns

*The Greeks began their war
without an Ally.**The French began their war
without an Ally.*

All the interest which this stupendous revolution now excites seems to be concentrated in a single individual,—the grand mover of the whole machinery. Napoleon Bonaparte, from the meanest origin, arose to the loftiest pinnacle of power, and enjoyed his authority, for a longer time, than history has recorded of any other individual. In a nation proverbially proud of its ancient dynasty, among a people who studied the courtesies of life even more than its duties, this insatiate ruffian assumed the diadem, and exercised the most despotic sway. Without the slightest trait of magnanimity, he was always actuated by the most selfish desires. Insensible to the feelings of others, he was tremblingly alive to his own interest. Depraved, impetuous, and sanguinary himself, he transformed the polite and accomplished Frenchmen into a nation of

cutthroats and plunderers, who would have converted the whole world into a blank and barren waste. They hugged the chains in which they were enslaved. The following specimens will show the extent to which the adulation of the people was carried. Our extracts are made from addresses which were lavished upon the imperial tyrant, at various times, by the mushrooms which sprouted up in those days from the dregs of the earth.

Department of Landes. The genius of France was extinct, and you have created it anew.

City of Tours. In the flower of age, you have dried up all the sources of glory.

Department of Calais. You have reduced the genius of language to an inability to express, with adequate dignity, the magnitude and immensity of your services.

Department des deux Sevres. Your glory surpasses that of all the heroes of antiquity; *it has cost no tears.*

President of the National Institute. Perhaps in this address a portion of eulogium is offensive to your soul, which, indulgent in all other respects, is severe in this alone. Heaven has decreed that no man shall possess all kinds of courage; and it has refused to you the power of supporting praise.

Department de Golo. Why are you not immortal in a physical, as you already are in a moral sense?

Mr. Baines thought proper to connect with his *civil history of Great Britain and France*, a narrative of occurrences in this country. In the American edition of his work, this part has been suppressed, because it was "far from being candid or impartial;" and its place has been supplied by another history, which we presume is of a more inviting texture. How far it may be distinguished by those qualities which the editor desiderates in the original, may be inferred from his avowal that in doubtful cases "he has invariably leaned to the side of his country." This declaration is at least entitled to the praise of candour, and we cannot but admire the simplicity of a writer who thus runs into the very error which he pretends to correct. A *true* history of our late war, is, therefore, by his own confession, not to be found in his labours. After so explicit a warning, the reader will scarcely

suppose that we should take the trouble to examine these pages very attentively, for we could only learn how far the editor's *leaning* would incline him. They are written with great clearness and evince that no pains have been spared in accumulating materials. If the author differs from Mr. Baines, or others, it is sufficiently evident that his statements are not wilful deviations from the truth. They are to be considered as the result of another judgment occupied on the same subject, but viewing it through a different medium. We believe that it is the best American history of these events that has been published.

In turning over the pages of the *fourth* volume, our attention was attracted by the words "Federal Republican" and "Baltimore mob,"—memorable sounds which cannot even at this day be uttered in that ill-fated city without exciting the liveliest sensations! Perhaps it may be in consequence of the very large share which we ourselves personally had in the establishment of this celebrated journal and the transactions here alluded to, that we feel inclined to complain of the imperfect manner in which these events are described. If the paper had "rendered itself obnoxious to a great majority of the inhabitants of that city," it should have been stated that it had also acquired the support of the ablest and best men in the United States. No paper, with the exception of the *Aurora*, about the time when it assailed the character of Washington, had ever excited so much attention in this country. It was not, as might be inferred from this work, a factious journal, an indiscriminate opposer of the government, a vehicle of slander and an instrument of criminal ambition. It was managed by native citizens, who had an important stake in the community; who, in the general, had no motive but the public good; and who, in the prosecution of what appeared to them a duty, made sacrifices, which they then foresaw must have a serious influence upon the remainder of that career which they had just commenced. Admitting that the destruction not only of "the types, books and furniture," as it is stated, but of the *house* itself in which the establishment was maintained, had become "the subject of legal investigation" if we must apply such terms to a most notorious profanation of the temple of justice, under the artful manage-

ment of the attorney-general, was that any reason why the publication should not be resumed immediately and on the same spot? What indemnity to the individuals would a legal investigation produce? Or what satisfaction could they derive from judicial sentences so lenient as to give them the air of a triumph instead of a punishment, and pronounced too on obscure and misguided men, while the grand contrivers remained untouched? The fact is that the friends of the freedom of the press waited a whole month without finding a single step taken to vindicate the majesty of the law, to preserve the rights of individuals, and restore to its legitimate influence one of the most sacred privileges in a free government. When they did appeal to the proper authority they were insultingly referred to that protection which nature had bestowed upon them. And yet to such men, and so situated, are opprobrious epithets applied by a writer who comes before the public, under the pretence of furnishing a candid and impartial history. Since they are stigmatized as "unpatriotic offenders" in this book, we trust we shall not need any apology for quoting language of a different tenour, because it is in such approbation *only* that the individuals animadverted upon, have found their reward, for services to the republic of the most perilous, important and disinterested nature.

"Perhaps a case could never again occur," says an able writer of that period, "more clear in principles, more important to the country in its consequences, or in which more TRUE PATRIOTISM could be displayed. We reflect upon the conduct of these gallant noble spirited men with admiration, and delight. We are reminded by it of those recorded examples of unsubdued firmness, of collected intrepidity in the hour of peril, of SELF-DEVOTION TO THE GREAT CAUSE OF THE PUBLIC LIBERTY, which have made heroes and patriots immortal. When we consider the cause in which these admirable men engaged, its justice, its importance and its dangers, we feel that they have done a service to their country, which, we trust that country, when rescued from the hands of its betrayers, will remember and reward. They have set an example to their countrymen, which will find followers; they have awakened a spirit which will diffuse itself; *they have*

already given a permanent security to the liberty of speech and of the press. The consciousness of this, the sympathy of all honourable and good men, will be their recompense." *Boston Repertory*.

It is not true that there was no appearance of tumult "when the militia was dismissed from the protection of the jail." Mr. Mumma, who accompanied general Stricker and the Mayor, on a visit to the defenders of the press in the afternoon, before the detachment was released from duty, explicitly stated his expectation of an attack during the night. The next sentence in this account, in which the mob is represented as assembling *after dark* is true, when applied to any part of the day, and no one could be ignorant of the fact, except those who determined to be blind to the dictates of honour, and insensible to the feelings of humanity. In the language of the Legislative report which was subsequently made, "the prison was *surrounded by groups* of an infuriated mob, *eternally* demanding vengeance." *Report* p. 6.

The guard was called out in consequence of a most solemn assurance from general Stricker, that it should be done, but the reader will judge of the manner in which this promise was performed when he learns, that this officer forbade colonel Sterrett "to deliver out to the men under his command ball cartridges!" *Report* p. 7.

The anonymous historian is further in error when he speaks of "the strenuous opposition of the mayor of the city." No such opposition was made; on the contrary, this municipal officer refused to take any measures to preserve the peace of the city, when he was first called upon. By the use of intemperate language against the objects of their fury, he stimulated rather than repressed the rage of the mob. He refused to permit the prisoners to arm themselves, and finally, when the grate was assailed, we believe it was proved on the trial of Bentley, the jailer, that he ordered him to deliver the key to Mumma and White, and the rest of the bloody myrmidons of brig. gen. Stansbury, the speaker of the House of Assembly! Many of the gentlemen who vindicated the rights of a free press on this trying occasion, have suffered severely in their persons and in their pecuniary concerns.

Some of them have gone to their final accompt, leaving to those who remain, the duty of vindicating their motives and conduct from aspersion. It is no less a duty to the living to hold up to public remembrance those individuals who by a flagrant abuse of their trust, have stained our annals with this bloody tragedy. The writer of these remarks has endeavoured to fulfil each of these important obligations by the publication of a pamphlet, which, in different languages, has been extensively circulated, both at home and abroad; and it is thought to be no less necessary to correct such mistakes as are promulgated in the more permanent form of history. We disclaim any other intention in these observations, for the political sins of that devoted city have almost faded from our memory, before the glowing colours in which her moral turpitude has recently been blazoned to the world.

The original notes which are interspersed throughout this work are not numerous, nor are they very important. We understand that a new edition is contemplated, and we therefore suggest that the State Papers and other documents should be omitted. For all the purposes of this work, it would be sufficient to state the substance of them, and more room might thus be afforded for facts, philosophical disquisitions, and more especially, for biographical portraits, which throw so much light and animation upon the page of history.

ART. XIV.—*Some account of the Life and Writings of Ensign and Adjutant Odoherty.*

(Continued from our last.)*

THIS winter was indeed a memorable one in the life of Ensign Odoherty. Divided almost in equal proportions between the old and the new town of Edinburgh—between the society of Hogg, Allan, and the Dilettanti, on the one hand, and that of the female and the fashionable world on the other—and thus presenting to the active mind of the Ensign a perpetual succession, or rather

* The extract from "Young's Night Thoughts" is omitted as being too local for our purpose.

alternation, of the richest viands—it produced the effects which might have been anticipated, and swelled considerably the bulk of two portfolios, respectively set apart for the prose and verse compositions, which, at this period of his career, our bard was so rapidly pouring forth to the admiration of his numerous friends and the public.

His morning hours were devoted to attend several courses of lectures in the University; for Odohertry was never weary of learning, and embraced with ardour every opportunity that was afforded him of increasing the stores of his literary acquisitions and accomplishments. His remarks upon the different lectures which he now attended, possess all his characteristic acuteness, and would have done honour to a more practised critic. But these we reserve for the separate publication of his works. To insert any mutilated fragments of them here would be an act of injustice to the illustrious Professors, Brown, Playfair, Leslie, Hope, Ritchie, &c. and to their no less distinguished disciple. Great and illustrious as is the fame of these illustrious philosophers, it is possible that the names of some of them may live in distant ages, chiefly because of their connexion with that of Odohertry. The Ensign may be to them what Xenophon has been to Socrates; he may be more, for it is possible that none of them have a Plato.

The gay world of the northern metropolis, which, during this remarkable winter, was adorned by the graceful and ingenious Ensign, seems, we are constrained to observe, to have found less favour in his eyes than in those of most other visiters with whom we have had an opportunity of conversing. In one of those inimitable letters of his, addressed to the compiler of the present sketch, he comments with some little causticity on the incidents of several balls and routes which he had just attended. “The gayeties of Edinburgh,” writes the Ensign, “are a bad and lame caricature of those in London. There is the same squeeze, the same heat, the same buzz; but, alas! the ease, the elegance, the non-chalance are *a*-wanting. In London, the different orders of society are so numerous that they keep themselves totally apart from each other; and the highest circles of fashion admit none as denizens, except those who possess the hereditary claims of birth and

fortune, or (as in my own case), those who are supposed to atone for their deficiencies in these respects, by extraordinary genius or merit.—Hence there are so few stones of the first, or even of the second, water, that recourse is necessarily had to far inferior gems,—not unfrequently even to the transitory mimicries of *paste*. You shall see the lady of an attorney stowing away her bedsteads and basin-stands, dismantling all her apartments, and turning her whole family topsy-turvy once in a season, in order that she may have the satisfaction of dispersing two hundred cards, with “*At home*” upon them. It is amusing enough to see with what laborious exertion, she and her daughters, sensible people that attend to domestic concerns, plain work, &c. for three parts of the year, become for a few short weeks the awkward inapt copyists of their far less respectable betters. It is distressing to see the faded airs with which these good *Bourgeoises* endeavour to conceal their confusion in receiving the curtsy of a lady of quality, who comes to their house only for the purpose of quizzing them in some corner, with some sarcastic younger brother,” &c. The rest of the letter, consisting of rapturous descriptions of particular young ladies, is omitted from motives of delicacy. Two fair creatures, however, a most exquisite petite blonde, and a superb sultana-like brunette, who seem to have divided for several weeks the possession of the sensible heart of Odohertry, may receive, upon personal application to the publisher, several sonnets, elegies, &c. which are inscribed with their names in the above-mentioned portfolio of their departed admirer, faint and frail memorials of unripened affections—memorials over which they may now drop a tear of delightful pensiveness—which they may now press to the virgin bosom without a hope, and therefore, alas! without a blush.

About this period their imperial highnesses the archdukes John and Lewis of Austria arrived in the Caledonian metropolis. Although they received every polite attention from the military, legal, and civic dignitaries of the place, these elevated personages were afflicted, notwithstanding, with considerable symptoms of ennui, in the course of the long evening which they spent at M'Culloch's, after returning from the pomp and festivities of the day. It was then that their highnesses, expressing some desire to par-

take of the more unceremonious and week-day society of the northern Athens, various characters of singing, smoking, and scientific celebrity were introduced to their apartment, through the intervention of a gentleman in their suit. Among these it is scarcely necessary to observe, was Odoherty. The Ensign, with that happy tact which a man of true genius carries into every situation of life, immediately perceived and caught the air, manner, &c.—in a word, whatever was best adapted for captivating the archducal fancy. His proficiency in the German tongue, the only one which these princes spoke with much fluency, was not indeed great; but he made amends for this by the truly Germanic ferocity, with which he smoked (for the ensign was one of those who can send the cloud, *ad libitum*, through the ears and nostrils, as well as the mouth)—by the unqualified admiration which he testified for the favourite imperial beverage of Giles' ale—but, above all, by the style of matchless excellence in which he sung some of his own songs, among which were the following.

SONG I.

Confusion to routes and at homes,
To assemblies, and balls, and what not;
'Tis with pain e'er Odoherty roams
From the scenes of the pipe and the pot.
Your dandies may call him a sot,
They never can call him a spoon;
And Odoherty cares not a jot,
For he's sure you won't join in the tune.
With your pipes and your swipes,
And your herrings and tripes,
You never can join in the tune.

I'm a swapper, as every one knows,
In my pumps, six feet three inches high;
'Tis no wonder your minikin beaux
Have a fancy to fight rather shy
Of a Gulliver chap such as I,

That could stride over troops of their tribes,
That had never occasion to buy
Either collars, or calves, or kibes.
My boot wrenches and pinches
Though 'tis wide twenty inches,
And I don't bear my brass at my kibes.

When I see a fantastical hopper
A trim little chip of the *ton*,
Not so thick as your highness' pipe-stopper,
And scarcely, I take it, so long,
Saddled prim and precise as a prong,
With his ribs running all down and up,
Says I, does the creature belong
To the race of the ewe or the tup?
With their patches and their scratches,
And their plaster'd mustachios,
They are more of the ewe than the tup.

SONG II.

That nothing is perfect has frequently been
By the wisest philosophers stated untruly;
Which only can prove that they never had seen
The agreeable lady Lucretia Gilhooly.
Where's the philosopher would not feel loss of her?
Whose bosom those bright sunny eyes would not thaw?
Although I'm a game one, these little highwaymen
Have rifled the heart of poor Major M'Craw.

Cooke sailed round the world, and commodore Anson
The wonders he met with has noted down duly;
But Cooke, nor yet Anson, could e'er light by chance on
A beauty like lady Lucretia Gilhooly.
Let astronomer asses still peep through their glasses,
Then tell all the stars and the planets they saw;
Damn Georgium Sidus! We've Venus beside us,
And that is sufficient for Major M'Craw.

Delighted with this mirthful evening, the illustrious strangers, before breaking up, insisted that Odoherty, the principal source of its hilarity, should accompany them next day to the literary, mercantile, and manufacturing city of Glasgow. Here the ensign was received in the most distinguished manner, not more on account of the company in which he travelled, than of the individual fame which had already found its way before him to the capital of St. Mungo. The party put up at the Buck's Head, to the excellent hostess of which the ensign addressed a pathetic sonnet at parting. At the dinner given by the provost and magistrates, the ensign attended in full puff, and was placed among the most illustrious guests, at the upper end of the table. He sung, he joked, he spoke; he was the *sine qua non* of the meeting. At the collation prepared for the imperial party by the professors of the University, he made himself equally agreeable; and indeed, upon both of these occasions, laid the foundations of several valuable friendships, which only terminated with his existence. Among his MSS. we have found a paper which purports to contain the words of a *programma* affixed to the gate of the college, on the morning preceding the visit of the archdukes. We shall not hesitate to transcribe this fragment, although from our ignorance of the style and ceremonial observed on similar occasions by the Scottish universities, we are not able to vouch for its authenticity. The ensign kept his papers in much disorder—*seria mixta jactis*, as his Roman favourite expresses it.

Q. F. F. Q. S.

Senatus Academicus Togatis et non Togatis Salutem dat.—
Ab altissimo et potentissimo Principe Marchione de Douglas et Clydesdale, certiores facti quod eorum altitudines imperiales Archiduces Joannes et Ludovicus de Austria, hodie nos visitatione honorare intendunt, pasce regulas enunciare quomodo omnes se sunt gerere placuit nobis, et quicunque eas non volunt observare severissime puniti erunt postea.

I *mo*. Eorum altitudines imperiales Archiduces Joannes et Ludovicus de Austria capient frigidam collationem in aula priori cum principali et professoribus (cum togis suis) et quibusdam gene-

rosis hominibus ex urbe et vicinitate, et signifero Dochertiade et alia sequela eorum circa horam meridianam, impensis Facultatis.

2 Studentes qui barbas habent tondeant et manus et facile lavent sicuti in die dominico.

3 Studentes omnes indusia nitida induant velut cum dux Montis-Rosarum erat hic.

4 Studentes Theologici nigras braccas et vestes et pallia decentia induant quasi ministri.

5 Omnes studentes in casu sint videri per Archiduces et Marchionem et honorabiles personas qui cum iis sunt; et Hibernici et Montani supra omnia sibi oculum habeant et omnes pectantur.

6 Studentes duas lineas faciant decenter et cum quiete intra aulam priorem et aulam communem cum processio ambulat, et juniores ni rideant cum peregrinos vident.

7 In aula communi Professor ***** (name illegible) qui olim in Gallia fuit Francisce illis locutus erit nam Professor ***** est mortuus.

8 Deinde Aliquis ex physicis sermonem Anglicam pronuntiabit et Principalis Latine precabitur.

9 Sine strepitu dismissi estotis cum omnia facta sunt.

It is to be regretted that several leaves are *a*-wanting in the ensign's diary, which probably contained an account of the rest of the tour which he performed in company with the scions of the house of Hapshury. Their custom of smoking several pipes every evening after supper, took from him, it is not unlikely, the leisure that might have been necessary for composing a full narrative; but however slight his *precis* might have been, its loss is to be regretted. The sketches of a master are of more value than the most elaborate works of secondary hands. The fragment of an Angelo surpasses the chef-d'œuvres of a West;—but, to return—at Dublin, the festivities with which the arrival of the party was celebrated, surpassed in splendour and variety, as might be expected, every thing that had been exhibited in the cities of Scotland. After spending several days in a round of gayeties, the archdukes set sail for Liverpool. Odoherty, from the pressure of his professional engagements, found himself compelled to go no farther in the train of the princely travellers. The parting was

one of those scenes which may be more easily imagined than described. Although the ensign lingered a day or two in the midst of the most brilliant society of Dublin—although he spent his mornings with Phillips, and his evenings with lady Morgan, his spirits did not soon recover their usual tone and elasticity.

Corrigendum. In our last Number, p. 465. l. 14. for poem read proem.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XV.—*The Adversaria.*

WHAT does Chaucer mean, in his Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, by stating that the young Squire carved the meat before his father?

Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride
He coud-e song-es make, and well endite.
So hote he loved, that by nightertale [night-time]
He slep no more than doth the nightingale;
Curteis he was, lowly and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table.

Does it mean that he had so much good manners that he would not put his father to the trouble of carving?

If the *Exegi monumentum* of Horace, and the *Jamque opus exegi* of Ovid, betray vanity; what shall we think of the following lines of Drayton to his mistress, in the "Ideas?"

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapt in their winding sheet?
Where *I* to thee eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these days;
And queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise:

Virgins and matrons, reading these my rhymes,
 Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
 That they shall grieve they lived not in these times,
 To have seen thee, their sex's only glory.
 So thou shalt fly above the vulgar throng,
 Still to survive in *my immortal song*.

Drayton here appears to suppose that the time may come, when, as with Homer, the reigning monarchs and political events will be forgotten, and the principal subject of remembrance of his own times will be his own "immortal song."—Whatever may be the opinion of posterity, (if the work reach posterity,) the poet often enjoys the applause of future ages in anticipation or hope; which enjoyment is to him the same as reality, whatever be the fate of his works: but surely there is no necessity, propriety or modesty in so daring an avowal of his expectations.

Gilbert Wakefield imagines that Milton's expression, "No light, but rather darkness visible," was suggested by Cowley's lines:

No pale faced moon does in stol'n beams appear,
 Or with dim taper scatter darkness there.

Cowley's expression is pronounced by Wakefield "very bold, and not inferior in felicity to that of Milton himself."—I confess I cannot fully comprehend the meaning of either expression. What darkness is not visible? The darkness was not so great as to prevent a view of surrounding objects in hell. Looking into a deep well we perceive the darkness at the bottom; some distance from the bottom objects are visible, as in twilight. "No light, but rather *darkness* visible, served to discover, &c." Had there been *no* light, nothing but the darkness could have been discovered. Does Cowley mean to say that the dim taper dispelled darkness, or emitted it?

Ασβέστος δ' ἄρ' ἔσται γέλας μακαρῶν θόκος.

Il. b. 1. v. 599.

Pope translates the line thus:

And *unextinguished* laughter shakes the skies.

Laughter made of *asbestos*. Gloves have been made of this mineral; and formerly, among the Romans, coverings for the dead; but laughter so composed, is unknown to mortals. Such a smile, however, is sometimes seen, which,

In man or woman, but far most in man,

as Cowper says of affectation in general, is an

object of my implacable disgust.

I have seen ladies, who, as soon as they rise in the morning, put on a silly smile, that continues until the hour of repose. Smiles are of various kinds. Some ladies have that enchanting smile which is occasioned by the benevolence of their natural temper and cheerful spirits, which is at the same time, expressive of a powerful and cultivated understanding. But when a simpering lady, whose head would crack, should a dozen ideas be crowded into it, bears about, in all companies and on all occasions, a vacant, smirking look of undelight, a mouth, that never opens for speech, excepting to utter a yes or no, I always wish to be where she is not. Still female smirking is not half so disgusting as the unmanly risibility of "unidea'd" men, that knows no relaxation nor discontinuance. I know a lawyer of this description, who, on entering court, smiles at the door, the bannisters, the windows, the judges, the table, the jury, and every little knot hole. If you complain that he has charged you double fees, his smile increases; and if you undertake to prove him a knave, he grins outrageously.

Why did not Mahomet place his Amianthian or Asbestian laughter among the pleasures of his paradise?

Oh thou whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark the sun; strike wisdom to my soul.—Young.

We read in Exodus of darkness that could be felt; and Milton, in the 12th book of *Paradise Lost*, speaks of palpable darkness: but Young improves upon the thought.—A word, hitting a solid body of *silicious* darkness, causes it to scintillate—a spark—the

sun. This beats Blackmore, who compares the Almighty to almost every humble mechanic.—In the mock heroic, such absurdities may be justified. Thus Pope in the *Dunciad*:

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the *solid* darkness of his soul;
But soon the *cloud* returned.

Yet what was solid darkness in the next line, is converted to a cloud: perhaps that too was solid.

A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits.—*DUNCIAD*.

From this line perhaps Dr. Johnson received the hint which made him say of Chesterfield, that he was a wit amongst lords, and a lord amongst wits.

Many have condemned Pope for rendering immortal a herd of dunces, whose names, otherwise, never would have reached posterity. But I do not think their reasoning sound. Blockheads who are envious and malicious, ought to be punished for their endeavours to do ill, though they may not succeed. There is no doubt but that Pope's dunces often vexed him; for, notwithstanding pretensions to the contrary, he was very irritable: and, for the pleasure of punishing, and from a sense of duty to the good of literature, he was doubly justified in not permitting them to escape to oblivion. If, however, Swift's opinion be correct, instead of punishing, Pope rendered his foes the greatest service. In one of his letters to Pope, Swift writes thus.—“Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses; and, as to the difference between good and bad fame, *'tis a mere trifle*.”

In a letter to Pope, Swift says—“If you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counter-parts of my

heart."—Swift then must have had an ugly countenance sometimes.

In the brief relation which Hume gives of his life and writings, he begins with mentioning his natural disposition always to look on the bright side of events; a disposition, he says, worth more than a thousand pounds per annum.—Speaking afterwards of the very dull sale of his first historical work, he says he was so mortified that he had serious thoughts of changing his name and leaving his country, to avoid shame and hide his chagrin. Was this looking at the bright side?

"Of the *event* of this work," says Johnson in the preface to his Dictionary, "having laboured it with so much application, I cannot but have some degree of *parental fondness*." The last words of the preface are: "I therefore dismiss it with *frigid tranquillity*, having little to fear or to hope from censure or from applause.

The whole of Johnson's Preface to his Dictionary has been highly commended, but particularly the last paragraph; which Horne Tooke says he could never read without a tear. Why a tear for the "sickness and sorrow" or "gloom of solitude," of a man whom Tooke has represented in his *Diversions of Purley*, as a hypocrite, a man of merely pretended piety, and as destitute of the essential qualities of a lexicographer? Of Johnson's *ignorance* Tooke frequently complains. Not only of Johnson's ignorance of the meaning of many Gothic, Saxon and other words, is there full evidence; but, for the purpose of maintaining his theories, of gross intentional misrepresentation.

ART. XVI.—*A treatise on the Being and Attributes of God; with an Appendix on the immateriality of the soul.* By William Bruce, D. D. Belfast: 1818. pp. 224. 8vo.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Dr. Bruce attempts to prove the being of God by an argument which he terms metaphysical, and which ultimately rests upon our own consciousness. Pure and mixed mathematics, physics,

and experimental philosophy, rest on the same foundation; for pure mathematics is a system of conceptions concerning points, lines, and other things, which exist only in our understanding; and of which conceptions we are conscious; while the science of physics is nothing but a systematic arrangement of our perceptions of physical objects and operations, of which perceptions we are conscious. The axioms on which all the sciences are built, are nothing but the objects of constitutional or intuitive judgments, called self evident propositions, or intuitive truths.

"Since, then, no man in his senses can dispute the fundamental maxims and established facts of mathematical and natural science, we may advance with confidence to the proof of the being and attributes of God, if we proceed upon maxims equally incontrovertible, and be content with the same ground, on which these sciences have been erected. The essential qualities of a perfect axiom are, that it be intuitively true; that the contrary be intuitively absurd; and that it command universal assent. There are, however, maxims assumed in mathematics, which have no pretensions to any of these properties, except the last; and the fundamental principles of natural philosophy require illustration, instead of affording intuitive conviction. Now, it cannot be expected, that in any metaphysical, moral, or historical disquisition, we should pretend to greater precision than can be obtained in those sciences, which treat of more tangible materials; nor should we, if possible, be content with less. It will be sufficient, if we can establish our argument on the same foundation,—the constitution of our nature. This is the true medium between dogmatism and scepticism. To these intuitive principles all our conclusions must be traced, and with them all our reasonings must begin. We must be careful in selecting these corner stones of the edifice; but without them it cannot be built. Such principles are too simple to be analyzed: they are equally evident to the vulgar and the learned: they can neither be proved nor disproved; neither doubted nor denied. If they be denied by any one, we can confute him only by outvoting him, and appealing to the common sense of mankind. The person, who should reject all first principles, must assert, that our whole nature is a lie and delusion; and if this be the case, it is vain for us to attempt to detect the fallacy; for, on that supposition, what powers can we use that are not themselves fallacious?" p. 7.

The truths which our author assumes as the fundamental principles of his reasonings are the following maxims: 1. That every conscious being truly judges himself to exist. 2. That all those

mental operations of which we are conscious, are really performed by us. 3. That the objects of our perceptions, have an actual existence. 4. That "no being ever created itself; for the contrary would imply, that it acted before it came into existence; or that it did exist, and did not exist, at the same time." 5. "Every production and change must have a cause; otherwise, they must produce themselves, contrary to the preceding maxim. On this assumption all philosophy depends: on this we act in every department of business." 6. "Contrivance in the effect evinces contrivance in the cause; and intelligence in the effect, intelligence in the cause." This last maxim we would express generally, by saying, *Every effect must have had an adequate cause.* To these he adds the following law of our nature, "that we cannot discredit testimony when sufficiently strong."

"Thus the foundations of all useful knowledge are equally firm, being laid in the constitution of our nature, and the will of our Maker; than which we cannot seek for higher authority. The superstructure will be more or less solid, according to the materials of which it is composed, and the skill with which it is raised; but all our most important knowledge is susceptible of an equal degree of certainty." p. 15.

Let us now proceed to his argument for the being of God. We, who are conscious of our own mental operations, actually exist. (Maxim 1.) "Here we start with the mathematician. Like him, we require nothing to be in existence but our own minds. Like his, our subject is abstract and metaphysical; and like him, we build on intuitive maxims." p. 28.

Between this step, and the next taken by our author, in his demonstration, something is wanting; for he says,

"Assuming, then, that I exist; and that nonentity, or mere negation of being, cannot produce any thing; nor any thing create itself, (Max. 4, 5.) it follows that there never was a time, when there was nothing in existence; for, if there was, I could never have come into being. There must therefore, have been some being from eternity. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, which has been considered as the foundation of Atheism, is in fact the basis of Theism," p. 28.

An intermediate step is taken in the dark; for we ask, how do you, who know that you exist, ascertain that you did not exist

without beginning? You take it for granted, that your existence is an *effect*. You would have it understood, that you *began to exist*; that there was a time when you did not exist; and that you are a *creature*. If we grant this, you can then prove, we allow from your maxims that you were *created*, and must have had a *creator*. But you cannot remember when you began to be conscious, and to judge that you existed; so that your beginning to exist is not a matter of your own personal knowledge. Now be pleased to take this step in the light, and say "I take it for granted, that I began to exist; or that I have not existed always; or that my existence is an effect of some cause." Is the proposition, *I am a creature*, an intuitive truth in the judgment of every man, who reflects upon his own existence? Is it a self evident proposition to every man's mind, that his own existence is an *effect*? Is it intuitively true, in the judgment of every man, that his own mind is not eternal?

These questions will show, how difficult it is to demonstrate the being of God: and yet no one doubts his having begun to exist; that his own existence is an effect; and that he is, in body and spirit, a creature. How we come by this judgment is the question. If it is not an *intuitive*, it must be an *acquired* judgment. Our knowledge of the commencement of our own existence seems to us to depend upon such testimony as we cannot discredit, rather than intuition; and we consider it very questionable whether men would ever have known the fact of their own creation had not Jehovah given our race a revelation on this subject.

We shall record it as a truth, which no one denies, that the man who knows that he exists, knows also that once he did not exist; and of course that at some time he came into being.

Dr. Bruce seems to have been sensible of the defect in his demonstration, for he says,

"I have hitherto argued merely from my own existence and nature. The next step would be, to prove that I am not eternal; but this, I presume, may be dispensed with. This is a fact, which it would be as frivolous to prove, as captious to deny. I must, therefore, have had a beginning, and have proceeded from some cause." p. 35.

Yet some have denied that their minds ever began to be; and if Dr. B. intended to prove the existence of the Deity to those who require any other proof of their own origin than the revelation of Jehovah, he ought to have proved the very thing which, he presumes, he might dispense with.

He has demonstrated, from his own existence, that something must have always existed. On this subject there can be no dispute; for if something exists, it must have always existed, or it must have begun to exist. This we apprehend to be intuitively certain. Again it is equally clear, that something does exist, according to Maxims 1, 2, 3.

Now if something always existed, this is the very thing that we denominate either God, or an essential attribute of God; for there is nothing which has always existed which we do not define to be either the Deity or an essential attribute of the Deity.

If this something, which exists, (by Maxims 1, 2, 3.) did not always exist; then it is something which we define to be an effect; for any thing which ever began to be, is an effect. This is our definition of that term. Admit, then, that something has begun to exist, and it then follows, that it must have had some cause of its beginning to exist, for its beginning to exist is an effect and, according to Maxim 5, there can be no effect without a cause.

Now an *effect*, by the definition, is something which is not eternal, but began to be; and it follows, since no effect is eternal, that all effects must have had a beginning; and that unless all are simultaneous, some one of them must have been first, so that there was some first effect, before which no effect had any existence.

This first effect, that ever had a beginning, must have had some cause; and this cause of the first effect must have existed without any prior cause of its own existence; for otherwise, the existence of this cause would have been an effect, prior to the first effect, which is absurd. This cause of the first effect, which existed without any cause of its existence, is the great first cause, which we denominate Jehovah,

Something must have existed without beginning, or else nothing could have begun to exist; according to the definition of every thing which begins to exist, which is an effect, and the

axiom, that there can be no effect without a cause. The existence of a God is thus evinced, to our satisfaction, from the simple fact that something exists: and so soon as any thing is proved to have begun to exist, that thing is evinced not to be God. Now if a man asserts, that his own existence is eternal he ought to prove it; and if he can do it, he will prove himself to be God. If he admits, that he began to be, or that his own existence is an effect, we can prove, by the statement of a single axiom, that some one caused his existence. Should he say, that his parents caused his existence, and their parents their existence; we should be obliged to deny their ability to accomplish this work of causation; or else to go back to the first pair (or pairs, as some deists will have it,) and then inquire who caused their existence.

Now we affirm, that we were never conscious of having caused any substance to begin to exist; and if we are not conscious of having performed such a work, we cannot evince that we ever caused the existence of any substance.

Moreover, we have no reason to conclude, that any man ever caused the existence of any substance; for we have never perceived him to do it, nor heard him affirm that he was conscious of any such efficiency.

We are compelled to resort, therefore, to the biblical history of a first pair, or to something like it; and then we may reason thus: we perceive a man, who exists; (*Maxim 3.*;) this man began to exist, or was without beginning: if he began to be, his existence is an effect, and must have had some adequate cause; (*Max. 3, 6.*;) but if he did not begin to exist, he is without beginning, and therefore by the definition of that which is without beginning, is God.

Nothing now is wanting to establish the being of a Deity who existed before the whole race of man, but to prove that the whole race of man began to be. Of the origin of man, the Bible, and tradition from the first revelation alone, can afford a satisfactory history. But we have brought our argument to this point, that there is a God; and that all substances which exist are this God; or else, that all these existent substances, except one, have begun to exist. Either some one thing is God, or every thing which

subsists is God. Hence some have held that universal nature is God; and others, that nothing but matter exists; and that this universal matter is the Deity.

Leaving our own speculations for a time, we shall resume our author's thread of reasoning. He says,

"I may also take it for granted, that I am an intelligent being. Of this I am as sure as that I exist. (Max. 2.) If I denied it, I might be confuted in the same way, as if I denied my own existence: for the more ingeniously I reasoned, the more intelligence should I display. Now, it is manifest, that no being can communicate greater power or excellence than it possesses. (Max. 6.) As we conclude, that nonentity could not give birth to any thing, we may, by parity of reasoning, presume, that lifeless matter cannot produce life, nor an unintelligent being originate intelligence. Some intelligent being must, therefore, have existed from eternity.

"Again, I am a moral being, susceptible of moral impressions, capable of forming moral opinions and judgments. Now this faculty of discerning between right and wrong, is unquestionably an excellence. Of the existence of it within myself, I have the evidence of consciousness. (Max. 2.) This, or a superior faculty, must, consequently, have resided in some being from eternity. (Max. 6.)

"I am also conscious of a power over my own thoughts and limbs. If any one were to question the existence of this power in himself, the very question would be its own answer, as far as the intellect is concerned; since it could not be asked without some command over his ideas, and the very motion of his tongue would prove his power over his organs. There must, therefore, have existed from eternity, a being endowed with power over matter and mind. (Max. 5.)

"The Eternal must also be self-existent, because there was no being before him to give him life. If he had not existence in himself, he must have derived it from some other being. (Max. 5.) This cause must have existed before its effect. (Max. 4.) The effect, of course, could not be eternal, contrary to the hypothesis. p. 28--30.

"Further, the Eternal can neither acquire nor resign any essential property of his nature; for nothing that can be acquired, or lost, is essential. It is essential to God to be self-existent: it would, therefore, be incompatible with his essence to cease to be, or to change any of his essential properties. To add to his essence, would be a degree of self-creation; to detract from it, a species of self-annihilation. To add to his essence, would be to become a new species of being: and if he could divest himself of a part, he might deprive himself of the whole, since the whole consists of

its parts, and thus become a nonentity, which is absurd. He is therefore, immutable with respect to his existence and his essential qualities. His whole nature must continue as it was from the beginning.

"Lastly, this Eternal Being is not matter. The fundamental principle of natural philosophy is, that matter is inert, that is, incapable of voluntary motion, and indifference to motion or rest; yet there is not a particle of matter in the universe absolutely at rest. Whence then does motion arise? It is no part of the essence of matter; otherwise it could never cease. Extension is essential to body; and, accordingly, we cannot separate them, even in thought: but we can suppose matter to be either in motion or quiescent. Motion, therefore, is not its essence: it is action or change. Now there can be no action or change without a cause. (Max. 5.) This cause is not in matter, because it is inert. It must be some agent different from matter. To say that motion is eternal in matter, and requires no cause, is to contradict the fundamental principle of natural philosophy; and though it were eternal, it would still be action, and would require an eternal agent. Nay, though the agent were eternal, motion could not be eternal; for the agent must precede the action; the mover must be prior to the motion. If by motion be meant a voluntary power of moving, this is contrary to its nature. If it mean an involuntary propensity to move, this must operate either in every direction which would occasion rest, or in one direction only. Diversified motion implies a voluntary mover. If, therefore, matter be inert, eternal motion is a contradiction, and matter cannot be the first cause.

"In all this, we proceed on the same principles with the natural philosopher, and from them we have ascertained another attribute of the Eternal: namely, immateriality or spirituality." p. 31--33.

Dr. Bruce concludes his proof of the being of a God with a "metaphysical argument," which he considers auxiliary to the one just given from his pages. It takes for granted, however, that we are not eternal, but *come into being*. Had he first demonstrated this truth, his argument would have been complete. He commences with the axiom, *That whatever is contingent, or might possibly have been otherwise than it is, had some cause which determined it to be what it is*.

"There was a time, when it was a mere contingency, whether I should ever come into being, and what kind of creature I should be. There was no necessity for my creation or birth. Now, if this was a matter of indifference in the nature of things, it must have remained so, had not some agent interfered. There must

have been some cause which determined that one side of the alternative should take place, rather than the other; and this cause must have been either necessary or contingent. If necessary, the question is decided: this is the being which we are in quest of; if contingent, it must also have had a cause; and that, another, till we arrive at some necessary, self-existent First Cause, not liable to any contingencies. This First Cause must be not only eternal, but also immortal or everlasting; for his extinction would be a contingency, to which a necessary being cannot be obnoxious. His extinction is an event that might, or might not happen; and, therefore, there must be some cause to make it take place, rather than not. It is a change, and must have a cause; (Max. 5.) but there can be no cause prior to the first. Since every thing contingent had a cause, that which had no cause is not contingent, but necessary. The existence of the First Cause is, therefore, a necessary truth." p. 57.

Our readers now have possession of the most valuable part of the book under review. Our author's subsequent chapters, which are designed to present "illustrations of the divine nature," a treatise "on providence and the origin of evil," and "proofs and illustrations from revelation," contain many things ingenious and true, and not a few which are false. With his doctrines of a *Liberty of Indifference*; (p. 52 and 118.) of an Universal Conscience which is the standard of virtue; (p. 68.) of a Messiah vouchsafed to some other globe than this; (p. 74.) of Mediators in other worlds, (p. 180.) and of the salvation of all mankind, through Christ's propitiation for their sins, whether they believe or not, we have no fellowship.

The book before us contains, in an *appendix*, an excellent dissertation "on the immateriality of the soul." Matter he defines as including "every thing that is discernible by our senses; every substance that is made the subject of experiment by the chemist or natural philosopher. Its essential properties are extension, solidity and inertness. By extension is meant, that it consists of parts. By solidity, we understand that one body cannot occupy the place of another, till that other be removed. The inertness of matter signifies that it is destitute of spontaneous motion." "Matter is equally passive and inert, whether in motion or at rest."

"If there be any substance different from matter, that we denominate spirit, and if there be any qualities that do not pertain

to matter, these we assign to spirit. The points then to be proved are, that there are properties which do not belong to body; that these are inherent in the human soul; and consequently, that the soul is not corporeal, but spiritual." He then proceeds to show, that we have knowledge of a variety of operations, such as "sensation and thought, memory, imagination, and reason," and of several attributes, such as "virtue, vice, and conscience, and their various modifications;" which neither natural philosophy nor common sense has ever discovered to be properties of matter. Of the *essence* of matter and mind, we conceive, when we speak of it, but of the occult nature of it we know nothing. We are acquainted, however, with the attributes of that essence which we call matter, and equally with the attributes of that essence which we call mind.

"If essence is nothing but an aggregate of qualities, then matter and spirit are essentially distinct, because their qualities are so. If it be some unknown substance, in which these properties inhere, these substances cannot be the same, because all their properties are different. An inert lump cannot be essentially active: the most active of all things cannot be essentially inert. It cannot be the nature of body to have fancy and genius; nor of spirit to have colour, taste, or odour, to be fusible and malleable. If a chemist were to discover a new gas, different in all its qualities and effects from another, what would he say to the person who should assert that they were the same? Suppose it to be invisible, but powerful in its effects, would he allow another to say that there was no such thing, because he could not see it? Shall I, on the other hand, allow the chemist to say that the most active and powerful principle in nature, spirit, is nothing, because he cannot examine it by chemical analysis? Or shall I, on the other hand, confess his artificial air to be spirit, because it is invisible? No, for though it eludes the sight, it effects the other. It may be measured, weighed, decanted, and bottled up, like any other liquid; but to say this of intellect, or thought, wisdom or wit, benevolence or friendship, would be unspeakably absurd. Spirit is, therefore, no more a creature of the imagination than the elementary principles of the material world, than the magnetic fluid, latent heat or dormant electricity." p. 202.

In reply to those who admit "that matter is not essentially active," but assert "that it may become so by arrangement and organization of parts," Dr. Bruce proceeds to show, that "an atom essentially inactive, and destitute of feeling or thought,"

cannot become active and sensitive in consequence of the accumulation or juxta-position of other similar atoms. "Some are content to maintain," he remarks, "that the Almighty may endow matter with intellectual powers: but when this concession is examined, it will appear to be a dereliction of the argument. Matter is essentially inert and unintelligent; therefore, what is active and intelligent cannot be matter. If its essence be changed, it becomes another substance. While it retains its essential properties it cannot partake of others that are contradictory to them. It cannot be what it is, and what it is not. It cannot be essentially active and inert, intelligent and insensible, at the same time." p. 207.

Of the brain, our author judiciously remarks, "that its organization is less distinct, and apparently less curious than that of other organs. It is evidently the origin or the termination of the nerves." "It appears to be no more than a subordinate organ, and in some cases not essential to animation." "There is nothing in the appearance or structure of this organ to give it a pre-eminence above its fellows. The spinal marrow, and even the smallest nerve in the body, shares with it in its most distinguished functions. Besides, it is still material, and liable to all the objections against the intelligence of matter." p. 209. To show that the thinking principle in man, is something distinct from that organization of matter denominated the brain, he says in a note,

"Cases are of almost daily occurrence, in which large portions of the brain are destroyed by wounds or suppuration; and in a large proportion of these cases, both sensation and mind remain unimpaired. It would not, indeed, be difficult to prove from the records of medicine, that there is not one portion of the brain that has not, in some instance or another, been destroyed without any accompanying or subsequent diminution of the thinking powers.

"This has been observed, where an entire hemisphere of the cerebrum (the largest division of the brain) was dissolved by suppuration,—in cases of tumours, (various in kind and size) which have been found in almost every part of the brain,—where the rupture of vessels had formed caverns or cells full of blood in its most central parts,—when a ball had passed through the head, and large portions of the brain were evacuated at the wounds,—when a ball had been received in the substance of the brain, and the man died a year afterwards, from a different cause,—when the blade of a knife, in one instance, and the end of

a stiletto in another, had remained for years impacted in the brain,—and where the cerebellum has been wounded or destroyed by tumours. But it would be endless to advert to all the instances of loss or destruction of parts of the brain, which have been unattended with diminished energy of the mental powers, though even if the occurrence of such cases were rare, we should have no difficulty in admitting their truth; since we know that sensation and intellect exist under much more extraordinary circumstances. The brain has been found entirely wanting, and yet under this privation, all the powers of body and mind remained perfect.

“ There is a case in Dr. Quin’s Treatise on Dropsy, of the brain of a child, which died suddenly when eighteen months old; it had laboured under hydrocephalus from birth, and when the head was opened, it was found to contain five quarts of water; but there was no vestige of brain, except a little medulla-like matter opposite the orbit and *meatus auditorius*; yet this child could both see and hear well, grew fat, and was strong upon his limbs.

“ A similar case is related by Dr. Heysham, and another by Sir Everard Home. Kerckringius also states one of this kind, of a child five months old.

“ There is, in the 277th number of the Philosophical Transactions, a case more important, perhaps, than any of these, as it occurred in an adult. It is the case of a Mr. Kay, who had a cancerous ulcer on the cheek, which eat its way through the orbit of the eye, the bone of the forehead and *dura mater*, and then attacked the brain itself. In this condition he lived until the entire brain was consumed. After his death there was nothing found in the skull but a spoonful of black putrid matter. Yet this man never lost the use of his senses, nor of voluntary motion, while labouring under this dreadful disease.

“ A case or two are on record, where the spinal marrow was cut through, without any subsequent loss of sensibility, or voluntary motion, below the part injured. p. 211.

We should be glad to extract the whole of this *Appendix* for the instruction of our readers, but it would occupy too many of our pages. We shall confine our attention, during the remainder of this article, to the single point of the being of God. Such a Being, as is described under the name of Jehovah, in the Bible, exists, without beginning and without end. Of this we have no doubt: but can his fundamental truth of all religion be, strictly speaking, demonstrated?

[*To be continued.*]

ART. XVII.—*Some Account of the Orphan Society at Philadelphia. (With a View of their Asylum on the banks of Schuylkill.)*

Fairest and foremost of the train that wait
On man's most dignified and happiest state,
We name thee CHARITY! Cowper.

THE Philadelphia Orphan Society was founded in the year 1814 by a number of ladies, who having formed a constitution and procured a temporary asylum, were so liberally seconded by the public, that they were encouraged to apply to the proper authority for an act of incorporation. A charter was promptly granted, and a permanent edifice for the purposes of the society erected, in the year 1816, on a lot, at the corner of Cherry and Schuylkill-Fifth streets, granted by four gentlemen of this city: namely, Samuel Wetherill, Samuel Richards, Samuel Archer and Robert Ralston. The Orphan House, a view of which accompanies this account, was constructed under the superintendence of the benevolent donors of the scite. It occupies an area of fifty by fifty-three feet. It is three stories high, exclusive of a basement story and garret, and is capable of accommodating from two hundred and fifty, to three hundred children. The entrance, from a portico in front, leads the visiter into a chapel, from which two large folding doors open into two rooms, one of which is a committee room for the use of the managers, and the other is a matron's parlour. The basement story is divided into four apartments, viz. a school-room, nursery, dining-room and kitchen. Each of the upper stories contains four chambers, communicating with each other. The whole is finished in a style of neatness and frugality which is at once worthy of the design, and sufficiently elegant to be a fit ornament for a flourishing metropolis and a monument of the judicious liberality of its patrons. In the furniture of the rooms, there is an attention, even to minuteness, to the wants and comforts of their juvenile tenants. With this commendable view, as well as to employ the children in the healthful and useful exercise of gardening, the managers have added to their donation of ninety feet, an adjoining piece of ground of forty feet. The whole therefore gives a front of 130 feet and a depth of 134. The expense

of ground, building and furniture is estimated at *twenty-seven thousand* dollars. The general interests of the Institution are committed to twenty-four managers who are elected annually and the domestic concerns are entrusted to a matron, a housekeeper and a schoolmistress. Eighty three children are at present supported on this foundation and the annual expense is three thousand dollars. To the healthy situation of the Orphan House, the salutary regulations of the managers and the unwearied attention of their officers, must be attributed, under Providence, the remarkable circumstance that only four children have died in the Institution.

The Lancasterian system has been adopted and the improvement of the children answers the expectation of the managers. They are taught to read, write, cypher, sew and knit; and the girls assist in the house-work. The boys likewise knit; little creatures from five to six years of age are there seen performing this very useful art with the utmost care and assiduity. From this branch of industry the society, in the year 1819, obtained 566 pairs of stockings, mittens and suspenders, as we learn from the last Annual Report.

Whilst the great number of our charitable institutions has often occasioned the question, whether our bounty does not defeat its object, by encouraging the idle to depend on the public for support, it is a pleasure to behold one whose utility cannot be questioned by the most sceptical reasoners. Not only does the Orphan Society provide an asylum for those helpless creatures who cannot labour, and whose innocence must exempt them from the charge of having brought poverty upon themselves, but it is a seminary for the useful education of persons not less necessary to our social comfort than any other class of the community. The boys are to be apprenticed to farmers or tradesmen, and the girls are designed for house-servants in respectable families. The measures pursued to prepare them for these purposes afford a practical demonstration of the good sense of the managers, whilst the admirable attention that is paid to their present comfort and health proclaims their useful benevolence.

Yet it is an act of justice to state, that even their judicious plans could not have brought the Institution to its present perfec-

tion, without the efficient co-operation of the officers of the household. We believe, we are only expressing the pious sentiments of these exemplary ladies, when we ascribe to the gracious direction of a favouring Providence, the selection of a matron, whose uncommon qualifications for her very arduous station are perceptible in every department of her duties. The beautiful order and neatness of the whole house, the singular healthfulness of so many children, their progress in useful learning, and the very moderate expense at which the Institution is supported, reflect honour alike on the talents of the officers and the prudence and assiduity of the ladies to whom the superintendence of the establishment has been confided.

Although it may justly be lamented that so inconsiderable a portion of that wealth which has been bestowed in vast abundance on this growing country is devoted to the interests of literature and the fine arts, to improve the intellectual strength of its citizens, to cherish and direct that universal taste for books which is the characteristic of an American, we may yet speak with complacency of the benevolent societies of our infant land. They rise up to our praise in every part of the Union; the country, the village and the city, are reaping the blessed fruit of these institutions, and we may fervently exclaim with the most moral poet of his age

how copious and how clear
The o'erflowing well of charity springs here!

Independently of the good which results to the immediate objects of their care, charitable societies have the most benign influence on the community at large. They carry with them their own reward. Those who are often called to contemplate the wants of the indigent, the helpless and the infirm, are taught to set a proper value on the exemption which they enjoy from the real evils of poverty. The frequent assemblage too of individuals, who must necessarily come together on equal terms, has a happy tendency to remove those factitious barriers which pride and vanity have erected. The distinctions of rank are forgotten; and when celestial charity, that knows neither political nor religious appel-

lation, is the object, the heart is meliorated and the moral character is improved by the diffusion of a spirit of amity and forbearance; and prejudice, who was wont to exclude all beyond a privileged class of associates, becomes ashamed to continue her unworthy proscriptions.

That such inestimable advantages are among the natural consequences of benevolent institutions is not a fond speculation, may be discerned, we think, in the improved state of society in this city. A more liberal intercourse has prevailed among the different circles for some years past, than was to be observed before the introduction of these associations. Although other circumstances may have concurred in producing this interchange of civilities, we are yet very much disposed to give considerable weight to the operation of the charitable offices which we are advocating. "Genuine simplicity of heart," says an eloquent philosopher, "is an healing and cementing principle;" and where is this delightful quality beheld in more active and benignant forms than among the females of Philadelphia!

If then so much may be said in favour of benevolent foundations in general, how much might be added to stimulate the patronage of the public in favour of our interesting Asylum! The judicious benevolence of the ladies who conduct it has been frequently and fervidly extolled, yet it is lamentable that the income of the society is not adequate to its annual expenses. We are informed that "the debt which remains due on the Asylum can only be met by the same liberality which has so eminently distinguished the benevolent individuals who have been called upon to contribute to this charity. The same exertions as have heretofore been used, it is believed, will not fail of producing the desired end of extricating the society from all existing claims; it is only necessary in order to make an impression on the public mind to present the object in the purity and simplicity of a charity for fatherless and motherless children who are receiving not only the necessary supplies of food and raiment, but the very best instructions in the principles of learning, and the greatest attention to their religious and moral improvement." *Report of the Building Committee.*

We trust that this affecting appeal in behalf of a direct and indispensable duty will not have been made in vain. When has Philadelphia turned a deaf ear to the lisping of orphan infancy, the wants of the sick, and the cry of those who languish and are heavy laden? When has she been insensible of the truth of that maxim which instructs us to enlighten the ignorant, if we would secure the happiness of the community? While the idle and the vicious are a burthen to society, it is admitted by all rational men that sound principles and industrious habits constitute the strength and ornament of the state. They are emphatically the productive capital and the solid basis of national welfare. How much money is daily diverted from the stream of public wealth and poured into the artificial channels of luxury which debases the mind and profligacy which destroys the soul! How much is lavished upon all the forms of pageantry and ostentation, of vice and folly, which is really the property of the great human family! If we suffer the youthful part of the community to grow up in ignorance of the comforts and restraints of religion, what can we expect but an overwhelming pauper-tax and a mob-population, careless of the rights of property and indifferent to the value of life:—bloody, remorseless villains, unrestrained by the fears of futurity and with no motives of action but those which flow from the basest propensities. Against such intolerable evils education is the only sure preventive. If we shudder at the magnitude which they have reached in foreign countries, let us be the more careful to protect our own shores, lest the incurable disease be fastened upon us. Our materials are of the most admirable fashion for the purposes which are here inculcated. Hitherto we have no dense population and extensive manufacturing systems to crowd our highways with a feverish, a discontented and an inflammable people, impatient of controul and ripe for mischief. Here no unnatural aristocracy awakes the jealousy of inferior orders. Our slumbers are rarely awakened by the midnight murderer, nor is the quiet of the community disturbed by factious enterprises against the public peace and conspiracies which shake the citadel of government. We are an orderly, well-disposed and tolerably well-informed nation of republicans, willing to grow

wiser, though sufficiently proud of the knowledge we already possess. We have, it is true, our full share of ambitious demagogues who are craving after power, and office-seekers who thirst for the emoluments of place. But these enemies of social order, whose claims are generally founded in profligacy and corruption, are not so numerous as to perplex the course of things among a moral and a prudent people. Though young in years this nation is blind and obstinate if it will not be old in experience. The country from which we descended is groaning under the weight of its eleemosynary contributions for the support of imprudence and idleness, and we are thus loudly warned, as we feel for ourselves, as we regard our posterity, as we would perpetuate the blessings of our incomparable constitution, to train up the indigent orphan in habits of industry, frugality, temperance and religion. This is the surest way to impart activity to effectual labour. If it should please the Divine Being to visit us with some great national calamity, the horrors of our situation would not then be aggravated by our being surrounded by a starving population of unprincipled miscreants. And when the sunshine of prosperity should again gild our horizon, and bid every thing to bud and bloom, we might behold a class of prudent and industrious people, distinguished by nobler qualities than a profligate disregard of the moment; a christian community, instead of wretches who live in vice and who die, like one of the finest conceptions of modern fiction, hoping nothing, believing nothing—and *fearing* nothing!

SEDLEY.

THE bishop of Derry, upon the death of Dr. Lindsey, made claim to the primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right from his station in the see of Dublin, and from his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of these pretensions were prevalent. He was looked upon as *too far advanced in years* to be removed. The reason alleged was as mortifying as the refusal itself—but the archbishop had no opportunity of showing his resentment, except to the new primate Dr. Bolton, whom he received at his own house, and in his dining parlour, and to whom he made an apology, by saying, in his usual strain of wit, and with his usual sneering countenance, "*My lord, I am certain your grace will forgive me, because, you know, I am too old to rise.*"

ART. XVIII.—*Samuel Stanhope Smith*, D. D. L. L. D.

(With a portrait.)

SAMUEL Stanhope Smith was a native of Pequea, in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, where his venerable father, Dr. Robert Smith, resided for many years, as the pastor of the Presbyterian church. He received his academical education under the care of this parent, and took his first degree in the arts in the college of New Jersey, in 1769. Not long afterwards, having studied Theology under the direction of Dr. Witherspoon, and having been licensed by the presbytery of New Castle to preach the gospel, he paid a visit to Virginia, where he preached with great acceptance and we trust was eminently useful. So great was his popularity, and such the impressions which he made, that he became, though quite a youth, the founder of Hampden Sidney College, in Prince Edward County, and was its president for several years. About this time he formed a matrimonial connexion with a daughter of Dr. Witherspoon.

About the close of the revolution Dr. Smith left Virginia, and accepted the office of vice president, and professor of Moral Philosophy, in the college of New Jersey. From the year 1779 to 1794, the public duties and subsequent infirmities of Dr. Witherspoon devolved on him, the chief care both of superintendence and instruction. He was abundantly equal to the task; and discharged it in a manner which was at once honourable to himself and highly beneficial to the Institution. In 1794 Dr. Witherspoon was removed by death; and in the ensuing year, Dr. Smith was made formally, what he had long been in effect, the President of the college. In this station he remained until the year 1812, when the state of his health compelled him to resign it. During the last seven years of his life his strength gradually declined, but it was not so far reduced as to confine him to his chamber, until about a month prior to his decease. Through faith in his Redeemer he had long been enabled to view death with entire composure. He had often, indeed, expressed submissively his anxiety "to depart and be with Christ," which he considered as "far better" than to remain in this state of trial; "the prisoner of hope," subject to

infirmity, to sorrow and decay. When he was laid on that bed from which he was no more to rise, he beheld with undisturbed serenity, and with joyful hope the approach of the hour which should dissolve his connexion with this present evil world. This event occurred on the 19th August, 1819.

His remains were interred near those of his venerable predecessors, amidst the largest assemblage of mourners, inhabitants and strangers, that perhaps was ever before seen on a like occasion, in the village of Princeton.

In the procession that followed his remains to "the house appointed for all living," were the students of the college, who at their own instance agreed to wear crape for 30 days—and walked as mourners at his funeral. The students of the Theological Seminary preceded the corpse. The two professors of this institution, and four clerical members of the Board of Trustees bore the pall. The Trustees and Sessions of the church in Princeton, conveyed the body; while other members of the board of Trustees, clergymen, and strangers, from the adjacent country and towns, followed in the train. An appropriate sermon was preached in the church, by the Rev. Dr. Woodhull, the senior clergyman in the board of Trustees. The solemnities were introduced by vocal music, chanting in a very affecting manner that elevating and admirable hymn, "The dying Christian's address to his soul."

As a preacher, the subject of this sketch had, perhaps, no superior in this country, for a dignified, classical, and impressive eloquence. His graceful and commanding figure, his well modulated voice, and distinct enunciation—his look, his gesture, all contributed to give weight and efficacy to his important instructions. He excelled particularly in prayer. On funeral occasions, by the bed of sickness, or in the house of mourning—how tender, how appropriate, and consolatory were his addresses to the throne of grace? They seemed to lift the soul to heaven, and to give a glimpse and foretaste of celestial happiness. While they touched every spring of pious sensibility, they poured into the "wounded bosom," the purest streams of heavenly consolation.

As an instructor, how just and luminous were his ideas! How apt and striking his illustrations! How engaging and active his

manner! Let the warm attachment of the many pupils, whose collegiate course of study he superintended, and who are now scattered through every section of our country, bear testimony of those high endowments, and those endearing qualities in their teacher, which won their admiration and esteem. The exalted virtues of his heart none can doubt, who had the happiness of knowing him intimately. Eminent for public spirit, and for disinterested and persevering enterprise, his time, his talents, and his exertions, were always devoted with cheerfulness to the *public good*. Generous to excess, he gave beyond his means to useful and charitable institutions. He was patient under suffering; resigned and submissive in affliction. Uncommonly hospitable, for his house was a home to every worthy friend and stranger, placable and forgiving, even where he considered himself to have been deeply injured, he happily exemplified those exalted christian virtues, which he had so impressively recommended to others.

As an author, he has added much to the reputation of his country. His religious and philosophical writings, combine elegance of style, with rich excellence of matter. His *Essay On the Causes of Variety, in the Complexion and Figure in the Human Species*, has the merit of being original, ingenious and solid, and will ever remain a witness of the patient study, and various, and accomplished learning of its author. It has been translated into several European languages, and has commanded the approbation of men of the first eminence in literature, abroad and at home.

To this publication succeeded his volume of "Sermons," his *Lectures on the "Evidences of the Christian Religion;"* his "Lectures on Moral and Political Philosophy," his "Comprehensive View of the Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion," together with a variety of occasional publications.

In the relations of *private life*, though he had faults—how respected—and how much beloved he was, let those testify who, in their daily intercourse with him, were witnesses of his disinterestedness and courtesy, his sympathy and parental love.

Upon the whole, our country can boast of few characters more highly distinguished for manly intellect—extensive erudition, or more persuasive eloquence, or for more generous dispositions—

more polished manners than those which adorned the character of this illustrious and lamented man.

. We have contented ourselves, for the present, with this memorial of the services and character of one of our preceptors, because we have been informed that the papers of the deceased were confided to a gentleman, whose habits of intimacy with the deceased and cooperation in his labours, will enable him to do justice to the subject. The literary character of Dr. Smith will rest on his "Essay;" of incident, little can be furnished by a life which was passed in the pulpit and the class-room, and the qualities of his heart will be remembered by those who enjoyed a personal intercourse with the lamented president.

ART. XIX.—*Linguarum totius orbis Index alphabeticus quarum grammaticæ, lexica collectiones verborum recensentur, patria significatur, historia adumbratur, à J. S. Vatero, &c.* An alphabetical Table of all the Languages of the world, pointing out their country and history, together with the dictionaries, grammars, and a collection of words of each language, by Dr. J. S. Vater, Professor and Librarian to the king of Prussia, &c. Berlin, 8vo. pp. 259.

To the linguist, and to all lovers of literature, this little work warmly recommends itself. Languages in themselves form but the key to science and real knowledge; a person may know all the words in a dictionary, their synonyma and shades of distinction; yet if he rest there, his knowledge is of no value either to himself or society. It is the use of that knowledge which constitutes its value. Thus in the present case, the words and forms of expression in different languages being compared with each other, a considerable light is often thrown very unexpectedly on obscure parts of history, and, among other things, this shows with precision the emigration of tribes, people, or nations. Dr. Vater's work is executed with considerable care and precision. It is more extensive and better arranged than Marsden's catalogue of dictionaries, &c. London, 1796, yielding in extent and consequently in perfection only to the *Mithridates* of Adelung, or General Science

of the languages of the Earth, in 3 vols. 8vo.—begun by Adelung, in 1805, and continued by the author of the above, whose present work may be called a supplement to the larger work, or rather a succinct summary of its contents, with the addition of various improvements suggested by the continued study of the subject. The nature of the work does not admit of quotations. It is printed in two columns, in Latin and German, the better to adapt it to general circulation.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XX.—*Description of an ancient Carved Box*, in the Museum of the East India Marine Society, in Salem, in a letter from Henry Pickering, Esq. of Salem, to Mr. Amasa Penniman, of Boston.

Salem, Massachusetts, 20th April, 1819.

SIR,—Having made known to the gentlemen of the East India Marine Society of this town, your wishes in respect to the extraordinary Globular Box in their collection of curiosities, and obtained their permission to have a drawing made of it by you, I shall now, agreeably to your request, endeavour to give some account of it.

This wonderful work of art was presented to the society by the Hon. ELIAS HASKET DERBY, formerly of this town; a gentleman whose liberality has contributed in numerous other instances to the gratification of his countrymen, as well as to the encouragement of the arts. He informs me that it was given to him some years ago by a gentleman from Westphalia, who was then travelling in this country, and who assured him that he obtained it in Italy, and that it was executed as early as the 14th century; but of its age, it may not be easy to form an opinion. Mr. Derby adds, that the donor conjectured it to be the production of a monk; and there can be little doubt that we owe to the patient industry and piety of some inmate of a convent, a work which must probably have been the labour of years, and which challenges the admiration of all who behold it.

The *Globe* itself, which is of *boxwood*, and in a small degree elongated at the poles, is two inches and one sixteenth of an inch in diameter, measuring from outside to outside, and one inch and nine sixteenths diameter on the inside; so that the box (or shell as it may be called) is about one fourth of an inch thick. It is nearly equally divided into two hemispheres, which are connected by a hinge, wrought in the wood itself, and held together by a wire; and opposite to the present hinge there was originally in each half the corresponding parts of another hinge, so that each hinge might be used either as a hinge or clasp at pleasure. The *exterior* surface of each hemisphere is very delicately carved in open work, somewhat resembling the fret-work of the vaulted ceilings in Gothic buildings. Round the middle of the globe, there is a narrow projecting band, (an equatorial line if you please) on each side of which is an inscription. That round the *superior* hemisphere is as follows—

The Inscription, with abbreviations.

Judex sapiens judicabit pplm. sun. et principatus sensati terribilis erit.

The same, with the words at length.

“*Judex sapiens judicabit populum suum et principatus sensati terribilis erit.*”*

Translation.

The wise judge will judge his people, and the government of him who hath understanding will cause fear.

And upon the *inferior* hemisphere, which represents the Resurrection and Day of Judgment, is inscribed—

The inscription, with abbreviations.

Secundu. judice ppli. sic et ministri efus et qualis rector est civitatis tales inhabitant.

* It was only by the help of a magnifying glass, and after a minute examination, that my brother, to whom I owe the elucidation of the inscriptions, has been able to unravel them. They are in the old Gothic character, and consist chiefly of Latin sentences from the Bible; and a few of the words are so abbreviated as to render an explanation very difficult.

The same, with the words at length.

"Secundum judicem populi sic et ministri ejus et qualis rector est civitatis tales inhabitantes."

Translation.

According as the judge of the people, so are his ministers; and as the ruler of a city, so are the inhabitants.

So much for the outside. But how shall I find words to describe the wonders which disclose themselves upon opening the globe? Let us for a moment fix our eyes upon the upper hemisphere. This is the empyrean—the beatific region.

In the midst of five concentric circles of angels, but a little raised above the centre, is a figure intended to represent the Deity, from whom emanate numerous rays of light. He is in a sitting posture, but apparently not resting upon any support. On his head is an imperial crown, surmounted by a cross. His right hand is majestically elevated; and in his left he holds a globe (also decorated with a cross) symbolical of universal sway.

Immediately below the figure of the Deity, is the Virgin Mother, seated upon a starry throne, supported by angels: she is crowned, and in the act of adoration.

In front of the Virgin, and in a very conspicuous situation, stands the apostle Peter. At his feet are two youthful figures (probably the acolythi, or inferior priests in the Romish church) in a kneeling posture. The right hand of the apostle is laid upon the head of one of them; and in his left is his usual emblem, the key of heaven. The *fiara*, ornamented with a cross, encircles his head.

Between the Virgin and St. Peter, and facing the former, is seen a figure kneeling; and on each side are several saints and angels, all likewise kneeling.

The angels in the outer circle (of the five abovementioned, or that nearest the circumference) have musical instruments in their hands, among which may be distinguished, a guitar, violin, and some wind instruments. The hands of the rest are merely raised. All are in devotional attitudes, and appear to be singing the praises of their Creator.

In this compartment there are *fifty-eight* full-length, or whole figures. Upon the *edge* of this hemisphere is inscribed—

The Inscriptions, with abbreviations.

In civitate dni. ibi sona jugiter organa sanctor. ibi cynamomu. et balsamu. odor suavisstm. cantica eos.

The same, with the words at length.

“ In civitate domini ibi sona [nt]* jugiter organa sanctorum ibi cynamomum et balsamum [et]* odor suavissimus cantica eos.”

Translation.

In the city of the Lord, there sound continually the organs of the saints; there is a cinnamon and balsam, a most sweet odour: celebrate them.

Having thus attempted to describe the wonders of the celestial regions, I will now give some account of the other hemisphere.

The Saviour of the world, firmly seated upon an extended arch, representing the vault of heaven, is here seen in the character of the judge of mankind. A stream of light descends upon him from above, and a glory encircles his head. The action of his hands indicates the awful duty he is fulfilling. Four angels in front, and contiguous to him, support the symbols of his passion—the pillar, the cross, the spear, and the sponge; while two others behind him, and two near to the circumference, are sounding his praises upon instruments of music. These are all the *winged* figures in the lower hemisphere.

On the *right* of the Redeemer are five female figures kneeling in adoration; the most prominent of these is the Virgin, who is crowned as before. The same number of male figures (one of them crowned) are observed kneeling, and occupying a corresponding place on the *left* hand.

The inferior portion of this hemisphere presents indeed a most appalling scene. Here we behold the resurrection of the dead, and the punishments of the wicked; and the terrific images of *Dante* are here embodied.

* In the place where this part of the inscription comes, a small fragment of the original wood has been destroyed, and the space filled up with new wood; the sense appears to require the supplying of the words in brackets.

In the distance, numerous figures, and among them crowned heads and bishops, are perceived rising from their graves—while, in the foreground, the flames of purgatory envelop the damned, and the gates of hell are yawning for the reception of the victims. Death and Sin (the latter typified by the serpent) are placed just within the gates, and (by an incongruity not uncommon) a Dog, which is probably intended for *Cerberus*, guards the entrance of the dread abode; and grim-visaged demons are seen every where busily employed in dragging the impenitent to their places of torment. Some unhappy beings are already in the flames—while others are hurried along by their remorseless conductors, to be cast into the region of despair. The forked tongue of one of the demons has transfixed the body of a youthful victim; while another is observed seizing one of the condemned by the hair of his head, the flesh of which, notwithstanding the extreme minuteness of the figure, actually seems to be in a state of tension. All here is, indeed, equally terrific, and all equally well imagined.

There are, in this compartment, twenty-eight whole figures, nineteen half-length figures, and five heads—in the whole, fifty-two. And all this within a hemisphere of one inch and a half in diameter!

The inscription upon the *edge* of this hemisphere is as follows—

The Inscription, with abbreviations.

Surgite vos mortui, venite ad iudiciu. Venite vos beati. et ite vos maledicti.*

The same, with the words at length.

“Surgite vos mortui venite ad iudicium—Venite vos benedicti, et ite vos maledicti.”

Translation.

Rise ye dead, come to judgment—come ye blessed, and depart ye cursed.

I must not omit to mention, that there is a *Case* of black leather, fitted to contain the globe. It is perfectly hard (whether indurated by age or not I cannot determine) and is lined with thick purple satin, (which, however, may not have been put in origi-

* Thus written in the original.

nally) and beautifully wrought or engraved upon the outside in the manner of engraving on silver. There is also round the case a Latin inscription, taken from the Psalms, cut in large Gothic characters—

“*Laudate Dominum omnes gentes laudate eum.*”

Translation.

Praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him.

I shall only add a few words in respect to the execution of the whole. The globe itself is, as I have already observed, divided into two hemispheres. These are not made, as at first view they seem to be, of one piece of wood, but each of them consists of two thicknesses—the outside, or fret-work, above mentioned, that serves as a receptacle into which the inner shell, as it may be termed, (which holds the figures) is laid. They are, however, firmly and almost imperceptibly connected together by a glutinous composition. The inside shells differ from the outer ones in two respects: the *exterior* shell, when the box is closed, forms a spheroid; while the *interior* is a perfect sphere. The outer shells are also entire pieces, while the inner ones appear not to be each of one piece. The figures, nevertheless, (except in a few instances) are cut from the solid, not formed first, and afterwards attached to the shell.

When examined with a magnifying glass, there appears, in every figure, a most extraordinary degree of expression. This is the more surprising, as there are only two or three heads in the whole composition which exceed an eighth of an inch in length, (and these are heads of monsters,) and far the greatest proportion of them fall much short of that size. The attitudes in general are dignified and appropriate; and the draperies ample, and as devoid of stiffness, as the extreme minuteness of the folds, and the nature of the material, would admit, I know not with what instruments all this could have been effected; but it is manifest that they must have been as delicately formed, as the hand that managed them was adroit.

I am, &c.

MR. JOHN R. PENNIMAN, *Boston.*

ART. XXI.—*Biblical Criticisms.*

Sir Henry Englefield endeavours to account for the extraordinary phenomena of the deluge from natural causes, in the following plausible hypothesis.

The diameter of the earth being taken at 8,000 miles, and the highest mountain being supposed four miles high above the level of the sea, the quantity of water requisite to cover them will be a hollow sphere of 8,008 miles diameter and four miles thick; the contents of which, in round numbers, is 800,000,000 cubic miles. Let us now suppose a globe of the earth to consist of a crust of solid matter 1000 miles thick, inclosing a sea or body of water 2000 miles deep; within which is a central nucleus of 2000 miles in diameter: the content of that body of water will be 109,200,000,000 cubic miles, or about 137 times the quantity of water required to cover the surface of the earth as above stated. Now water, by experiment, expands about 1-25th of its whole magnitude, from freezing to boiling; or 100th of its magnitude for 45 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Suppose, then, that the heat of the globe, previously to the deluge, was about 60 degrees of Fahrenheit's, a temperature very near that of this climate; and that a sudden change took place in the interior of the globe, which raised its heat to 83 degrees; a heat no greater than the marine animals live in, in the shallow seas between the tropics: those 23 degrees of augmented heat would so expand the internal sea as to cause it to more than cover the surface of the globe, according to the conditions above mentioned: And if the cause of heat ceased, the waters would of course, in cooling, retire into their former places. If the central nucleus be supposed 3000 miles, and the internal sea only 1,500 miles deep, its content will then be 99,200,000 cubic miles, or 125 times the water required; and, in that case, an additional heat of 36 degrees to the previous temperature of the earth will be sufficient to produce the above described effect. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the perfect regularity here supposed to exist in the form of the interior parts of the globe, is of no consequence to the proposed hypothesis; which will be equally just, if the above given

quantity of waters be any how disposed within the earth. Neither is it here proposed to discuss the reality of a central fire, which many philosophers affirm, and many deny. It may not be unworthy of remark, that the above hypothesis, which does not in any way contradict any law of nature, singularly accords with the mosaic narrative of the deluge: for the sudden expansion of the internal waters would, of course, force them up through the chasms of the exterior crust in dreadful jets and torrents; while their heat would cause such vapours to ascend into the atmosphere, as, when condensed, would produce torrents of rain beyond our conception.

Ador, a learned physician of Thoulouse, in the middle of the seventeenth century published *Enarrationes de Ægrotis et Morbis in Evangelio*, in 1620 and 1623, 4to. This piece is also to be found at the end of the sixth volume of the *Critici Sacri* (pp. 525-550). In it he examines whether the maladies which Jesus Christ removed, could have been healed by medicine, and decides in the negative; maintaining, satisfactorily that the diseases healed by our Saviour were *incurable* by the physician's art.

Dr. O. Gregory has shown the existence of mysteries in the pure mathematics, which the most profound mathematician cannot solve, and which are nevertheless received as most certain truths; and he has applied them with great ability to the illustration and defence of revealed religion. See his letters on the Evidences, &c. of the Christian Religion vol. i. pp. 60-78.

THE ARK.

The cubit mentioned by Moses is nearly equal to twenty-two English inches, according to which measure, the ark must have been about 547 English feet in length by 91 in breadth, and about 54 in height; containing 72,625 tons. And these dimensions, Bishop Wilkins has shown (*Real Charact.* part ii. c. 5. §. 6, pp. 162-168) were fully sufficient for all the purposes for which the ark was designed. Zoologists usually reckon only one hundred and seventy species of animals, in all; from which number are to be excepted all such animals as can live in the water. And the

same author has also shown that only seventy-two of the quadruped kind needed a place in the ark. See further, Calmet's, Robinson's, or Jones's Dictionaries of the Bible, article *Ark*, and Taylor's Scripture Illustrated, Expository Index, p. 18.

ART. XXII.—*Considerations on Prayer, and on the Errors which may prevent its Efficacy.* By Hannah Moore. Philadelphia. A. Finley. 1819.

THIS is the third part of a volume entitled *Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic; with Reflections on Prayer*, with which Mrs. Hannah More has closed her highly useful career as an author. From an able review of the whole work, which appeared in the *Christian Observer*, we shall therefore extract only that part which is applicable to the present section.

It is remarked by Dr. Johnson, that there are few things, not purely evil, of which we can say without some emotion of uneasiness, *this is the last*; and he pleases himself with the idea that the last essay of his *Idler* will be read with care, even by those who had not attended to any other. We love not to part with an author, although anonymous, who has from time to time endeavoured simply to amuse a vacant hour, or to convey in a cheerful manner instruction which, for the most part, is neither very new nor very important. Great, therefore, is our concern at this moment, when admonished that we are now to bid farewell to a writer whose name has been familiar to most of us from the days of childhood, as closely combined with some of our most pleasing and most sacred associations: whose poetry was among the delights of our morning of life, as her graver publications have continued to impart knowledge and improvement in our advancing years: who leading us at first into the flowery fields of innocent recreation, has accompanied us in every future stage of our progress; and in many a dark and stormy season, fixing her own view steadily upon the Star of Bethlehem, and inviting us to follow the example of saints and sages, has, to the present hour, never ceased to travel and converse with us as our guide and counsellor and friend. With such a writer, so cordially endeared to us by all that can command respect or engage affection—by her abilities, and the uniform direction of them; by her influence and the noble exercise of it; by the great credit which she has given to good principles among the great, and the beneficial effects of her labours among the poor; by the true dignity with which, in her own person, she has invigorated the female character, teaching women what power they possess to improve society as well as to adorn it—with such a writer, commended to our regard by so many considerations, both present and prospective, it is impossible to part without casting

many a lingering look behind us. We are very reluctant to bid farewell; and would fain indulge the hope that in taking her final leave of her readers, as Mrs. More informs us, in the preface to this volume, she now has done, the day of separation has not yet arrived. The indulgence and patience of the public, to adopt her own qualifying terms, are not yet either exhausted or wearied: The demand for a second edition of this work, before we reviewers had time to write a line about the first, will convince her, we trust, that the public are in no haste to part with a friend so long known, and so entirely beloved; and we are willing to persuade ourselves that the revered author of so many excellent volumes will not withhold her admonitions, till constrained to rest from her labours by the approach of that night when no man can work."

Under the general title of *Reflections on Prayer* are comprised many subordinate points of discussion; the principal aim of the author being to impress her readers with a right sense of the excellency of prayer, and to prevail upon them to live in the practice and spirit of it. In pursuing these inquiries, she shows the tendency of some of the great doctrines of scripture to promote the habit of prayer; the effect of certain false doctrines as injurious to it; the condition of its attendant blessings; the errors which may hinder its being answered; the excuses which men are apt to frame for the omission of this duty; the perpetual and universal obligation of it; its beneficial effects upon ourselves and others: these, and many similar topics, are treated in a very impressive manner, and are enriched with a variety of collateral observations suited to throw light upon the subjects with which they are connected. One great excellence in this part of the work is the perfect freedom from that didactic constraint which too frequently attends professed essays upon the doctrines and duties of religion. Mrs. More has consulted the benefit of her readers, by suggesting her observations in the most easy and natural way. We seem, indeed, rather to be enjoying her conversation, than to be reading her works; and she speaks to us with the ease and energy of a person who loves the subject of discourse, and who is at home in it; who can describe the value of prayer, and tell of its consolations, not from the report of others, but her own experience. Every thing seems to come from a full heart; and when to this circumstance we add, what is every where visible, and every where subservient to the main object, that acquaintance with the human mind which our author possesses in so eminent a degree, we think that few persons can read these pages without finding something suitable to their own case, and deriving advantage from the perusal. We cannot suppress the further remark, How different would be the character of the christian world, if those that professedly belong to it were such as this volume invites them to become! How different, in general, would Christianity

herself appear, if her countenance were always seen as irradiated by that heavenly expression, which it is the tendency of prayer to kindle—the expression of meekness, and gentleness, and resignation, and love.

The extracts which follow are taken without any particular selection: they will justify the account we have given, and preclude the necessity of any additional observations of our own.

The Patient Christian.—Under the pressure of any affliction, *thy will be done*, as it is the patient Christian's unceasing prayer, so is it the ground of his unvarying practice. In this brief petition he finds his whole duty comprised and expressed. It is the unprompted request of his lips, it is the motto inscribed on his heart, it is the principle which regulates his life, it is the voice which says to the stormy passions, *Peace! be still!* Let others expostulate, he submits. Nay, even submission does not adequately express his feelings. We frequently submit, not so much from duty as from necessity; we submit, because we cannot help ourselves. Resignation sometimes may be mere acquiescence in the sovereignty, rather than conviction of the wisdom and goodness of God; while the patient Christian not only yields to the dispensation, but adores the Dispenser. He not only submits to the blow, but vindicates the Hand which inflicts it: 'The Lord is righteous in all his ways.' He refers to the chastisement as a proof of the affection of the Chastiser: 'I know that in very faithfulness thou hast caused me to be afflicted.' He recurs to the thoughtlessness of his former prosperity. 'Before I was afflicted I went astray,' and alludes to the trial less as punishment than a paternal correction. If he prays for a removal of the present suffering, he prays also that it may not be removed from him, till it has been sanctified to him. He will not even part from the trial till he has laid hold on the benefit." pp. 55, 56.

"*Benefit of habitual prayer.*—Habitual prayer may prove a most effectual check to any doubtful or wrong action, to which circumstances may invite us during the day on which we are entering. The very petition to our Heavenly Father, 'Deliver us from evil,' forcibly felt and sincerely expressed, may preserve us from being seduced into it. And is not the praying Christian less likely to 'fall into temptation,' than they who neglect to pray that they may not be led into it?

'The right dispositions of the heart, and the fervour of devotion, reciprocally excite each other. A holy temper sends us to prayer, and prayer promotes that temper. Every act of thanksgiving tends to make us more grateful, and augmented gratitude excites more devout thanksgiving.

'The act of confession renders the heart more contrite, and deeper contrition induces a more humbling avowal of sin. Each, and all, sends us more cordially to the Redeemer; the more fer-

vent the prayer, the more entire is the prostration of the whole man at the foot of the cross.' p. 74.

On the subject of *progressive sanctification*, we have the following just and important observations."

'If ever progressive sanctification was exhibited in the life, as well as writings, of any one man more than another, it was in this heroic champion of divine truth. If ever one man more than another had a right to depend on his own safe state, it was the divinely illuminated St. Paul.

"Yet did *he* spend his after-life in self-satisfaction and indolent security? Did *he* ever cease to watch, or pray, or labour? Did *he* ever cease to press the duty of prayer on his most established converts? Did *he*, in the confidence of supremely eminent gifts, ever cease himself to pray? Were *his* exertions ever abridged; *his* self-denial ever diminished? Did *he* rest satisfied with present, though supernatural attainments? Did *he* remember the things which were behind? Did *he* live upon the good he had already done, or the grace he had already received? Did *he* count himself to have attained? Did *he* stop in the race set before him? Did not *he* press forward? Did not his endeavours grow with his attainments? Did not his humility and sense of dependence out-strip both? If *he* feared being a castaway, after the unutterable things he had seen and heard, and after the wonders he had achieved, shall the best man on earth be contented to remain as he is? If it were attempted, the most sanguine man on earth would find it to be impossible; nothing either in nature or in grace 'continueth in one stay.' He who does not advance, is already gone back. This glorious, because humble, apostle, went on in progressive sanctification, he continued to grow and to pray, till he at length attained to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

'But what enabled this unparalleled man to maintain to the end this painful conflict? It was the same support which is still offered to the meanest Christian. It was humble, fervent, persevering prayer. It was the spirit of supplication, infused and sustained by 'the renewing of the Holy Ghost,' and presented through the Divine Mediator.

'And what the apostle did, in his own person, we repeat, he unweariedly pressed upon all his converts. He exhorted them to pray for themselves, and for each other, in the spirit in which 'he bowed his own knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that they might be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man;—that Christ might dwell in their hearts by faith;—that they might be rooted and grounded in love;—that they might know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge,—that they might be filled with all the fulness of God.' pp. 84—86.

We pause for a moment to observe, that the title of this chapter appears to convey a wrong idea of its contents, and of Mrs. More's views:—

‘The doctrine of imputed sanctification, newly adopted—the old one of progressive sanctification, newly rejected—Both doctrines injurious to prayer.’ p. 75.

The words seem to imply that the doctrine of *progressive* as well as *imputed* sanctification is injurious to prayer; whereas the charge is meant to apply to the doctrine of *imputed* sanctification, and to *that doctrine which denies progressive sanctification*. We make the remark merely for the sake of correctness in a future edition.

In speaking of the connexion between certain prescribed duties and promised blessings, Mrs. More offers some just and pertinent remarks upon the use of certain terms, which it has lately been too much the fashion with religious persons to discard.

We particularly recommend these remarks to the consideration of the clergy.

‘The obnoxious terms to which we here allude are rewards and conditions. We have, in general, avoided the use of them, not for any harm discoverable in them when used and understood in the scriptural sense, but for fear of creating an idea contrary to what was intended to be conveyed. In the legal sense they are very exceptionable; for in the one case we deserve nothing from God, and in the other we can do nothing of ourselves.

‘We do not presume to make conditions with God, but He condescends to propose them to us. In this latter case, it is free grace imposes the reasonable condition: his free grace bestows the unmerited reward. Are not all the promises of the gospel conditional? The beatitudes include both the condition and the reward. Our blessed Saviour, in his sermon, multiplies and individualizes his promises. He gives us a string of articles of blessedness and recompense; the specific recompense to the specific duty;—amongst others, mercy to the merciful; the kingdom of heaven to those who are persecuted for righteousness’ sake; the vision of God to the pure in heart.

‘The Holy Spirit consecrates the doctrine of rewards by teaching the apostle to connect it even with the very being of Omnipotence. God is,’ and it immediately follows, that ‘he is a rewarder of them that seek him.’ Surely this is a condition, as much as the threat that he will punish those ‘who know not God.’ Every where, and particularly in the Psalms, prayer is made the condition of obtaining. In asking, seeking, and knocking, the condition and the reward most appropriately meet.

‘To those who come to the Redeemer, he has declared that ‘they shall in no wise be cast out.’ Their coming is the condition of their being accepted. ‘Rest,’ again, is the consoling promise which he makes to ‘the heavy laden’ who come to him. ‘He that honoureth me, I will honour,’ is both a condition and a reward. What is the promise of pardon to repentance, but a condition? the negative denunciation is a condition. ‘Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life.’ ‘Without holiness no man shall see the Lord; without faith it is impossible to please God.’ Do not these imply the blessings attending the contrary temper? State the question thus: Shall we be heard, if we do not pray? Shall we be pardoned, if we do not repent?

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.’ It is the love of God then, which is the condition of obtaining those things which the heart of man cannot conceive.

‘All the promises made to faith are conditions, as are those made to holiness. The good and faithful servants who well employed their ten and five talents, were rewarded by having their talents doubled; the punishment of their unprofitable companion was a conditional punishment. He had made no use of what was committed to him.” pp. 102—105.

The chapter on the Lord’s prayer (p. 166) will be highly gratifying to the friends of our Bible and Missionary Associations. It not only vindicates the cause which they have adopted, but shows, as a necessary deduction from the prayer, the absolute duty of promoting schemes to advance the glory of God. To continue in the habit of repeating this prayer, without any christian attempt to hasten the consummation which we profess so earnestly to desire, when the will of God shall be done on earth, as it is done in heaven, is an evidence of inconsistency for which it is difficult to find a name. ‘If we contribute not to the accomplishment of the object for which we pray, what is this,’ as our author justly demands, ‘but mocking Omniscience, not by unmeaning but unmeant petitions?’ We have no right to expect miracles: in this day they are unnecessary. ‘If the gospel,’ says bishop Butler, as cited by Mrs. More, ‘had its proper influence on the christian world in general, as this country is the centre of trade and the seat of learning, a very few years, in all probability, would settle Christianity in every country in the world, *without miraculous assistance.*’

We close our extracts with the concluding paragraphs of the volume.

‘The scripture views of heaven are given rather to quicken faith than to gratify curiosity. There the appropriate promises to spiritual beings are purely spiritual. It is enough for believers to know that they shall be for ever with the Lord; and though ‘it

doth not yet appear what we shall be, yet we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him.' In the vision of the Supreme Good, there must be supreme felicity. Our capacities of knowledge and happiness shall be commensurate with our duration. On earth, part of our enjoyment, a most fallacious part, consists in framing new objects for our wishes; in heaven there shall remain in us no such disquieting desires, for all which can be found we shall find in God. We shall not know our Redeemer by the hearing of the ear, but we shall see him as he is: our knowledge, therefore, will be clear, because it will be intuitive.

'It is a glorious part of the promised bliss, that the book of prophecy shall be realized; the book of Providence displayed, every mysterious dispensation unfolded, not by conjecture, but by vision. In the grand general view of Revelation, minute description would be below our ideas; circumstantial details would be disparaging; they would debase what they pretended to exalt.—We cannot conceive the blessings prepared for us, until he who has prepared reveal them.

'If, indeed, the blessedness of the eternal world could be described, new faculties must be given us to comprehend it. If it could be conceived, its glories would be lowered, and our admiring wonder diminished. The wealth that can be counted has bounds; the blessings that can be calculated have limits. We now rejoice in the expectation of happiness inconceivable. To have conveyed it to our full apprehensions, our conceptions of it must then be taken from something with which we are already acquainted, and we should be sure to depreciate the value of things unseen, by a comparison with even the best of the things which are seen. In short, if the state of heaven were attempted to be let down to human intelligence, it would be far inferior to the glorious but indistinct glimpses which we now catch from the oracles of God, of joy unspeakable and full of glory. What Christian does not exult in that grand outline of unknown, unimagined, yet consummate bliss—'in thy presence is the fulness of joy, and at thy right hand is pleasure for evermore.' pp. 204—207.

Every Christian will assuredly delight in such views of the eternal world, according to the degree in which he can realize them to his mind, and is persuaded that these glories await him; that is, in ordinary cases, in proportion as he gives himself to prayer. If it be through the medium of prayer, that the blessings of the Holy Spirit are usually imparted, enabling the believer to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God: if by prayer he holds intercourse with the Father of Mercies, and communion with the saints, and mounting up as on eagles' wings to the fountain of light, has his conversation in heaven; if it be thus that his faith is invigorated, his soul purified, his spiritual vision strengthened,

his prospects enlarged, his hope confirmed, how incumbent is it upon him to be instant and fervent in prayer! Thus it was, that the faith of the patriarchs was maintained, and that they confessed themselves to be strangers and pilgrims on the earth; thus that the faith of the disciples failed not; thus that the poor persecuted members of the primitive church were enabled to persevere under manifold temptations; and thus it is in every age of the church, that the Christian, by the confirmation of his faith, is taught, under all the trials of this probationary state, to look onward to that 'rest which remaineth for the people of God.' If the pious author of this volume would grant us the liberty, we doubt not that we might justly appeal to herself, as a living witness of the value and efficacy of prayer, and ask whether she has not herself found in it the consolations which she has so well described. Whether, even in that recent dispensation of Providence which has taken away her only remaining sister, to her the last affectionate survivor of an affectionate family, united by bonds too close to be broken except by that stroke which dissevers all earthly relations; whether, even in that afflictive appointment, which, by leaving her alone, has, according to the world's views, left her in desolate bereavement, she could not then find a refuge and consolation in prayer;—whether there did not seem to issue from the Throne of Grace a voice, exhorting her not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in Jesus, but rather to rejoice in the persuasion, that another kindred spirit was now added to the company of heaven, and to expect for herself the same blessed consummation in the kingdom of her Father and her God? But upon this subject we forbear to enlarge; and it is unnecessary to add any thing in recommendation of the work which has called forth these remarks. That it will be very generally read, no person who is acquainted with the influence of Mrs. More's name and character can possibly doubt. We sincerely trust that its utility may correspond with the best wishes of its respected author.

We trust that none of the readers of the *Port Folio* will accuse us of prolonging this article unnecessarily, if we embrace the opportunity which it presents of preserving an eloquent passage on prayer from the pen of Jeremy Taylor, a writer who has been styled, and not improperly, the Shakspeare of English divines. The illustration, by which his idea is at once strengthened and adorned, is worthy of the rapt imagination of a poet in his loftiest flight. It is so brilliant and just, that we know of nothing surpassing it in the immortal drama of the bard, nor has it been equalled by any thing from

———"th' inspired

Castalian spring"

which filled the soul of Milton.

“ The first thing which hinders the prayers of good men from obtaining their effect, is a violent anger, a violent storm, in the spirit of him that prays. For anger sets the house on fire; and all the spirits are busy upon trouble, and intend propulsion, defence, displeasure, or revenge. It is a short madness, and an eternal enemy to discourse and sober counsels, and fair conversation. It intends its own object with all the earnestness of perception or activity of design, and a quicker motion of a too warm and dis-tempered blood. It is a fever of the heart, and a calenture of the head, and a fire in the face, and a sword in the hand, and a fury all over; and therefore can never suffer a man to be in a disposition to pray. For prayer is an action and a state of intercourse and desire exactly contrary to this character of anger. Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dovelike simplicity; an imitation of the Holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek up to the greatness of the biggest example; and a conformity to God, whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy. Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of our recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest. Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, and of untroubled thoughts: it is the daughter of Charity and the sister of Meekness: and, he that prays to God with an angry (that is, with a troubled discomposed) spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. So have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hoping to get to heaven; and climb above the clouds: but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the vibration and weighing of its wings—till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion of an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries below. So is the prayer of a good man: when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity; his duties met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled

them back again and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the Holy Dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XXIII.—*The Gas Blow-pipe, or art of Fusion by burning the gaseous constituents of water: giving the history of the Philosophical apparatus so denominated; the proofs of analogy in its operations to the nature of volcanoes; together with an Appendix, containing an account of experiments with this Blow-pipe.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, L.L. D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge, &c. *Suum cuique.* London, 1819.

THE invention of the compound blow-pipe by Dr. Hare, is one of such great importance as to have excited much interest, and no small degree of envy. The happy idea occurred to our ingenious countryman, that the combustion of a gas when supplied with a supporter of combustion also, in a gaseous form, must be attended with a great production of heat, inasmuch as æriform substances are supposed to contain the greatest quantity of latent caloric; which is given out and becomes sensible heat, when these bodies are condensed into a more solid form. According to this theory he constructed two vessels, or, what is equivalent, a vessel divided into two apartments, one of which he filled with oxygen, and the other with hydrogen. A simple apparatus was affixed to this vessel for the purpose of expelling the gasses by the introduction of water, or, in other words, by hydrostatic pressure. Two tubes, one from each apartment, passed off, and were joined into one, at the distance of a few inches from the vessel. By this means a jet of oxygen and hydrogen gasses could be propelled with any degree of force that would be required, and by means of stop-cocks in each tube, the proportions regulated at pleasure.

This apparatus gratified the most sanguine expectations of its ingenious inventor. Many substances which had hitherto resisted all attempts to fuse them, quickly passed to the fluid state under the irresistible influence of this new furnace. In the year 1802,

Dr. Hare published his discovery, and gave an account of the experiments that he had performed with the blow-pipe, demonstrative of its unexampled power in the production of heat. He read a paper upon this subject before *The Chemical Society* of Philadelphia, in the same year. The invention of the instrument, however, took place about one year previous to this time. As our object is merely to investigate the justice of the several claims that have been made to the original invention of this instrument, we shall not enter into a detail of the experiments by which Dr. Hare first demonstrated its power. An account of them may be seen in Bruce's *Mineralogical Journal*, vol. i.; in the *Annales de Chimie*, tome xlv. and in Tilloch's *Philosophical Magazine*, vol. 14.

It is not surprising, that in England, where American genius is so much undervalued, and where an envious disposition towards this country is so manifest, the claims of an American to an important discovery should meet with opposition. Our trans-atlantic brethren have exhibited a shameful want of candour in the paltry artifices which they have adopted to rob us of the invention of the blow-pipe. At one time it was ascribed to Lavoisier, upon the ground that this chemist had burned oxygen and hydrogen together, for the purpose of forming water. Lavoisier, however, has said nothing about the *heat* produced by this combustion, nor did he burn the gasses in a mixed stream, nor indeed, was his experiment tried in a manner that bears even the most distant resemblance to the blow-pipe; nor were his views and intentions at all similar to those of Dr. Hare. Lavoisier wished to produce water: Hare directed his attention to the extrication of caloric.

This argument served only to expose the bad intentions of its author, and to make him an object of ridicule; it was too absurd to make a single convert among men of common sense.

Another champion of the rights of science, who allowed his zeal to overstep his prudence, discovered that the mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gasses had been applied to the production of heat by *some unknown German*.

How much it is to be regretted that the name of this unfortunate German could never be ascertained! What a pity that this ingenious antiquary should not have extended his profound researches

a little farther, and rescued a name from oblivion, to receive the honours which so justly belonged to it! Alas! the careless and unfeeling muse has not left one line on the page of history to record his name.

But the renowned Dr. Clarke distanced all his cotemporaries in this controversy. His aim is not confined to the glory of overthrowing his adversary, but extends to the more noble purpose of decking himself with the spoil.* If we recorded only the names of those warriors who had been victorious, the doctor would be despatched in as summary a manner as the champions of Lavoisier and the unknown Dutchman. But the greatest valour is not omnipotent, and we should not refuse the funeral honours to a valiant chief, because some arm more fortunate than his, has reached his heart. Such was the unparalleled bravery of Clarke, that he feared not to "enter into the house of the strong man armed," and raise his arm against the invulnerable. We are therefore bound by every principle of honour and justice, to lay him in the dust, with all the honours which he has wrought for himself.

In the preface to Dr. Clarke's book, the author professes to give a true history of the gas blow-pipe, (or, as the inventor has named it, the compound blow-pipe,) and to remove a few existing doubts respecting the originality of the invention. How far he has performed his promise, we shall show in the course of this article.

In the history of the instrument, Dr. Clarke has confined himself to a trifling modification of it, without noticing the original discovery of the principle upon which it was constructed, nor the original form of the machine, which, by the by, we hope hereafter to prove, is the better of the two. As to the doubts respecting this history, Dr. Clarke, we believe, is the only man who at present entertains any; and if even he has a doubt respecting it, the ac-

* In his speech on the impeachment of bishop Atterbury, lord Bathurst turned to the bench of bishops and said "he could hardly account for their inveteracy against the accused, but from their being possessed of the belief of certain American savages, who were persuaded that they inherited not only the spoils, but the talents of any great man whom they destroy." *Parl. Hist.* 1722.

Dr. Clarke is not the only Indian in England.

knowledgment is a reflection upon his character as a literary man. If he had consulted the most celebrated scientific journals of his own country, he would have had no difficulty in learning the history of the compound blow-pipe, at least nineteen years ago. But this would not suit his purpose: for instead of removing doubts, he has been sedulously employed in creating them. In the present work he has carefully avoided any reference to those documents which would prove the injustice of his claim to the invention in question.

Beginning at what may be called the second stage in the history of the compound blow-pipe, Dr. Clarke ascribes its invention to "an accidental conversation" which took place between himself and "the maker of a blow-pipe invented for other purposes by Mr. Brooke." The doctor wishing to give himself credit for his modesty, thus ascribes the invention, like other "discoveries in chemistry, as a science in general," to mere accident. We shrewdly suspect, however, that the accident which led to the doctor's invention, was a paper written by Mr Robert Hare of Philadelphia, in the year 1802, which *accidentally* fell into his hands.

The claims of Dr. Hare are so unquestionably established, that all the chemical writers of any respectability both in England and America, who have mentioned the compound blow-pipe, have given him the sole credit for the discovery. Under these circumstances it is surprising that any man who has a character to lose, should publish such a work as that before us. It would not be a more palpable instance of infatuation, if one of the present generation were to claim the invention of gun-powder.

We shall now proceed to take some notice of those parts of Dr. Clarke's book not immediately connected with the invention in question. Indced, we must confess that what we have already said upon that subject, can only be considered as proving that which no one doubts; Dr. Clarke, probably, not excepted.

Dr. Clarke has modified the compound blow-pipe. Instead of allowing the gasses to flow from two vessels, and be mixed at the point of ignition, he has previously mixed them in one vessel; and as a substitute for hydrostatic pressure, he condenses them in the

reservoir.* In support of this contrivance, he prides himself for his sagacity in observing that the greatest degree of heat is produced when the oxygen and hydrogen are supplied in the proportions which form water: a truism which a tyro ought to be ashamed to call a discovery. To this effect the gasses in his machine are mixed in the proportion of two volumes of hydrogen to one of oxygen.

After remarking that in America the plan of two reservoirs for the gasses "is still pursued," he adds, "but the intensity of the heat is incomparably greater when the gasses, after compression, are propelled and burned in a mixed state; because the due preparation necessary for forming water is then constantly and equally maintained."

In Hare's, the proportions are regulated by stop-cocks. The precise proportion which produces the most intense heat, is marked by the appearance of the flame. As for the nature of the mechanical power which forces the gasses from the reservoirs, it requires no demonstration to show that one can have no more effect than another upon the degree of heat produced. The only question, therefore, upon this subject is, which is the most convenient and economical? Every one will admit that it is easier to pour water into a funnel, than to work a condensing pump; and every mechanic knows that a funnel may be made for probably less than one-tenth of the cost of a condensing pump. As for Dr. Clarke's assertion, that the heat excited by a mixed and condensed volume of gasses being incomparably greater than that produced, when they are mixed only at the point of ignition, we shall only say that its absurdity renders it too ridiculous for grave contradiction.

The question might be submitted to any chemist in the world; if it is only necessary that oxygen in sufficient quantity were present to supply the combustion of the hydrogen, what possible difference could it make, in any respect, whether the oxygen is supplied at the moment of combustion, or had been for some time previously mixed with the combustible? But we are not obliged

* This idea was actually put in practice in this city by Dr. Parrish, many years before Dr. Clarke made any claim to the blow-pipe.

to depend upon even the most plausible theory to refute the author's assertion: he has opposed himself to stubborn fact. In all the long list of experiments which he has given as demonstrations of the power of his blow-pipe,* there is not a single instance of a fusion which cannot also be effected with the other. He states, indeed, in a note, p. 46, that "Professor Hare, in America, could not accomplish the fusion either of *LIME* or *MAGNESIA*, *per se*, by means of his hydrostatic blow-pipe." He also states, in a sneering manner, that Professor Hare, "in America, exhibited a degree of temperature capable of effecting the combustion of the diamond;" as if this was the greatest achievement of the Professor!

Hare was not only the first who volatilized platinum, of which Dr. Clarke also boasts, but he likewise effected as complete a fusion of lime as ever Dr. Clarke did.† Dr. Clarke asserts that he has decomposed barytes, and refers to Dr. Thomson, who on the other hand, mentions the *fact* in his System of Chemistry, on the authority of Dr. Clarke. Dr. Hare observed the same phenomena which Dr. C. describes, and published them in 1802. He was not so rash, however, as to assert in Dr. C.'s confident manner, that he had decomposed barytes. Both Thomson and Clarke have overlooked the original experiments of Hare, excepting some instances in which Dr. C. has copied from them without giving any credit to this author.

The effect of the blow-pipe upon combustibles, is to burn them, or combine them with oxygen. Some substances, such as gold and platinum, require the most intense degree of heat, and the violence or rapidity of the combustion is promoted by the increase of temperature. Now it is very singular that the same principle which caused a body to burn, should also *unburn* it, or in other words, deprive it of the oxygen which combined with it, through its influence.

* In almost all of which he has been anticipated by Hare and Silliman, although he has assumed to himself the credit of them. One of Hare's upon platina, he appears to have copied *verbatim* from the Phil. Trans. vol. 14—1812.

† See Tillock's Mag. vol. 14.

Again, the metal *barium*, is stated to be so volatile as to evaporate at the temperature sufficient for the fusion of glass. How then could it be obtained in a solid state at the temperature excited by the blow-pipe?

The grand objection to Dr. Clarke's modification of the blow-pipe is, that a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gasses is highly explosive. It cannot therefore be used with safety either to the operator or to the spectators. The danger of an explosion may possibly be avoided by certain contrivances to interrupt the stream of gas between the reservoir and the point of ignition. But this multiplicity of apparatus must for ever be a barrier to its general employment, whilst we can obtain the more simple apparatus of Dr. Hare. Notwithstanding all the contrivances by which Dr. Clarke attempted to guard against explosions, he has thought proper to place a partition between the reservoir and the operator.

Dr. Hare's original apparatus possesses a great advantage over the other, in allowing the gasses to flow in any proportion that may be required. Now it is well known to those who are accustomed to the use of the instrument, that different substances require various proportions of the gasses for their combustion, when brilliancy of effect is desired: which is a consideration of no small importance in the lecture-room. But if a single proportion was sufficient for every experiment, Dr. Clarke's machine is still liable to objection. He lays great stress upon the necessity of the gasses being exactly in the proportion in which they form water. Now if a mistake is made in charging the reservoir, so as to alter the proper proportion, it cannot be remedied without the loss of all the gasses employed, inasmuch as the quantity of the variation cannot be discovered; at any rate, not without an endiometric process, too troublesome to be employed in such cases.

Another subject of Dr. Clarke's treatise, is, *the analogy between the blow-pipe and the nature of volcanoes*. He considers a volcanic mountain to be nothing more or less than a huge blow-pipe, possessed of all the necessary apparatus for procuring oxygen and hydrogen gasses in the proper proportion, condensing, and expelling them through capillary tubes, &c.

In support of this strange hypothesis he alleges that water is drawn up into the caverns of the mountain, by what means he does not say, and there decomposed by *volcanic fire*!

We recommend this to the editor of the renowned adventures of Baron Munchausen, in which learned and veracious work it might be introduced with great propriety. "*Suum cuique.*" Doctor!

This is the first time that we have heard of the decomposition of water being effected by *fire*. If the water was exposed to an intense heat in contact with an oxidisable metal, then indeed it would be decomposed, but in that case the doctor would only have hydrogen to supply his——blow-pipe, the oxygen having combined with the metal. But the theory cannot rest even upon this ground, as it is not at all probable that an uncombined metal is to be found in the caverns of a volcanic mountain. The immense quantity which would be necessary to the production of such extensive effects as some volcanoes exhibit, would be another, and an unanswerable objection to this modification of Dr. Clarke's hypothesis. Indeed, the whole theory is entirely too preposterous even to deserve serious refutation.

The Doctor would have us believe that every part of the process is carried on with such accuracy in the subterranean caverns, that even a contamination of the gasses, by the admixture of other æriform substances is prevented. The purity of the gasses is an object of such importance in his opinion, that he was not contented with oxygen derived from the decomposition of water by a metal, but incurred the expense of procuring it from chlorate of potash.

Still no attempt is made to account for the presence of the heat to decompose the water, and ignite the gasses when procured. In one instance the Doctor makes the heat of the volcanoes depend upon the decomposition and recomposition of water, and these processes again, depend upon the heat; so that we know not where to begin, or where to end. These are the "proofs of analogy between the blow-pipe and the nature of volcanoes."

Among the "new facts" which have been brought to light by Dr. Clarke with his blow-pipe, is one which appears to bid defiance to the Doctor's ingenuity for explanation. It is, that the surfaces of bodies fused by the blow-pipe exhibit, when cool, a metallic appearance. One of the author's friends in a letter to him, calls this appearance "infinitely more deceptive than any thing of the kind he had before seen." We think that this "infinitely deceptive" appearance, may be very well accounted for by supposing that particles of the metal which forms the nozzle of the blow-pipe, are carried off by the flame, and lodged upon the subject of the experiment.

To conclude; we may consider the book before us in two aspects; first, as regards the author's claim to the invention of the blow-pipe, and institution of a great number of curious experiments performed with it. Secondly, new theories advanced.

With respect to the first, we cannot but regard the conduct of Dr. Clarke as an act of disingenuity unworthy of his acknowledged abilities, and disgraceful to the history of science. As for his theories, they are entirely too weak and puerile to do credit to any one, much less a professor of Cambridge, "better known," to adopt the language of a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*—as a "man of travel in Russia, than science at Cambridge."

We cannot dismiss this subject without a comment upon the extraordinary manner in which it has been treated in the aforesaid *Edinburgh Review*—No. 46. Not a word is said respecting the originality of the invention, which is the contested point. Nor has the critic condescended to enter into any exposition of the principles upon which the instrument produces such astonishing effects.

The reviewer, indeed, appears to have lost sight of his object altogether, unless that object was to tell us a fine story about Dr. Clarke's expedition to the crater of Vesuvius, formally introduced as a *specimen* of the treatise upon the blow-pipe!

T. M. H.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

- ART. XXIV.—1. *The Law of Libel and the history of its introduction and successive alterations in the law of England, &c.*
By Thomas Ludlow Holt, Esq. Barrister at Law, London, 1816.
2. *Essai sur la loi, sur la souveraineté, et sur la liberté de la presse*, par Mr. Bergasse. Paris, 1817.
3. *Questions sur la législation actuelle de la presse en France*, par M. Benjamin Constant. Paris, 1817.
4. *Sur les écrits de M. B. de Constant relatifs à la liberté de la presse*, par J. Chr. Bailleul, Ex-Deputé. Paris, 1817.
5. *Du Jury et du Regime de la Presse sous un Gouvernement représentatifs*, par Mr. Ricard. Paris, 1817.

[The writer of the ensuing article is in some error when he asserts that the subject of which he treats has not been considered recently, in a theoretical point of view, in England. In that country, as well as in the United States, the freedom of the press has been regarded at all times as the great bulwark of liberty. All trials for libel are watched with jealousy, and almost every charge from a court of justice, involves observations on the principles of the law. We have a formal treatise on this important branch of jurisprudence, entitled "*A Treatise on the Offence of Libel*," of the existence of which the German journalist seems to be ignorant. This work contains a lucid examination of the right, benefits and proper boundaries of political discussion. The author, *John George, Esq.* a special pleader of the Middle Temple, is familiarly versed in all the learning of the law, relative to the doctrine of libels, and he examines its principles with the freedom and spirit of an enlightened legislator. It is his object to show, first, what constitutes the offence as the law now stands, and, secondly, what it ought to be. The first part of this treatise contains a safe guide for the professional man, while the remainder of the volume is occupied with acute and original discussion. His opinion of what constitutes the offence is—"that all writings, and more especially those on subjects of a public nature, should be such as to carry with them, according to the particular mode or extent of publication that may take place, evidence of their being published with evil motives, before the publishing of them can come to be justly considered as libelling."

The treatise of Mr. Holt is more the work of a practical lawyer, whose great ambition seems to be to ascertain what the law is and the reasons

upon which it is founded. He declares that his object is to show the analogy of the decisions on this subject with the common law of the land, and the few deviations which he is obliged to admit, are placed to the account of the peculiarity of the system. If he do not display the zeal and independence of Mr. George, he surpasses him in practical utility; for, after all, it is better to ascertain the state of the law, than to bewilder ourselves in theories, however ingenious and captivating. There is an American edition of Holt enriched with a copious and well-arranged commentary, by *Anthony Bleeker, Esq.* a member of the New York bar. Beyond all comparison this is the best book on the subject of libel, in the professional library; and it gives us no ordinary satisfaction to be able to recommend the labours of our learned friend with so much confidence.

The essay which follows, independently of its own intrinsic merits, which are great, will be perused with lively interest, as containing the sentiments of a German, who writes in Vienna, the capital of a despotic state; and who is the subject of a government where the press has always been regulated by a strict system of license. It is translated from the *Vienna Quarterly Review*, for January 1818. ED.]

For a long time past, nothing has appeared in England professedly treating on the liberty of the press; although it is frequently a subject of discussion in the daily gazettes of that country, and, occasionally, in the more extensive literary journals. It seems to be taken for granted, that as the practice under the law is settled, mere speculation is no longer necessary. Hence the work, whose title is first prefixed to this article, is merely a manual for the practical jurist and has no relation to politics or history.

In France, of late years, the discussions on this important topic, have been more frequent and animated. A new epoch in the great mystery of legislation commenced in that country, in the year 1814. The constitution, which was conceded by the king, provided for the liberty of the press in general and indefinite terms. The interpretation of these terms gave rise to disputes, and the opinions which were maintained in relation to their application, were still more various and discordant. At every session of the legislature the subject was revived, and its minutest ramifications were investigated with ingenuity and eloquence, and no little of the wild vehemence of passion. Nor was the interest confined within these walls. A complete collection of the

fugitive essays which were then produced, together with the printed speeches delivered in the legislative chambers, during the years 1814, 1816 and 1817, would form a small library. We have enumerated above a few of the latest and most important of these publications. It was our intention to analyse them and deliver some opinion on their merits, but the attempt soon convinced us that the labour would have yielded only imperfect and unsatisfactory results, which, without a preliminary exposition of the subject, would be of little value. Perhaps we shall perform a more acceptable service, by submitting to the reader a regular historical argumentative report on the present situation of the press in England and France. After this, we shall give such extracts from these publications as may further elucidate the subject.

In the first place we must fix upon the point at which this exposition may be commenced.

In speaking of the freedom of the press, it is indispensably necessary that we should understand precisely the meaning which custom has affixed to the phrase.

Unconditional freedom of the press would be a state in which every individual enjoyed the privilege of publishing his thoughts without any legal restraint previous or subsequent to publication. To those who maintain that civil rights are derived immediately from a compact of the people, a more correct definition of the natural rights of the press cannot be framed. It is evident that without civil society, there could be no regular communication of thoughts, nor even a necessity for it; nor should we have manuscripts, books, and printing presses. But even if these things were not indebted to a state of society for their existence, they would not be the less subject to its regulations. As soon as social order is established, there is an end to natural rights. Whether they had a previous existence is a speculative question, which every one may answer according to his particular system. Every right, from whatever source it may spring, is, or will be, a social right. So little, however, can we form an idea of a social right without limitation, that the very notion implies some abridgment of freedom, because the social compact itself is formed by mutual concessions for the benefit of the whole. The right, therefore, of

publishing our thoughts through the medium of the press, like every other right, has its limits. In a social, that is, in the only admissible, sense of the word, unlimited freedom of the press is a non-entity.

So far, perhaps, nearly all who are entitled to speak on such subjects, are agreed. There is, indeed, inherent in human nature, a strong and incessant desire for liberty, even beyond just bounds which is not to be mistaken. Restrictions, the general propriety of which we do not dispute, are irksome when they obstruct our own path; and when important interests are at stake, there are few writers who will not, at some moments, wish themselves released from the trammels of civil relations and at liberty to pursue the bent of their genius. But so far as our actions depend upon the admission of certain principles of conduct, no one who values himself, will acknowledge these propensities; and therefore, the unlimited freedom of the press, though it may possess many secret friends, will never find an enlightened advocate.

The great diversity of opinion commences on the inquiry as to the most expedient method of restraining the license of the press without impairing the freedom of the individual. In the controversy which has arisen, the terms, liberty of the press, have received sometimes a narrow and sometimes a liberal construction; and those who were willing to admit of restrictions in a particular manner, at length condemned every other as a restraint on the understanding, and therefore an intolerable oppression.

The liberty of communicating our thoughts may evidently be protected from abuse in two ways: by regulations which prevent the abuse, or those which shall punish it after the offence has been committed. The first mode belongs to the class of police regulations, which, in the present instance, are carried into effect by means of licensers. The other mode is to be found under the denomination of penal laws, since no action can be brought before a court of justice as a criminal offence, which some law, previously existing, has not subjected to punishment.

Until within a few years past, the use of the press in the European states, England excepted, was regulated by police laws.*

The freedom enjoyed by the English writers was not, at first, considered as a reproach upon other governments. Their privileges were regarded as arising out of the peculiarities of the British constitution, and it was not supposed that they could be transported to foreign countries, where a different system of government and other habits of society, prevailed. But since the human mind, imagining itself to be stronger, because more cultivated, has accustomed itself to behold nothing but inconvenient fetters in ancient regulations, this wish to emancipate the press from all previous restraints has acquired great force and activity throughout Europe. Events in France and in the Netherlands, have administered fresh fuel to this desire. Both writers and readers are daily becoming more familiar with the idea that freedom of the press and legal restrictions are utterly incompatible; and by the former phrase, it seems now to be generally understood, that we mean the right of addressing the public without any *previous* control.

It is not our intention to find fault with this definition, since it has grown into general use, although we do not think it would bear a strict scrutiny. Whenever the freedom of the press is thus defined, whether in private writings or in public documents, we may be assured that the restrictive clause,—*it being well understood that no person shall infringe the laws*,—is not very distant. That right certainly cannot be said to be unlimited, which we enjoy only subject to particular regulations, and the more so if these regulations be, as they are in the present instance, penal laws. Therefore this definition only excludes a certain class of restric-

* There existed in the 17th and 18th centuries, in Holland, in certain parts of Switzerland, in the jurisdictions of some petty princes, and in the Free-towns, a tacit freedom of the press, of which the laws took no cognizance, and which was only checked occasionally when complaints were made. Examples like these, which were founded in a spirit of republicanism, the smallness of the states, or in local situations, are now no longer to be seen, in consequence of the changes that have recently taken place in Europe.

tions, and admits of others which are scarcely less burthensome, and if this do not lead us into farther error,—if every one only knows what *his* liberty of the press signifies, we may be content with the undefined word. But when we undertake a serious examination of the subject, these conventional and popular definitions must be laid aside. In this view, the freedom of the press becomes a relative term, the measure and limits of which are indicated by the line between what is allowed and what is prohibited in the use of the press. Then the question, whether it be better to possess the freedom of the press, loses all its meaning, since, taken in one sense, it exists no where, and, in another sense, every where.

The dissemination of our thoughts through the medium of the press, is an act indifferent in itself, and it is therefore the province of the government to declare in what cases it shall be prohibited. The freedom of the press can never, in reality, be completely defined by positive statute. Where this is attempted, we may safely conclude that its essential quality is misunderstood, or that it is intended to deceive others whose prejudices are to be spared or whose opinions must be flattered. The regulations on this subject must be directed exclusively against the abuse of a privilege, and therefore they can only be prohibitory and *restrictive* in their effects. Here, therefore, our inquiries very properly commence; since the object is to ascertain, not how the freedom of the press shall be established, for it will establish itself, but how it is to be restricted; because without restrictions it cannot exist in a manner advantageous to society. And as the choice lies only between two forms, it may be expedient to put the question in the following shape: Is it better to regulate the press by preventive laws or by penal statutes?

If this question could be settled by blind predilections in favour of one or the other system,—or by dogmatic assertions, in which disputants take for granted what remains to be proved, this discussion would be readily determined in the present state of public feeling. Many, however, will think that the solution is not worth the trouble which it will require; and others may even consider the dignity of an author, the glory of an enlightened age, and one

of the most sacred rights of the citizen, impaired by an investigation which they deem superfluous. It is quite obvious that the system of preventive laws, on account of the numerous defects which are inseparably connected with it, and which have almost every where brought discredit upon it, cannot in itself, be admired or become popular. The effects of this system are so simple in their character, that they are readily perceived, and a judgment may be formed upon them without any effort. They are so general, that every writer is affected, because all are obliged to comply with its provisions.

They are, moreover, under the most favourable circumstances, exposed to the suspicion of arbitrariness; and, what is worse, they have too frequently justified this suspicion. Finally, they apply to a certain class of individuals, in whom a portion of real merit is combined with a large share of pretension; and they affect them in the most sensible point, inasmuch as they wound their self-love, and impede the free current of their thoughts, their invention, their passions, and their follies; and to the opinion which every writer entertains of himself and his works, they oppose a superior authority, and what is more unpleasant, the legal presumption, at least, of a superior understanding.

On the contrary, nothing can be more natural than the preference which exists in favour of responsibility after the fact, however little attraction penal laws may otherwise possess. With many, it is sufficient that this system excludes the odious interference of a licenser; and, as we often find it, they are content with the absence of the evil without considering how they will be affected by the substitute. Novelty, too, though it bring something more intolerable, is welcome to us when it enables us to escape from an existing restriction.

In those places where proceedings for the abuse of the press have not arisen out of long practice, the attention is generally directed to the brightest side of the picture, and it is concluded that every thing has been gained if they only get rid of the licenser. Even in those countries where the freedom of the press, in the modern sense of the term, has been long established, they who do not suffer immediately, lose sight of the dangers to which

it exposes them. If, in some remarkable instance, popular attention is roused by informations, provisional arrests, the formality of judicial proceedings, and at last by a tragical result, then indeed every thing is put in motion, and the boasted system is stigmatized as an impotent protection, a perfidious snare, and the instrument of a wicked tyranny. But this is a momentary consternation from which the people soon recover. Every individual writer, though perfectly conscious that he has overstepped the bounds, and has incurred the animadversion of the laws, expects to escape the tempest; and as the bolt falls upon only a few heads, and often upon those which are not the most deserving of punishment, this hope is not entirely without foundation. Even in the last extremity, the course of the trial still offers numerous means of escape. Calculations are made on the ingenuity of the advocates, the skill of the party, and the weight of his popularity. Many contemplate a trial of this description as the harbinger of distinction, and regard the impending punishment, particularly if they have never experienced it, as a new title to the approbation and sympathy of those who entertain similar opinions with themselves, or as an honourable martyrdom.

Whatever value may be placed upon these views and motives, this is certain, that in order to compare the two systems fully with each other, we must at least understand them. With the censorial system this is not difficult; it rests upon simple principles, and its advantages as well as disadvantages are obvious. On the contrary, the regulation which refers the offences of the press to the penal law, is far more complicated. It is connected with many important and often subtle and nice questions, both legal and political. It cannot be comprehended, much less practically estimated, without constant reference to all the legal and political relations of the state, in which it is introduced. In countries where this system of regulation is unknown, correct ideas of it are seldom formed. Men are led away by words, without examining a subject, and those who are most clamorous after it are often among the most ignorant. Perhaps we may attribute to this very cause, the enthusiastic predilection which prevails for this system. To shed more light upon an object of such general in-

terest, can in no way be considered as superfluous. For this purpose, nothing would be so advantageous as a comprehensive representation of the present state of the press in England and France, with an history of its gradual progress in both countries. Each has abolished the office of censor, and the restriction of the press by penal laws alone is now to be considered as the prevailing system. In England it has existed for more than a century, and consequently it is fully matured in all its advantages and evils. In France it was solemnly announced immediately after the revolution; and it was alternately the sanctuary, the lash, and the scorn of the nation; at one time it was the victim, and at another the instrument of tyranny. Since the restoration of the royal authority, it has been provided for in the fundamental laws, and although opposed by numerous obstacles and restrictions, it is nearly established. The history of these countries, both in former ages and in the present time, presents the most ample materials for a complete investigation of this subject.

Measures which relate to the press must be examined under more than one aspect. It would be of no use to consider them only as they bear upon the class of writers. The most sensible men of all parties are agreed upon this, that here, as in all similar cases, the pretensions of individuals cannot be satisfied at the expense of the many, and that that legislation is the best which connects most happily the general security with individual freedom. A system, which, in order to guard against every possibility of danger, would not permit the press even to breathe, would not be less pernicious than that which, from excessive regard to individual freedom, would endanger the tranquillity and existence of the state. The worst of all would certainly be that which would operate to the detriment of both. Examples of this, perhaps, will occur in the course of our investigation.

We must not forget that every system which is intended to keep the press in order, by penal laws, is composed of three distinct parts, each of which must be well weighed in itself, as well as in its relations with the others, before we can form a correct judgment upon the whole. These are,

1. The nature of the laws which define the abuse of the press, and provide a punishment.

2. The manner in which offences against these laws are brought under judicial cognizance.

3. The judicial proceedings.

We shall now proceed to consider the subject according to this division.

I. Of the freedom of the press in England.

Until the middle of the seventeenth century, every thing that related to this subject in England, was under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Star Chamber; a very ancient tribunal, renewed by Henry VII. which was constituted principally for the purpose of taking cognizance of what are called state-offences, without the intervention of a jury, and without reference to any form of trial. It fixed the number of book-printers and presses, and had the appointment of a licenser, without whose approbation nothing could be published. This court was abolished in the year 1641, shortly before the civil wars, at the same time when all the ancient royal prerogatives were destroyed. The parliament then assumed the direction of the press, and exercised it through deputies, during the Protectorate. Two years after the Restoration, the regulations of Cromwell's parliament were again enforced; and under Charles II. and James II. they were renewed from time to time. The last of them expired in the year 1692. Three years after the revolution, when William III. ascended the throne, it was resolved, and the king himself was in favour of it,—to continue it for two years longer. In the year 1694, parliament refused to continue the law; and thus, by the mere extinction of the old rules, the new system silently took their place, and grew into use, before any persons were aware of its importance to posterity.

1. We shall now consider the nature of the laws against the offences of the press.

In England, the only crime which can be committed by the press is called a *libel*. Libels against private persons, and those against the government or its officers, are equally regarded as breaches of the peace. They are punished by fine, imprisonment, and the pillory, at the discretion of the court. In modern times

the fines have amounted to five hundred or a thousand pounds sterling, and they are occasionally accompanied by the exaction of security to keep the peace for a considerable time. Imprisonment was formerly extended to as long a term as ten years, but modern practice seems to have reduced it to one, or at most two years. Writers are also released from the dread of the pillory, to which they were not unfrequently sentenced in former times,—for since the adoption, a few years ago, of Mr. *Taylor's* bill, this degrading punishment can only be inflicted in cases of perjury.

In a country where the abuse of the press is not prevented by any laws, and where so wide a field is opened for the activity and restlessness of man, libels of every kind cannot be rare. It cannot be denied, that the safety and honour of individuals may be endangered by this description of writings, and the peace and dignity of the government injured. And since, by the principles of British jurisprudence, such offences are visited with great rigour, it might be supposed that the legal features of a libel would be described in the most exact manner by legislative definitions; or at least with so much precision as to leave no room for doubt or ambiguity in common cases. This is, however, by no means the case. The state of the English law upon this head is very well expressed by a modern writer of that nation, who appears to be no stranger to the subject; and whose language we shall here adopt: "There is not within the statute-book a single form of words, by which it is attempted to declare what libelling is, by which any form or degree of punishment is appointed for it, or by which it is so much as forbidden. There is no written standard, according to which the decisions of the courts are pronounced. The power rests on the sole foundation of the practice of the court of Star-Chamber, in which prosecutions for libel first commenced; and the judges of the court of King's Bench have all along had no other rule whatsoever for their conduct, but the decisions pronounced by that arbitrary court, and the decisions of preceding judges who followed its example. 18 Ed. Rev. p. 104, (No. 35.)

The definitions of a libel which have been given by the most eminent English lawyers, are, without exception, of the same loose character. Thus, in a book of authority, by lord chief baron Co-

myns, entitled, "Digest of the English Laws," a libel is defined to be "a contumely or reproach, published to the defamation of the government, of a magistrate, or of a private person."

Blackstone, a still higher authority among foreign nations, says, "every freeman has an undoubted right to lay what sentiments he pleases before the public:—but if he publishes what is improper, mischievous, or illegal, he must take the consequence of his own temerity."* 4 Commentaries, p. 151.

In an opinion delivered in 1804, lord chief justice Ellenborough declared that "every publication which is intended to excite the discontent of the people is punishable, inasmuch as it may, by ignominious expressions, or by derision, bring the constituted authorities into disesteem."†

One of the latest writers on this subject, a profoundly learned practical jurist, remarks, with not much more precision than his predecessors, that the crime of a libeller "consists in publishing a written, or printed, or painted composition, tending to disturb the public peace, by vilifying the government, or otherwise exciting the subject to revolt." Ed. Rev. Sept. 1816. No. 53, p. 105.

It would be unnecessary to dwell longer on the manifest insufficiency of these and other definitions, or to show how, from this

* The most remarkable thing in this undefining definition is the use of the word *illegal*, in a country where, according to the most authoritative writers, it has never been settled what constitutes a libel.

† In the same trial in which this principle, so susceptible of various constructions, is laid down, his lordship refers to a case in which the defendant had said of lord Hardwicke, the lord lieutenant of Ireland—"this noble person is celebrated for understanding the modern method of fattening a sheep as well as any farmer in Cambridgeshire." This language he pronounced to be libellous, because "it clearly meant to infer that lord Hardwicke was ill-placed in his high situation, and that he was only fit for the walks of private life." The libeller in this latter case, was no less noted a person than the celebrated Cobbett, who, after this trial, for having called a lord lieutenant a good judge of sheep, was suffered, for the space of ten years, to disseminate, amongst the lowest rabble, every thing that licentiousness could invent. Pressed down at length by the weight of his infamy, and having rendered himself an object of disgust, even among his friends, he fled from England.

silence in the laws, injustice to individuals, and injury to the state, must arise, according as licentious will, or absolute power, prevails. The foundation itself, of this superstructure, which rests entirely upon an ambiguous phrase, "a breach of the public peace," and, therefore, on a legal fiction, shows clearly that it can never answer any of its purposes; and the freedom of the press would be in a very lamentable predicament in England, in whatever light it be contemplated, if we did not find upon further investigation, that the imperfections of the laws were more or less compensated by other remedies.

Yet we should fall into a great error if we were to imagine that the defects which are here enumerated, are peculiar to the English jurisprudence; that they had their origin in the particular qualities of the constitution, and might, therefore, under other circumstances be easily removed. These defects arise out of the very nature of the thing itself, and their existence may serve to show the good sense of the English statesmen who have never attempted to do what was impracticable. Every lawyer knows how difficult it is to exhibit even the character of a private injury, or a lampoon against a private person, with logical and legal precision, and how little aid he can derive in the performance of such a duty, from the statute-book; but to define a libel, legally and fully, or in other words, to draw a line between the use and abuse of the press, in relation to public affairs, we hold to be impossible. If a few concise and strong forms of expression were sufficient; if, for example, it were enough to say, that he who directly abuses the sovereign authority by indecorous acts or expressions,—he who openly instigates others to mutiny—who formally renounces his obedience to existing laws, shall be punished,—then, indeed, there would be but little difficulty in the matter. But as soon as we quit this path, and enter into the domains of practical possibility, and practical probability, the question appears in a different shape. It is instructive and often amusing, to observe with what facility and boldness many persons, who undertake to direct their fellow-citizens in questions of this kind, speak of a good law on the freedom of the press: with what confidence they expect that before long, from some cause or other, the press will be emancipated;

and with what astonishment they express their surprise that so important a work should have remained so long unaccomplished. They attempt to supply the deficiency; but after a variety of efforts, they are obliged to abandon it in despair. They would apply their time and talents in a manner not more profitable, if they were to undertake the quadrature of the circle.

To frame a law, or a series of laws for the regulation of the press, in regard to questions of libel, sufficient for practical purposes, and securing at the same time the freedom of the writer and the safety of the state, is, we conceive, impossible. The *first* reason is, that it is not easy to define by words, the various ways in which that mode of communication may be abused. The law may define with a degree of accuracy that is sufficient for all practical purposes, what shall constitute robbery, larceny, counterfeiting, &c. Not that these crimes and offences do not also admit of an infinite variety of forms, complications, and disguises; but in all of them there is a material element, which a well digested law may always seize upon and exhibit. What form of words is sufficiently comprehensive to describe all the shades of innocence or guilt, and the innumerable combinations of which human thoughts and actions are susceptible? If it do not go farther than those general definitions by which the law has hitherto been ruled, the representatives of the state must be satisfied with forced interpretations, doubtful inductions, arbitrary, perhaps violent, applications and conclusions; or the delinquents, by activity and artifice will elude the hands of justice. If it should be attempted to obviate this by a multiplication of provisions, or by an enumeration of the individual cases of offence, we may at length obtain a penal code which will cripple the most innocent hands, and under which, no writer will ever venture to exercise his pen; but our object will not be accomplished. It is the inevitable fate of such a law to be too lenient or too rigorous, and against this dilemma all the skill of man cannot avail.

The *second* reason will be found in the very nature of these offences; a circumstance which has hitherto received too little attention, but which fully deserves some discussion.

All the ordinary penal laws are directed against offences which have actually been committed, or the design to commit a crime.

When either of these is established, the greater or less degree of punishment is at once known. But the criminality of a piece of writing can never be ascertained, either from the fact itself or the design, or from both combined. A third ingredient must be taken into consideration, to which reference is made in no other criminal case, and which creates an essential difference between this species of offence and all others.

This ingredient is the publication. In this consists the legal existence of the crime. The bare writing or inventing is innocent. As every one is permitted (that is, he is not prohibited) to revolve in his own mind the idea of heinous offences, and wish the most wicked things, so every one (conscience out of the question) is allowed to write for his own private use, whatever he pleases.

The act of printing, being immediately preparatory to that of publication, ought not, in strictness, to be regarded with indifference. In those countries, however, where there is no censor, this act is beyond the legal control. In the greater number of cases, however, it is impossible to ascertain, directly, the degree of criminality of a piece of writing, even from its publication. This can only be accomplished in rare cases where the writer has been foolish enough, perhaps, to accuse himself of a substantive offence; or when, by plain and unambiguous words he invites others to do so. In such cases, however, the affair passes out of the class of essential offences of the press, and falls within the sphere of other penal laws.

Pure offences of the press, on the contrary, are not sufficiently proved *as such*, by the bare act of publication. A principal question still remains open, to which we shall presently give our attention.

The *design* of a writer, even though it could be ascertained, is quite as insufficient alone to determine the legal character of a piece of writing. It may happen that an author who has published a book with the intention of subverting the government, has, either from fear or unskilfulness, employed so bad a diction that no one could conjecture his purpose. Such a book, according to all received legal notions, could not constitute a libel. Another, without any sinister design, but through inadvertency, wantonness, or

false enthusiasm, may indite that which has a tendency to subvert the government; and this, undoubtedly, would be a libel.*

The peculiarity of the crime of libel, consists in this,—that (with the exception of a few which belong to another class of penal laws) they can only be recognized in their effects according to legal presumption; since the acts which constitute them are, in themselves, innocent. In all other crimes the *fact* and the *design* are the only objects of inquiry. Here the *tendency* must also be considered.

Murder and theft can never be regarded as acts of a neutral character. Whether the assassin or the thief has succeeded, or has been foiled, these acts are crimes, according as they have been classified by the law.

A writing, on the contrary, only becomes subject to punishment when an injurious effect may be inferred from it by immediate deduction, or by legal presumption. This distinction is of essential consequence.

Hence it follows, that all definitions of the abuse of the press must necessarily be insufficient. No law can declare with any justness or certainty, that an act shall be deemed good or bad, while its character must be determined by its effects, and particularly by its momentary effects alone. In such cases, no previous rules can become sure guides. A writing may operate injuriously and destructively to an enormous extent, without infringing a single letter of the most rigid enactments. Its effects arise from the difference of local situations and lines, and they are lessened or increased by a change of relations. What may be said at one time, and in one place, not only with safety, but advantage, under different circumstances, may become pernicious poison. Many of the questionable maxims which we read in modern fugitive publications, if they had been published fifty, or perhaps ten years ago, would have produced fearful commotions.

If, however, legislation on this subject is incomplete, and this imperfection can never be fully removed by penal laws, we must

* When the guilt of a writing is once established by extraneous facts, the intention of the writer may have much weight on the judgment; but even the most criminal views cannot convert that into a libel, which is innocent in itself.

look for a better system in another quarter. This may be found in an enlargement of the functions of the judiciary. The judge, in these cases, is not simply an umpire between the laws and the culprit, but he becomes a legislator. He decides, not as in common cases, what is the written law, but according to his own judgment, what it should be. He is to decide in a matter where his previous experience can afford him no aid nor precedent. In every other case, proof of the fact is proof of the crime. For the law has already determined whether the act be in itself worthy of punishment, or whether, in fact, it be criminal. This question is at once the most important and the most difficult to solve, where the object of judicial inquiry is an alleged abuse of the press. And as the judge can expect but little or no aid in the solution from the law, but rather is obliged to create a law for each separate case, by which he is to regulate his own decision, so the burthen and the responsibility rest upon him alone.*

In England, where the laws are entirely silent respecting this crime, this falls exclusively upon the court; and, therefore, the fate of every indictment depends unconditionally upon its decision. "A law respecting crimes of the press," says one of the most learned of modern writers, "is attended with such insurmountable difficulties, that no one can reasonably look for it; indeed, it were idle to attempt to frame such a bill. Every thing depends on finding a proper remedy by which the practical indefiniteness of the word *libel* may be removed, and it appears to be indifferent whether such a remedy have its foundation in one or the other branch of the penal code." Ed. Rev. vol. xxvii. p. 107. Here we may observe that the remedy, as soon as it must be left exclusively to the court, exists, in reality, no longer in the penal code. We agree, however, with this learned lawyer, that no other expedient can be found. How this remedy is constituted in Eng-

* In order to meet every objection, we may admit that in criminal trials where the offence is sufficiently defined, the question may occur whether the act deserve punishment. But this can seldom be the case. Now no case of libel can be tried without the decision of such a question. It is the pivot upon which the case must turn.

land, and how far it answers the demands of justice, we shall examine in our third division.

2. Form of the indictment.

The usual course of English justice, in relation to state offences, is as follows: At certain stated periods, a grand jury is assembled in every county, to which not less than twelve, nor more than twenty-three respectable freeholders are summoned. In general, all criminal indictments, whether they originate with individuals or officers of the crown, are submitted to this jury, in the name of the king. The indictment, which must be drawn up with the greatest technical precision, states the crime, person, place, &c. The least mistake will vitiate it. If twelve of the jury do not find the charge supported by the testimony, it is rejected; but if, on the other hand, they think that it is supported, the indictment is then sent to the court, by what is called a *presentment*, to be tried by a petit jury, consisting of twelve persons, without whose unanimous consent, called a *verdict*, the person cannot be convicted. This species of accusation forms what is technically denominated a proceeding by indictment. There is also another mode of proceeding which is very ancient, called an information *ex officio*. This accusation may be commenced in the king's bench, by the attorney general, without the intervention of a grand jury. Formerly a great number of crimes were prosecuted in this manner, especially "those which endangered the government of the king, or could molest him in the exercise of his office." Since the revolution of 1688, these informations have almost gone out of practice. Even in the most important criminal cases, such as high treason and felony, the regular form of indictment is pursued. For a long time, libels only were prosecuted in this way. In England, they justify the proceeding of the attorney general by a pretended necessity for speedy process in these cases. No pretext could have been more unfortunately selected than this, as we shall soon show.

After the attorney general has filed his information, the time of trial depends entirely upon his will. He may suffer years to pass away, and there is no legal provision by which he can be compelled to bring forward his charge. It is therefore always in the

power of this officer of the crown to call up the terrors of a criminal process against a writer, and brandish them over his head as long as he may think proper. These informations are frequently filed without any further steps being taken; either because, from a closer examination of the affair, no favourable issue can be expected, or because, it was not intended from the beginning to proceed to a trial. In this manner, a few years ago, more than twenty political writers were accused in one day, and only one of them was afterwards tried. Thus at one time the greater part of the London journals stood under criminal informations, on which no trial ever took place. In the mean time, although they were only suspended and not struck off, the journals continued, without molestation, to arraign not only the ministers, but the Attorney General and the Judges. None of them, however, escaped without serious injury, for these proceedings are attended with great expense, which amounts to 80*l.* or 100*l.*; and sometimes more, even in cases where no trial takes place. Under certain circumstances, the Attorney General may arrest the accused author, and confine him in prison until his acquittal, or until a *noli prosequi* is entered.

About two years ago, Mr. Brougham introduced a bill into the House of Commons for reforming the practice in cases of *ex officio* informations; but nothing conclusive was done. On the contrary, the Secretary for the Home Department, Lord Sidmouth, in March 1817, issued a circular letter to the lords lieutenants of the several counties, by which the justices of the peace were authorized to arrest and exact bail for the appearance of those persons who might be charged upon oath with having published, sold, or distributed any scandalous or mutinous writings. This authority seems to be even more extensive than that of the Attorney General, and if it were enforced, would lead to greater oppression. Measures of this description, which are oppressive in form and impotent in effect, at a time when the English press has reached the utmost pitch of licentiousness, only serve to furnish the friends of the people with new pretexts for declamation.

The right of proceeding by information can never be, with propriety, transferred from the government; neither can this

right ever be exercised according to any previous rule. It must be left to the discretion and conscience of the officer. As he is unable, in perilous times, to deliver up to the tribunals all obnoxious writings, he has no other alternative than to select from the mass such as may seem to him to deserve animadversion. And with whatsoever ability and impartiality he may perform this duty, a hundred criminals, and more, will escape for every one whom he may bring to punishment. This is inseparable from the system of regulating the press by penal laws, and cannot be avoided in any country where it prevails. That the inconvenience exists in England in no small degree, and that the form of indictment used there against crimes of the press occasions great abuses and arbitrary proceedings; and that, consequently, the condition of the British press, even as it regards personal liberty, is not so happy as its foreign admirers imagine, is evident from what we have said under this division of our subject.

3. Judicial proceedings.

From what has been said we are convinced, that if the press is to be restrained by means of penal laws, the judicial authority must be clothed with a peculiar character; it must discuss and determine questions, and embrace objects, which are unknown in its ordinary course. He who comprehends the reasons why all penal enactments against the abuse of the press must be imperfect, may easily perceive the necessity of such an extension of the judicial authority. But whether this is, in itself, desirable, demands a distinct inquiry.

The office of a judge differs essentially from that of any other public servant. It requires a mass of knowledge and experience which, taken together, though by no means confined within narrow limits, lies nevertheless in a circumscribed and separate sphere. To the complete discharge of this important trust, certain qualifications are necessary, which, although combined with the happiest talents, can only be developed in the course of long and assiduous practice. A good judge may be, at the same time, a sagacious statesman and deeply learned in other matters; of which frequent examples may be seen. His appropriate domain, however, is so extensive, and the qualifications necessary to the

due discharge of his office, so great, that it would be unreasonable to demand from him, what does not immediately flow from the nature of his duties.

To decide upon the effect which a piece of writing may have upon the public mind, upon its tendency to disturb the general tranquillity, and even upon the relations between the author and the public authority, is a task which has very little, if any, connexion with the ordinary occupations of a judge. It is altogether of a political nature; it implies an acquaintance with state affairs, with the internal and external relations, and every thing else that is connected with the existing state of society, which can only be found in one who has acquired it from habits of association and severe study. A correct judgment on the political tendency of a piece of writing, is as little to be expected, as an exact estimation of the value of a painting or the merits of a musical composition. Nor is it likely that any statesman would ever have proposed so dangerous a combination of duties, had it not been deemed indispensable to place the authority in some hands. The judge must transcend his accustomed sphere of action; he must transfer himself amidst new scenes and new circumstances; and he must familiarize himself with this assumed character, before he can discharge these anomalous duties with confidence in himself and safety to his country.*

The important office must, indeed, be entrusted to some tribunal in the state, unless it be determined to leave the press to itself; and if censors cannot be tolerated, there remains no alternative but the establishment of judicial tribunals. We must not, however, suffer ourselves to be deceived by names. When a judge decides that a publication is legal or illegal, he becomes a censor in the full import of the term. He pronounces this opinion in his censorial, not in his judicial, capacity. To this latter character, he recurs only when he declares the punishment which the law inflicts. The security of individual liberty, therefore, as well

* In direct opposition to this theory it must be remarked, that in all those countries where censors are established, the individuals selected have been mere men of letters—a class of people who are proverbially unskilled in most things not connected with their immediate pursuits. ED. P. F.

as that of the general tranquillity, so far as both depend upon the press, devolves at last on a censor, since it would be absurd to look for it in an undefined and undefinable law.

The judicial censorship, it is true, is directed only against those writings, which are brought before a Court, as offensive or dangerous, by the law officers of the government; and to this circumstance, it owes much of its popularity. Whether, however, even the liberty of the press,—for in regard to the interest of the state there can be no doubt,—be really better secured by the judicial than the political censorship, is, when the thing is considered in its true light, very problematical. If the political censor err on the side of the government, the worst that can follow, is the suppression of an innocent piece of writing; a circumstance which is unpleasant to the author and often attended with considerable loss to him. If the judicial censor fall into a similar error, the author, who had no sinister views; who was ambitious of being useful, and who thought that he had not exceeded the limits of legal boundaries, after enduring the vexation of a criminal trial, is unjustly subjected to a humiliating sentence, or makes an atonement to the law by severer punishment. The political censor, however high he may stand, is still but the agent of a higher authority. By this authority he may be corrected, censured and instructed;—his decision is no iron gate, barred against remonstrance and representation. But the judge, when he has pronounced a sentence, according to the best of his knowledge, is accountable only to Heaven and his own conscience. His decision must be held sacred, whether it deserve praise or censure; and an appeal, even if it were allowed, would, perhaps, only subject the appellant to new hazards and more fatal consequences.* Add to this, that the *veto* of a political censor never affects the

* In England there are no appeals in trials for libel. What has been idly said in some French pamphlets, respecting an appeal to the Lord Chancellor in matters of libel, proceeds entirely from misconception and ignorance. There never has been even a writ of error from a decision of the court of King's Bench in a criminal case, much less an ordinary appeal to the chancellor. This court has no superior but the House of Peers.

honour and reputation of a writer; and in public opinion he is, indeed, rather exalted than degraded by such a prohibition.

On the contrary, the solemnity of a judicial sentence, unless it be marked with glaring injustice, always produces considerable influence on the public mind; and the writer who fails in this last trial has irrecoverably lost his public standing.* The decision upon the political complexion of a writing that does not contain any gross personal reflections or open provocation to crime, can only be judged from a representation of its practical effects and of its mediate or immediate tendency. This decision is always connected with a certain degree of arbitrary discretion. We do not mean that pernicious despotism, which in despite of reason, decides under the dictates of party or passion. We mean that sound discretion which, in the endless variety of human views, leads one man to approve what another condemns. But is it a matter of no consequence, that the authority of a judicial tribunal should be involved in the conflicts of parties? Is it a matter of indifference that a judge, whose respectability in the eyes of society is so essential to the public good, and who can never be exhibited in too pure and unsuspected a light, should be made, even in appearance, the instrument of arbitrary power? Every enlightened judge, who feels the dignity of his station, would no doubt readily decline a duty which would lead him from his accustomed road into a slippery and devious path, and which, moreover, would subject him to a new and weighty responsibility, without any guide to conduct him. If his sentence be against the government which caused the author to be arraigned before him, what shall console his mind for the pain of contradicting those to whom he owes respect, and to whose feelings he can never be indifferent? If he condemn the writer, though his own conscience acquit him, who shall protect him against the bitter aspersions of an exasperated party? The question becomes still more difficult when it is considered, that at a period when

* In countries where party spirit has attained its acme, as in England, we find, indeed, that even the most notorious libellers still have their declared adherents and supporters; this, however, is not the rule, but an exception. In a more tranquil state of affairs, these things are different.

trials of this description are frequent, a court cannot, like a censor, consider every individual case according to its own peculiar circumstances, but must be governed by general principles; and therefore, after it has approved or condemned two or three publications, it is compelled to approve or condemn all others of a similar character. Hence there would soon arise a systematic course of proceeding, which would place the court in a continual opposition to the government or the public. Both these conditions, however, would be equally injurious. In the one case, the government, discountenanced by the courts, would appear in an hostile and odious light; and in the other, the tribunals would be despised as the abject instruments of power. In either event the consequence would be, that the judge, whether in reality or only in appearance, as well as the dignified station he holds, would forfeit the confidence of the better part of the nation. In order to obviate some of these objections, it has been proposed to appoint a special tribunal for the trial of publications, which should be composed of judges, political associates, and a certain number of intelligent and expert men. A body so constituted would no longer be a tribunal, but an extraordinary commission, which could supply the place of a court in but an imperfect and insecure manner. What might be gained, perhaps, on the one hand, in the wisdom and intelligence of this institution, would be lost in a ten-fold degree, in the important requisites of independence, authority and public confidence.

A much better arrangement than this is undoubtedly to be found in England, where the judicial authority, in matters of libel, is divided, as it were, into two separate parts. The one, called the Bench, conducts the trial and pronounces the final judgment; while the other, the Jury, considers and decides the chief question, *viz.* whether the person accused be guilty? We are far from seeing, in this regulation, that degree of perfection which many, otherwise intelligent men,—and quite recently, in France,—have ascribed to it. So far from this, we believe that a jury is still more incompetent than the ordinary tribunals to decide upon the tendency and scope of an alleged libel. Since, however, according to the preceding observations, the suspicions of power and

partiality cannot be wholly removed from judicial determinations in these cases, it is unquestionably better that this appearance should be thrown upon a body selected immediately from the people, than upon the judges. For this reason, alone, we should prefer the jury, where such forms already exist, with all its imperfections, to the exclusive responsibility of the judge.

It remains now to trace, historically, the manner in which the trial by jury in England, in matters of libel, has reached its present condition, and what has become of the freedom of the press, in that nation, under its protection.

Since the censorship was abolished in that country, offences of the press have fallen under the cognizance of the ordinary criminal courts. As, in England, there is no trial of a criminal case without a jury, so in cases of libel this mode of proceeding is also necessary. The extent of the powers of the jury was much narrower in these, than in all other cases, until about the end of the 18th century, when they were enlarged. We cannot better describe the state of the press at that period, than in the language of Mr. Burke, who was one of the first advocates for a reform in this branch of jurisprudence. In a speech on a bill for explaining the powers of juries, delivered 7th March, 1771, he said, "it is the very ancient privilege of the people of England, that they shall be tried, except in the known exceptions, not by judges appointed by the Crown, but by their own fellow-subjects, the peers of that county court at which they owe their suit and service; and out of this principle the trial by juries has grown. This principle has not, that I can find, been contested in any case by any authority whatsoever; but there is one case in which, without directly contesting the principle, the whole substance, virtue and energy of the privilege. is taken out of it;—that is, in the case of a trial by indictment or information for a libel. The doctrine, in that case laid down by several judges, amounts to this, that the jury have no competence where a libel is alleged, except to find the mere facts of writing and publication, together with the identity of the things and persons meant; but that the intent and tendency of the work, in which intent and tendency the whole criminality consists, is the sole and exclusive province of the judge.

Thus having reduced the jury to the cognizance of facts, not in themselves presumptively criminal, but actions neutral and indifferent, the whole matter, in which the subject has any concern or interest, is taken out of the hands of the jury: and if the jury take upon themselves, what they so take is contrary to their duty; it is no *moral* but a merely *natural* power; the same by which they may do any other improper act; the same by which they may even prejudice themselves with regard to any other part of the issue before them." *Burke's Works*, vol. 6. p. 400—Lon edit. in 4to.

During the first eighty years that elapsed after the censorial inquisition of the Star-Chamber and the subsequent Commission of parliament were abolished, the question concerning the power of juries, in matters of libel, seems to have been seldom or never agitated. There is scarcely a vestige of any judicial or extra-judicial discussion on the subject. Although no law pointed out the line between the duty of the judge and the province of the jury, yet a long, uninterrupted, and, until the year 1770, an undisputed usage had consecrated the rule, that the jury could decide only upon the fact of publication, leaving every thing else to the court; and all the authorities from the time of chief justice Holt to that of lord Mansfield, are in support of this practice.

Early in the reign of George III. an obnoxious publication gave rise to a series of very memorable proceedings, and excited extraordinary commotions throughout the country. John Wilkes, a member of parliament, a man of moderate abilities, of a turbulent disposition, and a private character not very estimable, published a highly offensive and indecent attack upon the king, in which he openly asserted that some parts of the royal Address were false. [North Briton, No. 45.] For this outrage he was arrested, under an order from one of the Secretaries of State, and conducted to the Tower. In a few days afterwards, he was brought before the Court of Common Pleas on a writ of habeas corpus, and discharged by chief justice Pratt, (afterwards earl of Camden) on the ground, that the privileges of parliament were violated in his arrest. In the month of November 1763, the affair was again brought before the House of Commons by a royal message.

After a warm debate, the publication was declared, by a very large majority, to be a disgraceful and seditious libel, and it was condemned to be burnt by the common hangman. In the address to the Throne, which was delivered on this occasion, it was affirmed, that the privilege of parliament did not extend to the case of libels; and the Peers approved of the sentiments of the house. This act is the more remarkable, since there is scarcely an instance to be found in the modern British history, of the parliament having passed a resolution which tended to restrain the privileges of its members. The burning of the condemned paper excited a dangerous commotion in the city of London. Wilkes brought an action for false imprisonment against the Secretary of State, and obtained a verdict with £1000 sterling damages, notwithstanding the vote of the House of Commons. Soon after this he fled to France, and the House, which had summoned him to appear at their bar, expelled him from his seat, in January 1764, after voting that he was the author and publisher of a scandalous libel. These resolutions became the fruitful source of much trouble in England. But the affair had no immediate influence upon the ordinary course of legal proceedings, since the question, whether the publication was a libel, was never discussed in any court of justice, although it was decided in Parliament, the highest tribunal in the nation.

In the year 1769, under the assumed name of JUNIUS, arose the most powerful and impudent libeller that England, or the whole world, had ever known. With talents and information of the highest order, an eloquence never surpassed and seldom equalled, a degree of boldness beyond all example, and a malignity which left even Milton's Devil far behind him, this fiend in disguise, for the space of two years, kept the British nation in a state of suspense between delight and terror, admiration and abhorrence. In a strain of bitter and merciless invective, he attacked the members of the cabinet; all the high and inferior officers of state; every individual connected with the administration of public affairs; the tribunals of justice, and both houses of parliament; until at length his audacity did not spare even the royal person. Each of his celebrated letters was a moral and political assassination, in which

victims, however innocent and respectable, were brought to be sacrificed at the shrine of public opinion. Men trembled before him as at the apprehension of some unknown, unearthly power; and such was the boldness of this political gladiator, that he addressed a letter to the most distinguished theatrical performer of that time, in these terms: "Beware of my anger, or you shall curse the hour when you ventured to interfere with Junius."*

After the consternation had subsided, which his letter to the king diffused through every class of society, it was determined to prosecute the publisher in the King's Bench. The letters of Junius appeared in the Public Advertiser, which was conducted by Mr. Woodfall, a gentleman who had rendered himself conspicuous by his talents as an editor and by various literary connexions. The trial took place on the 3d of June, 1770. In his charge to the jury, lord Mansfield said that they had nothing to decide on but the publication of the writing and the meaning of the expressions, and that as the fact of publication was admitted, they had to consider only the latter point. Whether, and how far, it was a libel, was a matter, he contended, which belonged exclusively to the court.

It is evident that his lordship went much further in this instance than he was warranted; for he conceded to the jury the right not only of deciding upon the fact, but also upon the sense or meaning of the publication;† and still the question, whether it be a libel, was to be left for the decision of the court! As it is difficult to suppose, that a man like lord Mansfield should have fallen into such an inconsistency, merely from a spirit of forbearance towards the jury and public opinion, it forms an illustrious example of the imperfect state of jurisprudence, at that time, in matters of libel.

The jury deliberated from morning till evening, and finally brought in a verdict against Woodfall, couched in these terms: "*Guilty of printing and publishing only.*" This verdict was void in every respect. The jury, who had nothing further to do but

* To Garrick, who had made some attempts to discover him.

† It was not the *general* sense or meaning of the publication which the jury were to decide upon, but that of particular expressions, the meaning of which, as understood by the prosecutor, was stated in the indictment with the technical word *inuendo*, "*so and so meaning.*" See above, p. 207. Ed. P. F.

to pronounce whether the person was *guilty* or not *guilty*, transcended the bounds of their inquiry. Hereupon the defendant's counsel moved that all further proceedings should be quashed; and the court, distracted by doubts and perplexities, granted a new trial. At a subsequent term, when the trial was called on, the newspaper upon which the prosecution had been instituted, was not to be found. The foreman of the jury had secretly taken it away and destroyed it, and upon this insignificant pretext, the case was dismissed.

In the year 1770, the earl of Camden made an attempt, in the House of Lords, to obtain from lord Mansfield some explanations on the subject of his charge to the Jury, but the judge declined answering his interrogatories. At the same time, Mr. Serjeant Glynn proposed in the lower House, to appoint a committee for the purpose of inquiring into the administration of criminal justice, and the conduct of judges, especially in relation to the freedom of the press, and into the constitutional rights and duties of juries. The debate which arose upon this motion is an historical monument of no ordinary value, inasmuch as the motion found a powerful opponent in *Fox*,* and an animated advocate in *Burke*.

The motion, however, was rejected by a very large majority. In the year 1771, Mr. Dowdeswell brought the subject again be-

* It was in the second year of his parliamentary career. At that period he spoke with the utmost contempt of what the friends of the nation called "the voice of the people." "As to myself," said the young orator, "I know no other voice of the nation, and shall never acknowledge any other than that which is expressed in the majority of parliament. Can I then hesitate for a moment," he proceeded, "to reject a proposition which has sprung from so low a source. From dirt it came, and to dirt let it return." (Speeches of C. J. Fox, vol. 1. p. 5.) He expressed himself in a similar tone three years afterwards, in 1774, when the same Woodfall, who published the letters of Junius, was arraigned before the House of Commons for the publication of a paper, (by Horne Tooke) affecting the character of the speaker (Mr. Norton.) On this occasion he reverted to the quarrel between Wilkes and the parliament, the most delicate topic in the politics of that day. He said, "—not, as was foolishly imagined, was it our conduct in the Middlesex election that has deprived us of the confidence of the nation, but rather our unworthy indifference to the accumulated slanders of libellers against the sovereign and against parliament." *Loc. cit.* p. 21. *All these heavy sins have been forgiven him!*

fore the house in a different and more definite shape. He proposed a bill by which the jury should be authorized, in cases of seditious publications and generally in all matters of libel, to decide, not only upon the fact, but also on the tendency of the publication, and the intent of the author. But this bill was also lost by a large majority. For even many of those who were not averse to its principle, saw, that in adopting it as a positive regulation, it would be necessary to introduce an innovation into the judiciary: and if they passed it only as a declaratory statute, it would operate as a sentence of condemnation against all the decisions of the courts. To avoid these inconveniences, it was thought best to leave the judges and juries to their own course. It was on this occasion that Burke made the speech in favour of the motion, to which we have just alluded. It was fraught with so much wisdom and moderation, that even in the latter part of his life, when the abuse of the press, then carried to its utmost height, had made a deep impression on his mind, he found no reason to be ashamed of what he had said in the year 1771.

Yet these and all other objections vanished, twenty years afterwards, when Mr. Fox, now the champion of freedom and the idol of the people, revived Mr. Dowdeswell's bill. He introduced it into the lower House in May 1791, by a learned and ingenious speech, and carried it almost without opposition.* But in the House of Peers it was attacked by three eminent oracles of the law, lord Thurlow, lord Kenyon, and lord Bathurst; and after the first debate it was laid aside. At the following session, however, it passed this House, notwithstanding the opposition of the bench of judges.

By this statute it was provided that, in criminal prosecutions for libel, the jury should render a general verdict, guilty, or not guilty, upon all the matters contained in the indictment or information.

That such a provision should gain the victory is not much to be wondered at. There was an evident deviation from the existing rules of criminal prosecutions, in the principle that the jury was only to decide upon the fact of publication in trials for libel.

* Even Mr. Pitt spoke in favour of the bill.

We are justified in believing, even although we cannot adduce any particular proof of it, that this deviation did not arise accidentally, but that it had its deep-rooted foundation in the peculiar character of offences against the press. This circumstance, however, the origin and continuance of the old doctrine, seems not to have been fully comprehended, either by those who opposed the new doctrine, or those who were its most powerful advocates. It is certainly a matter of surprise, at least, that it has not been brought forward, in any case, either in parliament, or in judicial proceedings, or in cotemporary discussions. In addition to this, the most painful uncertainty existed in the courts, on this subject, during the 20 years which preceded the act of parliament in 1792. Lord Mansfield's charges, in several trials that followed each other closely, preponderated, alternately, in favour of either doctrine. At one time he left to the jury, as in the case of Horne Tooke, nearly the whole question of criminality, and even directed them to examine and decide *whether the words of the author were intended innocently and laudably*: but on the trial of the dean of St. Asaph, he endeavoured to bring them back to their former narrow limits. This insecure and vacillating state of things appeared to render a more certain provision highly desirable and even necessary. And, as public opinion had already declared itself against the judges, it was to be expected that such a determination would be in favour of unshackled juries.

Since the act of parliament in 1792, no essential change has taken place in the law. An act, passed in 1798, which bore more of a financial than a political aspect, contained very severe provisions respecting the application of the *stamp-act* to the common newspapers, and imposed heavy fines on the delinquents. There was, however, but a single section of this law, that had any bearing upon the contents of the newspapers; namely, that which ordained that when a newspaper-writer should plead that the libellous matter had been extracted from another journal and should not be able to produce the original, he should be liable for this transgression alone, and independently of other legal punishment, to imprisonment during a term of not less than six months, nor more than one year. As this act, however, did not abridge the right of the jury to pronounce upon the libellous character of the article,

it had no influence upon the principal proceedings of the trial, nor has this law, as far as we know, ever been enforced.

The decision of parliament, in the year 1792, is viewed as a triumph by the advocates of the rights of juries, and the freedom of the press. Whether, in its practical effects, it was so, is a question which may be variously answered, according to the different feelings of those to whom it is addressed. We shall not conceal our own opinion, however little it may accord with the popular sentiments of the day; nor should we forget to observe, that the parliamentary decision might be justified, if even a more unfavourable opinion of it were entertained, than that which we have formed. For the question still remains to be solved, whether a different provision would not have been attended by consequences still more pernicious. What would have been the consequence, if parliament had left the former mode of proceeding, which had become vague and uncertain, without any alteration? Or if it had sanctioned anew the old rule, that the jury may decide only upon the fact of publication, in trials of libel? The judicial authority, which in these stormy times, is too frequently obliged to share the fate of other branches of government, would have become odious in the highest degree. The unavoidable consequences of public proceedings in these cases,—the examination of offensive writings,—the defence of the accused, generally more bold and mischievous than the libel itself,—the scandal of the debates,—the sophistry of the advocates,—the altercations of the public prosecutors, and sometimes even the judges with the jury and the party—in short, every thing, which in these dangerous matters is of more importance than the acquittal or condemnation itself, would still have continued the same, if matters had remained in their former state.

In more than one instance the jury would have acquitted the writer or publisher, as had actually before occurred—against all legal evidence; and then the court would have been placed in the unpleasant dilemma, by the mere verdict of *not guilty*, either of acquitting the accused, under a full belief of his guilt, or of setting aside the verdict of a jury. The licentiousness of the press would not have been restrained, and the legal remedies against it would have been still more lessened in the estimation of the public. According to our notion, the parliamentary

act of 1792, inasmuch as it cast the whole responsibility upon the jury, only adopted the lesser evil.

In whatever light this subject be considered, the history of the trials for libel in England, during the last 25 years, offers no very inviting spectacle to him who endeavours, with a sincere and rigorous impartiality, to examine the moral and political condition of that nation. Arbitrary will alone, without rule and without guide, seems to have presided over these prosecutions. While the most daring disturbers of the public peace are triumphantly acquitted, we may often behold the sufferings of inconsiderable delinquents under severe and aggravated punishment. An insignificant paragraph in a newspaper, an anecdote lightly received, and as lightly repeated, a disagreeable opinion respecting some dignified foreigner, &c. is often visited on an individual with fine and imprisonment; whilst the most abandoned libellers on all sides, are left untouched; or perhaps, an information *pro forma* is filed by the attorney general and never called up, or the accused is acquitted under the exulting plaudits of a party. The fate of a political writer in England,—one who does not think proper to confine himself within certain bounds,—(for he who knows how to do it, may enjoy the liberty of the press every where,)—is, indeed, not to be envied, as some might imagine who reflect on the numerous instances which occur of successful impunity. For although a writer may have many reasons to flatter himself that the bolt will not strike him, yet he is never entirely secure against its approach. The effects, simply, of the indictment, especially if the accused be innocent, have already been shown. Even if the jury acquit him, no indemnity is made to the party for the loss of time, money and character which he has sustained. But the jury itself is also subject, and even more than ordinary tribunals, to the influence of human passions. If they incline to the side of relaxation; if they view the abuse of the press with indifference; if they hold similar sentiments with the writer,—then, indeed, the accused has nothing to fear. But if the jury lean to the side of government,—as now seldom happens; if it rigorously draw the line between the use and the abuse of the press; if its political principles are hostile to those of the accused; no method can be devised which is so sure

of securing an unjust condemnation. All that is certain in these proceedings is the trouble and expense of the trial. The event is a mere chance. Yet what are all these dangers which threaten the individual, when compared with the incalculable mischiefs which the present system—the unrestrained freedom of the press, in England, and the insufficiency of all legal restraint—has upon the best interests of the community, the dignity of the government, the reputation of its officers, public order, harmony and peace, and the morals and happiness of the people? Upon this point it becomes us to listen to men, who were not carried away by the current of the times, and who, careless of vulgar applause, stood on an eminence so lofty, that they could survey the whole ground. Such a man was Edmund Burke. In a letter which he published in 1776, we find the following memorable language:

“Public prosecutions are become little better than schools for treason; of no use but to improve the dexterity of criminals in the mystery of evasion; or to show with what complete impunity men may conspire against the commonwealth; with what safety assassins may attempt its awful head. Every thing is secure, except what the laws have made sacred; every thing is tameness and languor that is not fury and faction. Whilst the distempers of a relaxed fibre prognosticate and prepare all the morbid force of convulsion in the body of the state, the steadiness of the physician is overpowered by the very aspect of the disease.* The doctor of the constitution, pretending to underrate what he is not able to contend with, shrinks from his own operation. He doubts and questions the salutary but critical terrors of the cautery and the knife. He takes a poor credit even from his defeat; and covers impotence under the mask of lenity. He praises the moderation of the laws, as, in his hands, he sees them baffled and despised.” Burke on a Regicide Peace, vol. 4. p. 367. 4to.

This gloomy representation has lost none of its fidelity; on the contrary, it acquires more and more resemblance every day. He who has carefully reflected on the internal affairs of England, in modern times, cannot mistake a single line of this picture, and he may even be able to add some striking and more disagreeable

* “*Mussabat tacito medicina timore.*” *Lucret.*

touches. Ever since the restoration of peace this unnatural state of things, this ignominious contest between licentious temerity on the one hand, and impotent resistance on the other, has not only been continued, but it is aggravated. "Compared with this monstrous evil alone," says a well-informed cotemporary writer, in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1817, "all other causes of dissatisfaction among us, may be considered as trifling, and can scarcely be brought into calculation." The most profligate libellers have unfurled their banners against the government, with unexampled audacity, not only in the streets of London, but in all the large towns, and even in the petty villages throughout the kingdom. Cobbet, still more profligate, perhaps, than Junius, without a spark of his genius, publicly boasted that he had sold a million of his unstamped two-penny diatribes, in six months, and that he had placed them in the hands of two millions of readers. The public authority groans under a load of defamation, which it is no longer able to overlook or avoid. Occasionally, lest the very existence of penal laws should be forgotten, the government lays hold of some one of the thousand who daily insult her authority, and exhibits to a sneering opposition the rare spectacle of a public trial.

In latter times, almost every experiment of this kind, has terminated in humiliating defeat. The indictment against Hone, the printer, in which all that was ever held to be obnoxious to government and encouraging to its defamers, was brought together, has at last displayed the decided triumph of the press over the government, in so gigantic a shape, that unless the ministry can devise some new remedies, the most politic course would be to renounce all proceedings of this description and leave offenders to their own unbounded licentiousness.* It would be in vain

* After Cobbet had fled from England, Hone announced his intention to continue the political publications of the former. This is sufficient to characterize the man. He commenced his career with parodies of several of the forms of public worship, in which the chief magistrate of the nation, the ministry, members of parliament, the laws and the constitution itself were the themes of ridicule and reproach. There is not a line of these parodies which ought not to have doomed the author to a pillory or the dungeon, in

to deny the facts which are here stated. The advocates of unlimited freedom shelter themselves against the consequences that might be deduced from it by a double argument; for they either admit the full extent of these evils and contend that society is compensated by the advantages, or insist that these evils, so far from being of any consequence, are indifferent in their effect upon the higher interests of the state. In the first class, the most eminent advocates allow that the British press has degenerated into a lamentable anarchy, which is rarely interrupted by the feeble efforts of a capricious rule. They acknowledge that such a condition must produce great evils, and, in the end, lead to most pernicious consequences, immediately, because it converts one of the noblest aliments of the mind into a poison, and exposes the people to the machinations of detestable intriguers; and remotely, by the relaxation which it must create of the bonds that connect individuals with the government. But they add, that the freedom of the press is a benefit so exceedingly great that it cannot be purchased at too high a price:

Scelera ipsa nefasque
Hac mercede placent—————

It is better to be tossed in storms and tempests than to expire in a stagnant quagmire! If the dangers of a free press can be avoided by measures that will not destroy it, we should be glad to have them indicated. But if such means are absolutely impracticable, or if the national character oppose insuperable obstacles to them, then our choice is made: for sooner than see the freedom of

the judgment of any tribunal which possessed the fear of God and man. But the experience of similar cases in which juries had acquitted the vilest criminals, seems to have intimidated the prosecutors. The affair remained undecided for the space of a whole year;—*mussabat tacito medicina timore*. At last it was concluded to pass over the political part of the libel, and seize upon that part of it which was blasphemous. But this proceeding, for which the government relied on the religious feelings which the English people, with all their demoralization, have still preserved, produced only, after three days debates, three verdicts of acquittal, from three successive juries.

the press materially impaired, we will have it with all its deformities and disorders.

This language is at least open and manly. Freedom and laws are the two elements of civil life. To combine them in such a manner that one shall not destroy the other, is the duty of those on whom the existence of the state depends. To the mass of the people, the necessity of this harmonious union, is perceived but dimly. Among the few who are able to reflect upon the subject, and whose number must increase with the progress of society, the one or the other of these extremes will always predominate, however near the different parties may occasionally approach the happy medium. Personal disposition, education, extrinsic circumstances, the public stations of individuals, may determine them on a particular side. These are the two natural parties, into which the civilized world is divided, and ever must be divided, under the most perfect form of government that can be framed. In their mutual conflicts, the state can never be overturned, if the legislative and executive branches are placed on that eminence on which the union of opposing principles and the tranquillity of the whole can be preserved.

We cannot, therefore, censure those who, without being disaffected to the laws, place a higher value on freedom; who, if a sacrifice must be made, will rather part with their peace than with this privilege; and who, therefore, are the advocates of the unrestrained freedom of the British press.

There is, however, a second class of admirers of this freedom, who, out of pure ignorance and weakness, maintain that the abuse of the press in England in its undeniable effects, is a tolerable, and perhaps an imaginary evil, that cannot injure a government which is well founded and prudently conducted. They allege that in that country things move on without any disturbance from the press, in the most perfect order and harmony; that the people are happy; that the respect for the laws remains undiminished; that the dignity of government is sufficiently secured, and its power not only adequate to all its purposes, but even greater than the common good requires.

We consider this view of the subject as fundamentally erroneous; since it does not, like the former, arise out of an overstrained or mistaken application of a principle, but purely from errors in point of fact. It is not true that the abuse of the press in England is no more than harmless play. It is a serious, weighty and oppressive evil, supported only by a body which, though not entirely sound, still possesses a firm and vigorous constitution. It is not the immediate respect of the people for the government,—for that has long since been trampled in the dust by the unbridled freedom of the press, but the support which England finds in its constitution; in the mutual relations of the various classes of society, in political parties, and the rights and privileges of individual stations; in the opposition, secured and strengthened by the constitution, of the peaceable mass of the people against popular commotions—these are the means which prevent that nation from sinking into ruin. Every other state, less firmly fixed and protected, would long ago have been thrown into the most terrible convulsions, by the profligate licentiousness of the libellers who batten on this island. The British constitution is as little indebted for its character to the freedom of the press, as some imagine, as it is for its existence. This freedom was rather a consequence of the constitution. It never ceased to be aware of its abuse and its dangers, but has endeavoured, for more than a century, to remedy them by inadequate penal laws and impotent prosecutions. At last it has been compelled to yield, and if at this day this far-famed constitution is still in existence, it is because it has been able to support itself, in spite of the press and not by means of it. Why shall we place a question of this kind upon its extreme point? Why shall we calculate the quantity of deleterious stuff, that a state may take in without producing death? If the excesses of the press do not directly threaten the existence of England, is it not enough that they poison the public and private life of its citizens? The mischiefs which the writers of periodical pamphlets, particularly those of the common class, produce among the people, are dreadful; the more so as they exercise an unlimited despotism over millions of readers, who cannot get access to the antidote which is furnished in better writings. While treacherous

demagogues constantly amuse the people with the tale of their invaded rights, their disappointed hopes and their real or fancied sufferings, every burthen which presses upon individuals, every accidental or temporary inconvenience which is produced in the change of times and circumstances, is represented to them as the immediate consequence of the incapacity, the ambition, or the criminal misconduct of the officers of government. They ascribe falsely to the ministers, the most pernicious plans and the most foolish measures; and in order that the oppressed may not hesitate longer to provide a remedy for themselves, they depict futurity in still blacker colours than the present times. By such means they raise a thick cloud of discontent, animosity and agitation over the country; they fill the minds of men with hostile feelings and gloomy forebodings, and destroy, in the people all content, all cheerfulness, and every social enjoyment. The feeling of security and well-being, confidence in men in authority, quiet and willing obedience, readiness to make unavoidable sacrifices, all that should be the fruit and glory of a good constitution, is destroyed in the hands of these harpies. It is clear that with this political evil neither the cultivation of literature nor morals can prosper. Are these trifling considerations? And the picture does not end here. We must also consider the unavoidable effects which such a gross abuse of the press must have upon the spirit and measures of the government. And although it is not allowed to a statesman, to indulge in personal dislikes or animosities, although British statesmen have carried further than any others the indifference to personal abuse, and most British ministers are as accomplished masters in the art of suffering as human nature possibly permits, yet it is not to be supposed that the daily attacks of the most impudent writers, can remain long without making some impression upon them. As sure as they are men, they must sometimes entertain the wish, in some way or other, to put a stop to these criminal indecencies. This wish is dictated alike by their duty and their feelings. As statesmen, they cannot deceive themselves with regard to the pernicious effects of the evil; as conservators of the public peace, they cannot overlook them. At the same time, however, they know and they feel that it is not in their

power to stop the licentiousness of the press by an immediate reform of the connected system of laws by which that system is governed.* Nothing therefore remains to preserve a certain balance in the political machine than to seek with incessant care for every thing which may increase the power of government in another branch, if not by open and direct violations of the constitution, yet by every thing which can be done consistently with the letter of the law: or at least by such measures as the legislature may cover afterwards by the mantle of an act of indemnity. The French minister of justice lately remarked, that the habeas corpus act, the great palladium of personal liberty in England, would not perhaps in these late times have been so often suspended, if the abuse of the press had not so greatly increased the embarrassments of the government, and that, in this manner, a portion of whatever liberty England may believe she has obtained on one side, she loses on the other.† The justice of this observation cannot be disputed. It is certain that more than one ministerial measure, of late times, would have had another character, more than one political act would have assumed a different direction, if the unbridled licentiousness of popular writers, had not placed the government out of the ordinary train of circumstances, deranged the position of the people with regard to the constituted authorities, and awakened distrust in minds which would otherwise have remained strangers to those feelings. If the party which contends for the rights of the people had always their real interest

* The attempt to bring the freedom of the press within narrower legal bounds, would make essential alterations in judicial proceedings. It has become impossible in England, and would perhaps produce more evils than it would avert. When a nation, like the British, for more than 100 years has had the press free from all political restrictions, and has been accustomed for 25 years to acknowledge no longer any judge of the use or abuse of it, than a few ignorant men taken indiscriminately from the mass of the people, it would be a bold undertaking to attempt to alter such a constitution. That this is no argument in favour of its excellence, we need not observe. A disorder is not less so because it is incurable.

† Discours de M. le Garde-des-Sceaux à la Chambre des Députés le 11 December, 1817.

before their eyes, they would use their utmost influence to prevent the abuse of the press. That this party in England does precisely the contrary, only shows that the business of the press is not managed on either side by calculations of state policy, but by ambition and passion.*

Inscription for Bonaparte's Residence.

Inveni portum. Spes et Fortuna valete;
Sat me lusistis—ludite nunc alios.

Which may be thus Englished—

I've found a port—against my will,
My bark, in future, must lie still!

Fortune and Hope, a long adieu!
With me sufficiently ye've sported,
Now, I beseech ye, cheat the crew,
By whom your fickle smiles are courted!

Census of Georgia.

By a census of the inhabitants of Georgia, taken in compliance with a requisition of the Constitution, in 1817, the population is stated as follows—Whites, 175,981. Blacks, 133,459. Total, 309,440. The census of 1810 gave 252,483, of whom 108,820 were blacks—increase in seven years, 57,007; increase of blacks 24,639.

ART. XXV.—*Description of an Improved Self-acting Pump.* By James Hunter, Esq. of Thurston.†

THE Hungarian Machine, or Chemnitz Fountain, as it is generally called, is one of the few hydraulic engines which has been long admired for the ingenuity and simplicity of its construction. It was originally employed at the mines of Chemnitz to raise water, by means of a small pond, placed at a considerable height above the surface of the ground at the mine. This machine, which

* The writer of this article promises to continue the subject; but nothing further has yet appeared. ED.

† We observe that lieutenant Curtis of the 3rd Reg. Inf. has completed a hydraulic machine at Michilimackinac, which is highly extolled for its simplicity and cheapness. If there is any thing new in his combinations, we should be glad to receive a specification and diagram of his invention, for insertion in the Port Folio. ED.

required the constant attendance of a workman to open and shut the different cocks, by the aid of which the effect was produced, has been rendered self-acting, by Mr. John Whitley Boswell, who has thus added greatly to its value.

Before I was acquainted with Mr. Boswell's improvement on the Chemnitz Fountain, I had constructed a very simple self-acting pump, by means of which water may be raised above the original reservoir by the descent of a certain portion of it. This pump which is represented in one of its forms in the margin, consists of fewer parts, and is less liable to go out of order, than the ingenious contrivance of Mr. Boswell.

A, is a cistern filled by

B, a spring.

C, a cistern at which water is required.

D, a metal, (water proof) box, 12 inches square, and 4 inches deep, placed within A, and near the top of it.

E, a pipe of half inch bore, leading from the top of A to the bottom of F.

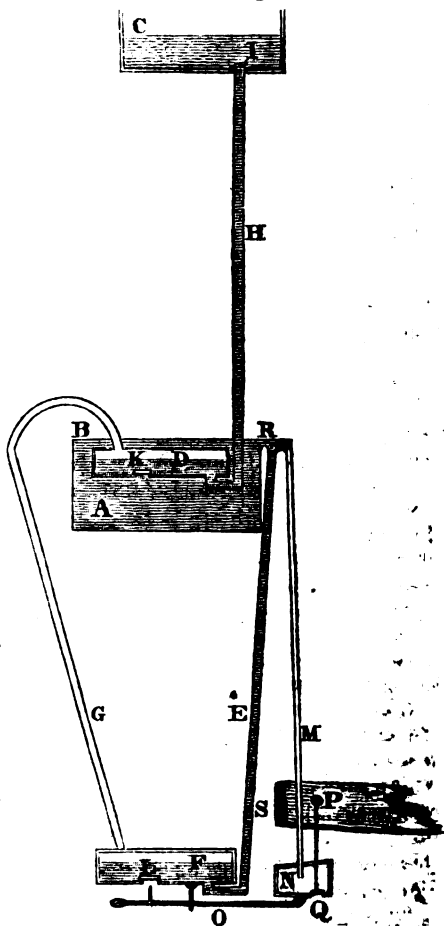
F, a metal box similar to D.

G, a pipe of half inch bore, leading from the top of F to the top of D, the upper part of it being above the level of B.

H, a pipe of half inch bore, leading from the bottom of D, to the bottom of C, and made as long as from R, to S.

I, a valve (opening upwards) at the mouth of the pipe H.

K, a valve (opening upwards) at the bottom of D.



L, a valve (opening upwards) at the bottom of F.

M, a pipe which takes the overflowing water of E, to

N, a small light pan, which, if filled with water, bears down O.

O, a lever, which, when pressed down by N, opens the valve L.

P, a pin, to which is fastened a piece of chain, having at its end a flat piece of leather, which, when N is pressed down, leaves it, and opens a hole at Q.

Q, a hole in the bottom of N, which must be made of a proper size, for the purpose of letting the water escape from N, in the same time that is required for D to be filled with water through K.

The following is the mode in which the pump operates:—

The vessels D and F being full of air, the water of A runs into E, expels the air from F, through G and D, to I, and fills E, F, and G to the level of B. It then runs over at R into the pipe M, fills N, which is borne down by the weight of water, and opens L and Q, as above described; the vessel F then empties itself at L, is filled with air from D through G, and D is filled with water through K. In the same time, N is emptied through Q, and returns to its place, allowing L to shut, and leaving F and G full of air. The water continues running through E, expels the air from F through G into D, which air expels the water from D through H up to C, until F and G are filled with water and D with air, when the machine is found in the same state as at first, F and G being filled to the level of B.

This self-acting pump may be applied to many uses. If a person has a spring which supplies his house with water at the level of the middle story, he may place F in the kitchen, and C in the bed-room, and every gallon of water used in the kitchen, will give a corresponding gallon (or very nearly so) in the bed-room.

In using this pump the pipe E may be supplied with impure or even dirty water, and the whole of the spring B will be raised to C, instead of half of it being perhaps wasted at L; and in this manner any spring may be pumped up to the requisite level without one drop being lost, merely by forming a dam or lead as in mills, and obtaining a fall for a part of the water equal to the height to which it is requisite to pump up the spring.

It is not necessary that R should be on a level with B. It may be far above or below it, and the effect will be nearly the same. The water will rise as high above D as from R to S.

The rain-water collected on the top of a house, will pump up a corresponding quantity of pure water from a well as deep as the house is high; but this pump will be found most useful where a large body of water is to be raised through a small height.

The great superiority of this pump consists in its acting almost entirely without friction.

A pump of the above dimensions (which are very diminutive,) continued working without being touched for three months, and raised eight hogsheads of water every day.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XXVI.—*Free Remarks on the Spirit of the Federal Constitution, the Practice of the Federal Government, and the Obligations of the Union, respecting the Exclusion of Slavery from the Territories and New States.* By a Philadelphian. Philadelphia. A. Finley. 1819. pp. 116.

The Missouri Question. By Daniel Raymond, Esq. Baltimore. 1819. pp. 39.

OUR government is strictly an experiment upon human nature: but an experiment, conducted upon the soundest maxims of wisdom and philosophy. Rejecting the political errors and prejudices of the old world, the sages of the convention endeavoured to frame a system approaching as near to the ideally perfect, as was consistent with our then condition. They looked forward to a duration of ages,—to an extinction of remaining errors and corruptions; and, in the grandeur of their conceptions, they avoided an enumeration of evils which existed, in order that their work might descend to posterity without any stain of injustice or oppression. It was an experiment of momentous interest, and of most complicated chances. For it had to encounter not only known and certain evils, not only the probabilities but the possibilities of the future,—the growth of a thousand conflicting interests, the corruptions of prosperity, the hostility of every kind of prejudice, the turbulence of popular commotions, the misguided zeal of its friends, and the frenzy of patricidal ambition. Designed to apply to circumstances as they should arise—to circumstances, of which neither the nature nor the bearing could be at all foreseen,—the principles which were laid down in the constitution were necessarily of an abstract character. Many of its provisions were to be couched in general terms, and the interpretation of those principles and provisions, in reference to any question which might arise, were, from the necessity of the case, to be made according to the spirit of the instrument. In a government which is rapidly advancing in the career of greatness, it must happen that new questions will frequently arise; the decisions upon these will form, in the process of time, a body of precedent and authority of equal weight with the constitution itself, and will, as they are more or less consonant with the principles upon which that is founded, preserve or destroy our existing institutions. Deeply impressed with these sentiments, we approach the discussion of any great constitutional question, with feelings of proportionate solemnity. We perceive the necessity of invoking the genius of the constitution, and of drinking at the spring of an enlarged and enlightened philosophy.

These reflections have been suggested by the question which is now before the people of this Union, respecting the extension of slavery. It is our purpose to give a short abstract of the argu-

ments on the subject; and in doing this, we shall chiefly follow the pamphlet whose title is first prefixed to this paper. It is attributed to Mr. Walsh, and has the strongest internal evidence of being from his pen. It has been rather rapidly written, but bears the stamp of great research, and adequate knowledge of the subject, and breathes throughout a strain of moral feeling which the occasion is well fitted to inspire.

Our readers will recollect that at the last session of Congress, the territory of Missouri applied to be admitted into the Union. To the bill which was reported for this purpose the House of Representatives annexed a condition, forbidding slavery in the new state. This amendment was rejected in the senate, and the application was not granted. It was contended, in opposition to the restriction, that Congress had no power to stipulate with a new state respecting any conditions that did not strike at a republican form of government,—that slavery was not inconsistent with such a form; that the powers of Congress were, moreover, limited by the treaty of Louisiana, and that supposing they possessed the full power, it was not expedient to exercise it.

In considering the constitutional authority of Congress, it must be admitted that there is a considerable diversity of opinion as to the clause of the constitution respecting slavery. While men of philosophical habits of mind, explain its meaning according to the manifest tenor and design of the whole instrument, there is a class of politicians who are jealous of all encroachment, wedded to a favourite theory of state rights, and who will not upon this or any other subject—not expressly placed within the control of the government, admit this mode of construction. Not that we ourselves think there is any plausibility in so narrow an interpretation. But there are men who will not take into view the essential difference between a constitution and a law; that the minuteness and precision which gives to the latter its greatest power of usefulness, must be supplied in the former by sound general maxims, by great and leading principles blended with, and giving life and longevity to its more definite provisions. The powers of Congress in reference to the new states, are conveyed in the following clauses:

Art. 4, Sect. 3. "New states may be admitted by the Congress into this Union, &c.

Sect. 4. "The Congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory, or *other property* belonging to the United States."

It is now contended that there is nothing in these provisions which confers any power to legislate concerning slavery. Not to insist at present upon the circumstance that the territories are at the absolute disposal of Congress, and that the authority to admit or reject new states at pleasure—(for the constitution renders this optional, and not obligatory) "involves as concentric that of pre-

scribing terms of admission," we must all regard the conduct of the framers of the constitution as the highest possible authority in its interpretation. They certainly understood its spirit and knew its bounds. We regret that our limits prevent us from giving at length, the eloquent argument of Mr. Walsh on this part of his subject,—for our readers will find a poor substitute in our brief abstract of it. After observing that the original states, in their contest for independence, asserted their right to it from the nature of man, and the behest of Providence, that they did not confine themselves to the assertion of the broadest theory of political rights, but descanted upon the topics of philanthropy and universal justice, of christian charity and humility, the author quotes the memorable resolve of the Congress of 1776, that no slaves should be imported into any part of the confederation. The negro slavery which still existed among them was a glaring contradiction to all their professions, and could find no excuse, but that it was a pre-existing and unavoidable evil. They were bound by all their declarations to the world, by the very nature of their union and independence, to extirpate it as soon as possible. Accordingly, the Congress of 1787, in making the necessary provisions for the government of the territory north-west of the Ohio, recognised the principle of universal abolition. That territory was ceded by the states of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Virginia, with the express stipulation that "it should be formed into distinct states, having the *same rights of sovereignty, freedom, and independence, as the other states.*" The act of Congress respecting it was passed on the 13th of July, 1787, and provides for admitting the states thereafter to be formed in that territory, into the federal councils, on an *equal footing with the original states, in all respects whatever.* This act was declared to be *for extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty;* it provided that *no man* should be deprived of his liberty or property, but by the judgment of his peers, and *that there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory.*

"We thus see," says Mr. Walsh, "that the Congress, in the first instance in which a portion of the American territory was subjected to their jurisdiction, prohibited *slavery* for ever, in that portion; declaredly in pursuance of the general view of extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, and of fixing and establishing those principles as the basis of new republics which were to be introduced into the confederacy. In excluding slavery on these grounds, they stigmatized it as repugnant to the noble ends just stated; and have justified me in asserting that they recognised the principle of universal abolition. At least, it cannot be denied that they proclaimed the principle of its exclusion from all the new states, which might be admitted into the confederacy. This inference is fortified by the tenor of the

provision in the sixth article concerning fugitive slaves, the right to recover whom, is limited to the *original* states. That the Congress looked to the addition of new members, besides the states to be formed out of the North Western Territory, is evident from the following provision of the fourth article; "the navigable waters leading into the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, and the carrying places between the same, shall be common highways, and for ever free, as well to the inhabitants of the said territory as to the citizens of the United States, and *those of any other states that may be admitted into the confederacy.*"

"The Congress proclaimed further, by the strain of this ordinance, and of their preceding resolutions on the same subject, that the new states, though disabled from tolerating slavery, were still to be considered as having *the same rights of sovereignty, freedom, and independence*, as the *original states*, and that, though so disabled, they entered, when admitted, into the confederacy, *upon an equal footing with the original states, in all respects whatever.* The power of *establishing* slavery was thus denied to be among those rights: And the same degree of protection in the enjoyment of them,—an equal share in all the *real* benefits of the federal constitution, was given to be understood as the meaning of the phrase last quoted."

This ordinance had the unanimous sanction, through the votes of delegates, not only of Virginia, but of the two Carolinas and Georgia. They saw nothing in the act invading state rights, and Virginia in particular, confirmed by an act of her Legislature, the votes of her representatives. "This ordinance," says Mr. Walsh, "is to be quoted as the work of the present federal government. It was in the eye and intendment of the convention when they gave the power to admit new states; it was *formally re-enacted* by the first Congress under the constitution, composed, in great part, of the framers of that constitution."

This exposition we think is decisive as to this part of the subject. It demonstrates most clearly, what were the views of the convention, and that *that* body never conceived the idea of slavery being among the powers or privileges of a free government.

Mr. Walsh then proceeds to investigate the true meaning of that clause of the constitution which relates to slavery.

"The *migration* or importation of such persons as any of the states *now existing* shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person." 'I understand the sense and meaning of this clause,' says Mr. Jay, "to be—that the power of Congress, although competent to prohibit such migration *and* importation, was not to be exercised with respect to the *then* existing states, until the year 1808; but that the Congress

were at liberty to make such prohibition as to any new states, which might *in the mean time* be established; and, further, that from and after that period, they were authorized to make such prohibition as to all the states, whether new or old."

It is universally admitted that the word *persons* in this paragraph refers to slaves.

"In no other part of the constitution, except in this clause respecting the importation of slaves, are the states mentioned in the peculiar phraseology of—'the states *now* existing.' We are entitled to infer that there was an intention of rendering the limitation to the original thirteen, as precise and striking as possible; and of subjecting the new states and all territory which might belong to the Union, most emphatically to the control of Congress on this head. The whole text, indeed, bespeaks a compromise in which, on the one hand, the privilege of multiplying the race of slaves within their limits, either by importations from abroad or domestic migration, is reluctantly yielded for a term to those southern states who made this compliance a *sine qua non* of their accession to the Union; while, on the other hand, the power is conceded, by implication, to the federal government, of preventing at once the extension of slavery beyond the limits of the old states—of keeping the territory of the Union, and the new states, free from the pestilence, and ultimately, of suppressing altogether the diabolical trade in human flesh, whether *internal* or external.

"It is an established rule of interpretation, with respect to every instrument of writing, that due force is to be given to every term in it, which has a plain, acknowledged sense, and can be applied with certainty and without difficulty. The term *migration* is of this description. It affords no scope for conjecture or arbitrary comment. It is indeed, capable of being extended, in its derivative signification, to the act of emigrating across an ocean, for instance, from one quarter of the world to the other; but its common and equally proper acceptation is the act of changing place or domicile in the same country or continent. Now, it is also an established rule of interpretation, that if the subject or matter treated of, will not allow, that the terms of a disposition should be taken in the enlarged sense, we ought to adhere to the most limited sense which the proper signification will admit. This rule is the more imperative where the extensive interpretation would lead to an absurdity. But we have seen that the clause of the constitution refers only to *slaves*, whose removal from abroad to this country, by any other mode than *importation*, could never have been in the contemplation or fancy of the convention, and would not, of course, have been expressed by any other term. We are then left to understand by the word *migration* in the clause, the transportation or removal of slaves from one state to another, or from a state to a territory. It may be objected that *migration*

implies something of an independent, voluntary act, which cannot properly be predicated of slaves; but we may suppose that the convention preferred the word on this account: the use of it is in consonance with that of the word *persons*, and belongs to that policy of virtuous shame which sought to shadow our internal condition, in a constitution destined for the study and admiration of the world, and for indefinite duration. At all events, the word *migration* cannot be treated as null and without meaning; and when we give it interpretation and effect, as we are bound to do, it must be in the direction in which the context, reason, and the *general intention* of the authors point."

We have not room for the many collateral arguments on this branch of the question—which Mr. Walsh introduces, and which confirm most fully the broad principles he has laid down; but we cannot resist the temptation to quote the following paragraph.

"If the spirit and drift of the constitution, on this subject, be such as I have represented them to be, the federal government has, properly, no power to permit slavery in a territory of the Union: if slavery be that iniquity and evil which reason, experience, and authority concur in pronouncing it, the federal government has no moral competency to permit it there, unless the toleration of it be exacted by the probability of its abolition producing a greater degree of injustice and mischief. Slaves cannot be legally held in any such territory, but by virtue of a positive law of the federal government. *Slavery could find no shelter under the constitution.* The courts of justice, in the absence of such a law, would be obliged to declare and protect the freedom of the negro who should choose to withdraw from bondage, and refer to them the decision of his rights. The doctrine laid down by lord Mansfield in the case of the negro *Somerset*, in England, would be as applicable and ought to be as efficacious here, in the one under consideration. 'The state of slavery is of such a nature, that it is incapable of being now introduced by courts of justice upon mere reasoning, or inferences upon any principles natural or political; it must take its rise from *positive law*; the origin of it can in no country or age be traced back to any other source. A case, so odious as the condition of slaves, must be taken strictly.'"

The admission of states into the Union is left entirely to the discretion of Congress. "All the state sovereignties are *qualified sovereignties*. At the formation of the constitution, the great attributes were surrendered by the people of the states to effect a greater common welfare, and secure the enjoyment of particular advantages. The same principle, the common welfare, which produced and exacted this sacrifice then, may, from a change of circumstances, render necessary and proper, *now*, the surrender of more from the new members of the confederation; the solid

advantages of the constitution being extended to them." The historical fact is—that no new state has been admitted into the union without restrictions of one or another nature;—restrictions not essentially connected with republican principles, but on matters perfectly within the control of the old states, and which forbid the idea of the new states being independent governments.

"In fact, it is abundantly evident, both from the text of the constitution and the reason of the case, that the federal government is not only competent, but bound, to obtain, previously to exercising the power of admitting a new state, every such modification of its being, as, without interfering with any provision of the constitution, shall render it a more safe, exemplary, and efficient member of the Union."

There can now be no argument between men of sound understandings on this point. The only question can be, is slavery an evil that can be prohibited? On this head the language of the pamphlet is conclusive.

"We live, I presume, in a country where I shall not be liable to contradiction in asserting—that *right* and physical power are not the same thing, and that there is some other law in the state of nature, besides the will of a prevailing force:—That it is not among the natural *rights* of man to enslave his fellow man; but that, on the contrary, personal liberty is one of those rights:—That states are moral, responsible persons, and subject, like individuals, to the law of nature; deriving from it their rights as well as duties.

"The simple enunciation of these irrefragable propositions is sufficient to make it clear to all, that it is a perversion of language to speak of the establishment or maintenance of a domestic slavery which originated in fraud or force; that is, of an organized violation of the natural rights of man,—as among the *rights* of sovereignty. This is a false claim, destructive of the real one on the other side. There is a solecism in the idea of the commission of what is wrong under the law of nature, being matter of right under that law.

"Hereditary servitude is in itself a violation of rights and duties *essential* to human nature, and therefore can find a warrant neither in prescription, convenience, general practice, nor statute of any kind—in nothing but absolute *necessity*. No plea is sufficient to excuse any community for maintaining it, but that of *self-preservation*. A presiding government, having jurisdiction in the case, is justified in permitting it, only where its abolition would endanger in a high degree the general safety.

"Take it apart from these salvos, and, indeed, then to assert its propriety or deny its unlawfulness, would be to disown all moral relations between man and man, and even all subordination and

responsibility to the Creator, if not his very existence. Whatever right it could imply, would be only the right of the strongest;* and its advocates must at the same time become those of political slavery, and of every species of dominion founded in force or fraud. There would be an entire apostacy from the whole established code of political and religious ethics—the more sacred and obligatory, however, for us, because it is, in some sort, wrought into all our Constitutions. If any description of men could, without having their own personal safety and liberty, or their political existence or independence, at stake, but merely for their greater convenience, or wealth, or dignity, or scope of command, or from luxurious habit, lawfully retain another description of men in personal bondage, of such a character as that in which our negroes are now held, then, the similar subjection of the whites of Maryland to those of Virginia, as it would answer the same ends, would be of equal validity, if it could be brought about; and we could find nothing wrong in the slavery of the multitude in aristocracies or absolute governments; in the condition of the people in Poland or Algiers.”

We think the quotations we have made, will satisfy the most scrupulous of our readers as to the general powers of Congress.

But it has been contended that even supposing that Congress have the general power of restriction—their hands are tied as regards slavery in Louisiana by the treaty. “The treaty of cession contained a stipulation in favour of the inhabitants, in the following terms. “The inhabitants of the ceded territories shall be incorporated in the union of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible, *according to the principles of the Federal Constitution*, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States; and, in the mean time, they shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess.” Of this article Mr. King remarks, that, ‘though it wants precision, its meaning cannot be misunderstood.’ ‘It constitutes,’ he says, ‘a stipulation, by which the United States engage that the inhabitants of Louisiana should be formed into a state or states, and as soon as the provisions of the constitution permit, that they should be admitted as new states into the Union on the footing of the other states; and before such admission, and during their territorial government, that they should be maintained and protected by Congress, in the enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion.’”

The legislation of Congress respecting the ceded province is full of instruction.

“In the month of February 1811, an act was passed to enable the people of the territory of Orleans to form a constitution and

* *Hercules* is the tutelary god of slaves in the ancient Mythology.

state government, &c. The language of the first section of the act is 'and they are hereby authorized to form for themselves a constitution and state government, and to assume such name as they may deem proper, under the provisions and *upon the conditions* hereinafter mentioned.' Among these conditions are the following—the constitution shall contain the fundamental principles of civil and *religious* liberty; 'after the admission of the said territory of Orleans as a state into the Union, the laws which such state may pass shall be promulgated and its records of every description shall be preserved, and its judicial and legislative written proceedings conducted, in the language in which the laws and the judicial and legislative-written proceedings of the United States are now published and conducted.' To these restrictions are added the usual ones respecting the waste and unappropriated lands, the taxation of certain property, the freedom of the rivers, &c.—none of which are specified in any regulation of the federal constitution."

It must be evident, that if Congress did not restrict slavery in Louisiana, it was not from a doubt of competency.

"Certainly, the idea was not entertained, that the inhabitants of the states north-west of the Ohio had not been admitted into the Union, 'according to the principles of the constitution;' or had been denied any of the 'rights, advantages, or immunities of citizens of the United States,' because the prohibition of slavery had been prescribed to them as a condition of their admission. It never was understood—it never had been pretended—that any principle of the constitution required the reservation of the power of maintaining slavery, to the new states; or that citizens of the United States, *as such*, did or could hold slaves. These were known to be legally held *only* under the authority of state governments. If it were the right of a citizen of the United States, *as such*, to hold them, then they might be legally held as well in New York or Pennsylvania, as Georgia; since a *federal right* could not be impaired by the laws of any member of the confederacy. The abolition acts of the eastern states would be rendered altogether nugatory.

"If Congress could not suppose that the obligation of admitting the inhabitants of the province of Louisiana, to the rights of citizens of the United States, *in the manner conformable to the principles of the constitution*, carried with it the obligation of allowing hereditary bondage to be perpetuated among them,—that assembly could as little ascribe this virtue to the last clause of the article above mentioned, which stipulates for them, 'the free enjoyment of their liberty, *property*, and the religion which they profess. I have said enough to show that it is not by a reference to the constitution, to reason, or to the law of nature, the word *property* could be understood to embrace *slaves*. Nor would it

be, by a resort to treaties, of which the clause in question is but a common, vague formula, when inhabited territories are transferred from one sovereign to another. 'As all nations,' says Mr. King, very justly, (*ubi supra*) 'do not permit slavery, the term property, in its common and universal meaning, does not include or describe *slaves*. In treaties, therefore, between nations, and especially in those of the United States, whenever stipulations respecting slaves were to be made, the word 'negroes' or 'slaves' has been employed, and the omission of these words in this clause, increases the uncertainty whether *slaves* were intended to be included."

"We know from the books of history and travels, that the positive laws of some nations, and the customs of others, acknowledged in parents an absolute *property* in their children.* These might be sold, put to death, or disposed of in any way, at pleasure. If this order of things had existed in Louisiana, at the period of the cession, by virtue either of statute or prescription,—if this spurious species of *property* had been asserted by the inhabitants,—could it be supposed to have been mutually understood to be included in the clause in question? Because, by a perversion of language, it bore, there or elsewhere, the name of property, must we have taken it as belonging to a description of property in the perpetual enjoyment of which the United States stipulated to maintain and protect the inhabitants? Above all, would any one have ventured to represent the federal government, in discharging the obligations which I will grant to have been created by the treaty, of admitting them into the Union, *according to the principles of the constitution*—as compelled by those principles to abstain from imposing any restriction upon them, in respect to the indefinite continuance and extension of this hateful and mischievous institution; knowing, too, that such was their insane purpose; that they cherished it with a blind and shameless ardor of cupidity?"

On this point, the speech of Mr. King furnishes another and conclusive argument.

"The clause concerning property in the article is expressly confined to the period of the territorial government of Missouri; to the time between the first occupation of the country by the United States, and its admission as a new state into the Union. Whatever may be its import, it has no reference nor application

* Such was the Roman law before the imperial constitutions. "In liberos suprema patrum auctoritas esto; venumdare, occidere liceto." *Paley*, in denying the right of parents to sell their children, (M. and P. Philosophy, B. 3d. C. 10.)—adds—"Upon which, by the way, we may observe, that the children of slaves are not, by the law of nature, born slaves; for as the master's right is derived to him through the parent, it can never be greater than the parent's own."

to the terms of the admission, or to the condition of Missouri after it shall have been admitted into the Union.

"But admitting that *slaves* were intended to be included, the stipulation is not only temporary, but extends no further than to the property actually possessed by the inhabitants of Missouri, when it was first occupied by the United States. Property since acquired by them, and property acquired or possessed by the new inhabitants of Missouri, has in each case been acquired under the laws of the United States, and not during and under the laws of the province of Louisiana."

Mr. Walsh next considers the plea of expediency; and he discusses this part of the question with an eloquence and force which we cannot abridge and should vainly attempt to equal.

The pamphlet of Mr. Raymond opens some new and striking views on the impolicy and inexpediency of the measure, and on the general subject of negro slavery. It has been contended by the advocates of non-restriction, that it is in fact the diffusion and not the extension of slavery which the measure will effect. Not to show at length the extreme absurdity of such an assertion, which is at variance with all the most approved maxims on population, it is contradicted by the actual experience of this country.

"It is well known that Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi, have been almost entirely peopled with slaves from the Carolinas, Virginia and Maryland, and yet in the meantime the number of slaves in each of these states has rapidly increased. Are not these cases in point? Are they not parallel? In each of these states slavery has increased faster than the white population, during the period that these different states have been settling. What benefit then, in a political point of view, have the old states derived from this extensive market for their slaves? No man can say they have derived any benefit, who does not hold that slavery is a benefit. And what greater benefit could they expect to derive from extending their market beyond the Mississippi? Individuals I know may be benefitted, (if money made in the slave trade and in raising slaves for sale be a benefit,) but I ask what benefit has the state derived from it in a political point of view? The evil of slavery has been rather increased than diminished in the old states, and the mischief has been extended in all its horrors to the new. If slavery had not been permitted in these new states, they would at this day have been peopled by a more numerous population, entirely white and free, than they now are by both slave and free. This is not only manifest from the nature of the case upon the principles of population, but from the actual experiments that have been made in New York, Ohio and other states, where there is no slavery. While no benefit has been derived to the old slave states by the introduction of slaves into the new, who can calculate the injury that has been done to the new

states by the introduction. It would require the intelligence of an angel to point out one half of these evils—one half of them will never be known or imagined, until many a generation yet unborn, shall have passed away. Again, let me ask, if the old slave states have derived no benefit from the introduction of slavery into the new on this side the Mississippi, what benefit can they expect from its introduction into the new beyond the Mississippi? I trust no gentleman will disgrace himself by claiming the paltry gain arising from the slave trade, to be a moral or political benefit.

“ We have already seen that a population increases faster or slower in proportion to the means of subsistence. It is also true that a population increases faster or slower in proportion to the demand for it. It is as true of slaves as of cattle, horses, or any other article of merchandize, that the greater the demand, and the more extensive the market, the faster they will increase. Who ever heard that increasing the demand for an article, was the means of diminishing its quantity, or preventing its increase? We have seen that the human species are capable of doubling by natural increase every fifteen or twenty years—and we have seen that they will do this where the means of subsistence are abundant. It is then possible to make the demand for slaves so great, and their means of subsistence so abundant, as that they shall double every twenty years at most. And what measure could be adopted which would have so strong a tendency to produce this effect, as opening a boundless market for them in the western country, and thereby making it the interest of slave owners not only, not to manumit their slaves, (the only means by which the evil of slavery can ever be cured) but also making it their interest to increase their numbers by every means in their power? The mischief of this is heightened in a ten-fold degree, when we consider that this increase of slaves operates as a restraint upon the increase of the white population, not only in the old states, but in the new. The relative difference between the number of the white and black population is changing every year against the whites. In short, the *bohun upas* of slavery can never be extirpated by plucking off its branches, for they will increase faster than they can be plucked. If you would destroy the plant, you must dig up the root. Suppose then 50,000 slaves were to be annually exported to the western country, would that number in the smallest degree diminish the number in the old states?—not one whit. If that were the case, we should see the planters then using as great exertion to increase their annual product of slaves, as they now are to increase their annual product of sugar and cotton—and we should find that the slaves would re-produce their number every fifteen years. This would be establishing the slave trade in our country with a vengeance. The old states would become a second Africa, overspreading the world with pestilence,

misery, and desolation. It is therefore I think, plain reasoning *a priori*, that the old slave states would derive no benefit from introducing slaves into the new."

In reference to the general subject of slavery, Mr. Raymond lays down five propositions, which are the results of calculations founded on the census of 1790 and that of 1810.

"The first proposition which I will lay down, is, *that in our country, a free black population does not increase by procreation so fast by nearly 50 per cent. in twenty years, as a white population in a non-slave holding state.*

2. "*That a free black population does not increase so fast by procreation as a slave population.*

3. "*That the white population in a slave state, does not increase so fast by at least 30 or 40 per cent. in twenty years, as the same population does in a state where there are none, or but few slaves.*

4. "*That a slave population increases by procreation, faster than the white population in a slave state.*

And 5. "*(As a corollary from the foregoing propositions) that in proportion as you restrain the increase of a slave population, you promote the increase of the white population;* and then the question for politicians to decide, arises, to wit: Whether that policy is best which promotes the increase of a free white population, by restraining the increase of a slave population, or that which promotes the increase of a slave population, by restraining the increase of a free white population. And can there be any doubt upon this question? Does that man live and breathe the air of this free country, who would dare to say, that a legislature ought to hesitate for a moment, in adopting that policy which would promote the increase of a white population, rather than of a black slave population? If there be such a man, he is a disgrace to his species."

After clearly establishing these propositions from the official returns for the periods we have mentioned, he proceeds—

"The most important proposition still remains to be examined, which is, *that a slave population increases faster than the white population in a slave state.* A most momentous and alarming proposition this! one which portends more mischief, misery, insurrection, bloodshed and desolation to our country and our race, than any the imagination can conceive, provided the present policy of the southern states in regard to their slaves is still pursued. To ascertain this fact, we have nothing to do but to bring together the different calculations already made.

"We have found by calculation that while the white population of Maryland was increasing 13 per cent. the black or slave population increased 31 per cent.

In Virginia, white increase,	-	-	-	-	-	24
slave do.	-	-	-	-	-	38
In North Carolina, white do.	-	-	-	-	-	30
slave do.	-	-	-	-	-	70
In South Carolina, white do.	-	-	-	-	-	64
slave do.	-	-	-	-	-	84
In Georgia, white do.	-	-	-	-	-	275
slave do.	-	-	-	-	-	267
In Kentucky, white do.	-	-	-	-	-	430
slave do.	-	-	-	-	-	534

"So that we see in all the states except Georgia, (which is by no means a fair criterion) the difference is in favour of the slaves, and in Virginia, where the difference is smallest, it is little more than three to two in twenty years, that is, while the white population is doubling twice, the slaves will double three times and more. At this rate, in less than two centuries the slaves in Virginia will be more than twice as numerous as the whites. But if we take either Maryland or the Carolinas, as the most probable ratio of difference, which is no doubt the fact, and this dreadful castastrophe would happen much sooner.

"That the slave population does increase faster than the white in the slave states is an undoubted fact, nor is there any difficulty in accounting for it. A population increases always faster or slower in proportion to the means of subsistence. If the means of subsistence are sufficiently abundant, it will double in fifteen, twenty, fifty or an hundred years in proportion to that abundance. In many of the countries of Europe, the population does not double in less than a century, and in some others the increase is still slower. This certainly is not owing to any deficiency in the power of procreation, nor to wars or pestilence, but to a want of the means of subsistence. If the population of Great Britain were to increase as fast as the population of some of our states, the island could not contain them a century hence, if they stood side by side.

"The reason then why a slave population increases faster than the white in a slave state, is because their means of subsistence are more abundant. The slaves usually belong to men of wealth, who have the means of supplying them with food, and whose interest it is that the slaves should multiply as fast as possible, at least it is their interest so long as there is a demand for slaves, and the increase of the slaves will always be proportionate to the demand. The greater and more extensive the market, therefore, the faster they will increase. They are raised as an article of traffic, the same as cattle and horses, and the market regulates the increase of the one in the same manner that it does the other. If the market would justify it, we should see masters promoting the increase of their slaves, treating their breeding slaves with the

same care, and nursing their offspring with the same attention and tenderness, that they now bestow upon their breeding mares and their foals. When this comes to be the case, we shall find that the slave population will double at least every fifteen or twenty years, and there is nothing wanting to make this the case but an extensive demand and a high market.

This is an awful and alarming view of the subject and may well make our legislators pause in their career.

"If the present policy of increasing, extending, and perpetuating slavery, is persisted in, what are to be, sooner or later, the consequences to posterity, to our country, to the glory of our young and rising empire? It is ordained of God, (however sceptical some may be on this subject,) that the iniquities of men shall punish themselves; and if some measures are not taken to remedy the iniquity of slavery,—if it be permitted to descend to posterity with accumulated force, there will as surely be a day of retribution and wrath, as there is a God in heaven. This may not happen in one century, or perhaps in two, but happen it will. And what is a century in the probable period allotted to a nation's existence? Am I asked how I propose to remedy this enormous evil, and avert these threatening calamities? By adopting directly the opposite policy from that at present pursued by all slave states, Maryland excepted.—By passing laws authorizing masters to manumit their slaves, and by promoting their manumission as fast as possible. In Maryland, masters have been permitted to manumit their slaves since 1796, and at this day, nearly one third of the black population of the state, are free, and in less than fifty years, the slaves will be a very small portion of the black population, and the whole will bear a much smaller proportion to the white population than it now does. The white population will increase in a greater, and the black in a smaller ratio, until this eldest curse shall be eradicated. For we have already seen that a white population will increase faster than a black one. In all the other slave states, the manumission of slaves is, I believe, prohibited by law,—at any rate, such is the case in most of them. In Virginia, there is a manumission law, qualified with a proviso, that the manumitted leave the state, which, in effect, amounts to an absolute prohibition, as to all practical effects. It has already, I think, been satisfactorily shown, that this policy is calculated not only to perpetuate the evil to all eternity, but to increase its magnitude in each succeeding generation, and yet, a writer in the *National Intelligencer*, who has been highly extolled as one of the first literary characters in Virginia, has commended this policy not only as *wise*, but *humane*. He says, that Virginia, by passing a manumission law, (which, by the by, she has since repealed,) "has been not only intrepidly, but rashly *humane*." Of Georgia, he says, "she has repealed her manumission law. That state

has acted firmly, wisely, and, I have no doubt, humanely. The people there, have met the subject fairly—they have looked the difficulties before them in the face, and amidst a choice of evils, they have, I am very confident, selected the least." Misguided, short-sighted, infatuated man! Are you aware of the pernicious tendency of the policy you so highly commend? Are you aware that that policy will promote the increase of the slave population at the expense of the white? Are you aware, if that policy is persisted in, that before many generations shall have passed away, the slave population will double the number of the white? Are you aware, that such a policy will restrain the aggregate increase of the human species? that that policy will plant millions of slaves upon the soil of Georgia, while a different one would plant millions of free men there? Are you aware, that the policy you commend, will increase the power, and charge with malignity, a volcano which must one day burst upon the devoted heads of posterity? May a merciful God avert the mischief of such counsels, and save our country and posterity from their consequences!

"But we are told, by those who oppose the manumission of slaves, that when manumitted they become a nuisance to society, and that their condition is worse, when free, than when slaves. And suppose we admit this: does it affect the great points of the case? If free negroes are a nuisance to society, are not slaves, and the consequences of slavery, an infinitely greater nuisance? What are the mischiefs of a parcel of idle, vagabond, pilfering blacks, admitting them all to be such, in comparison to the incalculable mischiefs of slavery? The mischiefs of one, are only for a generation or two at most, for the idle, vagabond blacks do not raise families, or comparatively none.—If they are industrious, provident, and raise families, then they are good citizens, and teach their children to become such. The mischiefs of the other are interminable. In short, the character of manumitted slaves, materially changes in the course of one or two generations. The industrious thrive and increase,—their offspring, accustomed to liberty, acquire the habits of the whites, and make equally as good citizens, that is, the labouring class.—Such is the fact in Maryland,—experience proves, that such will be the fact every where. The worthless come to naught.

And as to the slaves being in a worse condition after manumission than before, it is all idle cant, prompted by the self-interest of those who are unwilling to emancipate their slaves, because of that self-interest. What would you say of a father, who should keep an idle, dissolute son in perpetual bondage, because, if permitted to have his liberty, he would prejudice himself? You would say he was a brutal tyrant, because he undertook to exercise authority where he had no right. The son is a free agent as well as the father, and has the same right to exercise his volition, and to judge of his own conduct, being himself solely account-

able for his actions. The same reasoning applies with still stronger force in the case of slaves, especially when we consider the pernicious consequences of the opposite doctrine. It has been a favourite dogma with some politicians, as well as with a certain denomination of christians, that we are justified in doing evil, that good may come; and such, in effect, is the doctrine of those who hold that we ought not to manumit our slaves, lest an injury should be done them instead of a benefit. This abominable doctrine, however, is very nearly exploded from modern political, as well as modern religious, creeds. There is no safer rule, in all the relations of life, than to do our duty, and leave the result to God.—This is the rule I would have adopted in regard to our slaves."

This article has already exceeded our limits, and our only apology is that the subject is one of vital importance to this Union. The deep interest which it has excited has not been exceeded by any thing which has occurred since the adoption of the constitution. It has been regarded, and justly, as deciding whether this Republic will adhere to the great principles of universal right and justice, which were our guardian angels through the revolutionary struggle, or whether it means to adopt the maxims of the governments of the old world; to trample on all rights but those which it fears to invade; to identify power with justice; to enter upon a career of ambition and tyranny, and for ever abandon the virtuous maxims and conscientious principles of its founders. There are men who deride the precepts of christianity; who consider all declarations of right as a mere rhetorical flourish; who pursue the gratification of their own sensual appetites and inordinate ambition, in defiance of all regard to the happiness of others. To men of this stamp it would be in vain to address argument or eloquence on a subject like the present. They cannot comprehend the universal obligations of christian duty; they are blind to the eternal beauty and fitness of Truth; and if, in the anger of Heaven, they ever preside over the councils of a nation, they will pursue in public, the career which degrades and vilifies their private life. Against such counsellors, the virtuous integrity and honest patriotism of the citizens of this Union should be firmly arrayed; for *we* have nothing to hope from the favour of Providence, but in a course of just and pacific conduct. The government is *ours*, and if we tolerate or encourage oppression in those to whom we entrust our affairs, the sin and the iniquity will be upon our own heads. Who that looks upon the fair proportions and massive structure of our political edifice, but must exclaim, *Esto perpetua!* Who that acknowledges the imperative and universal obligations of our holy religion, but must also own that they apply to governments as well as to individuals, and that righteousness alone exalteth a nation—must perceive that that

course of action alone which scrupulously regards the unalienable rights of the meanest of its subjects; which approaches the nearest in its nature to the character of that Supreme Intelligence which is the fountain of life and happiness and peace; which dispenses to all alike in their proper measure; which is of purer eye than to behold iniquity, and regards at once the past, the present and the future; that *this* is the only course which can secure not merely the highest possible degree of prosperity and tranquillity, but ultimately the greatest measure of glory and renown.

The publications in favour of the proposed restriction were distinguished by a spirit of morality and generous indignation against the extension of slavery, which is finely contrasted with the selfish doctrines and furious denunciations promulgated by the advocates of that flagitious and disgusting enormity. There is indeed no reason or justice in the practice; it is utterly inconsistent with every honourable feeling of our nature; and if there could be any compromise of a principle without some sacrifice of truth, we should least of all expect to find it claimed by a people who arrogate all the nobler qualities of the American nation; who, with *high-mindedness* perpetually on their tongues, are the advocates of cheerless and unchangeable bondage; and who, while other regions are brightening more and more into the broad sunshine of liberty, are not ashamed to contaminate a free soil with an atrocious usurpation under its most malignant forms.

Since the preceding Review was written, the important question which is discussed in it, has been brought before the Congress, and a small majority has determined, without any restriction, to admit the new state into the Union. That a nation which pretends to be free, should be eminently just, is a sound maxim; but it seems to have had no operation on the present occasion. When the eloquent Henry contemplated this subject, he beheld "a gloomy perspective of future times;" but what he submitted to as a necessity not to be avoided, has been demanded by his descendants as an attribute of sovereignty indispensable to a republican state! Here alone the Virginian seems to have forgotten his wonted pride, and his ardent aspirings after liberty. If we will not agree with him, not only to continue slavery, but to enlarge and confirm it, by deliberately and solemnly introducing it into a new state, he is ready with "an ignited spark" and "rolling thunder"

to "dissolve the Union instantly at all hazards."* In the debate, those who contended for the great inheritance of every human creature, never lost sight of the constitution and the immutable laws of moral obligation; but unfortunately they had among them a few craven spirits who cowered before the storm. Some wavering friends of restriction disappeared from the House, when the vote was about to be taken, and others went over to the other side, because they were *not of us*.

The chivalrous spirit of the south despised the miserable submission of those members from the north who thus ignominiously quitted the camp. They loved the treason while they justly despised the traitors. Mr. Randolph, although willing to have their votes, observed no measure in the derision and scorn which he poured upon them. He said they were scared. With the most provoking ingratitude, he compared them to the timid doe which approaches the stream, but is afraid to behold its own face. It may be hoped that this timidity will suggest to those *dough-faced* members, as they have been stigmatized by a ludicrous misapprehension of a beautiful figure, the propriety of abandoning the stations which they are so incapable of sustaining.† At the next session of Congress, the constitution of the new state will be *submitted* to the representatives of the Union, and then a discussion must be renewed which none but men of manly minds should be permitted to entertain. Congress is bound to prevent any community from becoming a member of the Union which is not invigorated by the vital principle of a republic, and there can be no free government where bondage is deliberately established and eagerly cherished.

I. E. H.

* See the speeches of the southern members generally, and "a letter from a member of the Virginia delegation in the House of Representatives to the Editor of the Petersburg Intelligencer dated 1st March, 1820.

† "I knew," said this gentleman *these* would give way. They were scared at their own dough faces—yes, they were scared at their own dough faces! We had *them*, and if we had wanted *three* more, we could have had them; yes, and if these had failed, we could have had three more of these men, whose conscience and morality and religion extend to thirty six degrees and thirty minutes north latitude! You can never find any difficulty in obtaining the support of men whose principles of morality and religion are bounded by thirty six degrees and thirty minutes north latitude!"

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XXVII.—*On the Manufacture of Iron and the expense of a Furnace in New Jersey.*

IRON, from the days of Moses to the present time, has held the first rank among metals in the estimation of mankind. Such, indeed, was the veneration in which the ancients held the workers of metals, that, in some cases, after their death they worshipped them as gods; and Achilles, in the games that were celebrated in honour of Patroclus, proposed a ball of iron as the highest prize. This veneration no doubt contributed greatly to the advancement of the science of reducing ores to their metallic state.

Metals were the stepping stones of society emerging from rudeness to civilization; and they now constitute one of the grand pillars on which that superstructure rests. But it is to modern chemistry that we owe the full development of the properties and characters of metals and their utility to mankind.

The laws of their combination with other substances are no longer an alchemical enigma, and their various decompositions and recompositions are now perfectly understood.

The important discovery of oxygen gas* by Dr. Priestley, in 1774, may be considered not only as the foundation of all our knowledge of the combinations of this gas with the metals, and the formation of metallic oxides, of the true constitution of the metallic and other salts; but in fine, as the ground-work of the present science of chemistry.

To some of the metals or their combinations we are every day largely indebted for the relief of our wants or the supply of our comforts. They are indispensable to the artist and manufacturer. The physician gives them in his medicated potions, and health resumes her empire. With the knife, he frees the body from an offending limb; and by the operation of lithotomy, he relieves his patient from the most excruciating pains.

But to none of the substances do we owe so much as to iron, which may justly be called the noblest of metals. Like the sun, over every country through which it has been extended, its bounty has been acknowledged; forests have disappeared before it; cities have arisen; civilization and happiness have followed its course. The agriculturist, the manufacturer, the mariner, owe to it their main support; the nation relies on it in peace for its prosperity, and in war for its defence.

That we should be, in a great measure, dependant on Europe for a supply of an article so indispensable to our own wants, cannot but be an unpleasant reflection to every American. Nor will

* The celebrated Swedish chemist, Scheele, also obtained this gas without any knowledge of Dr. Priestley's discovery, and about the same time; but he did not publish his experiments till 1776 or 1777.

this regret be lessened when he takes into consideration the great abundance of raw materials which exist in almost every part of the United States. No country, not even Sweden herself, is more abundant.

Our hills abound in stone coal, in the best and richest iron ores, both for bar iron and castings; our forests with wood in any quantity for charcoal; our valleys with limestone and the best streams for scites for works of any kind.

It is time these resources of our country were developed. National policy and individual interest demand it.

From one of the reports of the Treasury Department to the Chairman of the Committee of commerce and manufactures, it appears, that in 1816 there was imported into the United States 21,571 tons of bar iron. We learn also, from the returns of the census of 1810, that in that year we manufactured 27,051 tons; only about one-fourth more than was imported in 1816.

Iron has paid, on importation, till recently, an *ad valorem* duty. It was not, therefore, in Mr. Seybert's power to state, in his valuable *Annals*, the quantity annually imported, and as we have no returns of the number of tons manufactured in the United States, except that of the census of 1810, it is impossible to institute a comparative view of foreign importation and our own manufactures.

It is not our intention to show the advantages to agriculture and internal industry that would result from the exclusive manufacture of our own iron. Iron works always afford a ready market to the farmer for his grain, hay, beef, pork, &c. and this too almost at his door. To manufacture the quantity of iron imported in 1816, would give active and constant employment to fifty furnaces and seventy-two forges; the latter making, on an average, 300 tons of bar iron; and the former 600 tons of pig iron per annum. These establishments would put in circulation, during the year, two millions of dollars, and furnish occupation to 20,000 men.

Thus, instead of having nearly a million and an half of dollars withdrawn from the circulating medium of our country to pay for iron in Europe, we should have two millions circulated among our farmers and mechanics.

We have deemed it essential to accompany these observations with a statement and exhibit of the expenses and receipts of a New-Jersey Blast Furnace, during a year's operation, and the making a blast of thirty-six weeks.

It must be obvious, however, to every person the least conversant with the iron business, that no calculation or statement of any one furnace can be given, that will apply with accuracy to all. The difference of local situation—the expenses of ore—its richness and quality after it is obtained—the distance from which the coal is to be drawn—the distance which the castings and pig iron are to

be hauled to a landing, and transported to market; all serve to vary the different items of expense, and affect the general calculation. But after giving to these considerations their full weight, we are induced to believe that this exhibit, in its general result, as applied to the New-Jersey furnaces, running on castings, will be found nearly correct.

The want of a standard work on the manufacture of iron in all of its varieties, by a practical iron master deeply imbued with modern chemistry, has long been felt. No where can the capitalist, desirous of embarking in the iron business, refer to a standard work. He must grope his way in the dark till experience begins to shed her rays around him, and when he awakes from his reverie, it is only to contemplate a series of losses and disasters.

If he has capital to sustain the shock, and resources in his own industry and perseverance, he may recover, and ultimately arrive at wealth and independence.

Failures in the iron business may result from a variety of causes—among which may be enumerated an injudicious choice of a situation—the too great distance of the materials from the works—the quality of the ore—the manner in which the works themselves are erected, particularly the bellows and blowing machinery—from the use of improper fluxes—or the improper use of proper ones—from a want of skill in the founder, or from the bad management of those who have the superintendence of the erection of the works.

A standard work on iron ought to contain, among other matter, a full examination of the principles of reducing iron ores to their metallic state—the rationale of their reduction in the blast furnace to cast or pig iron—the decarbonization of pig iron, and its reduction to bar iron in the forge—the use and chemical agency of different fluxes, and their operation on different ores—the process of blooming, or making bar iron direct from the ore, without the intervention of its reduction in the blast furnace—a comparative view of the expense of making bar iron in the bloomery from the ore, and that of first making it into pig iron in the blast furnace, and subsequently reducing it to bar iron in the forge—a proper construction of blast furnaces for working ores of different kinds, the elevation of the boshes, height of the square, tuyere, dam stone, nose of temp, capacity of furnace, &c. with drawings of the most approved plans—the cost and principal items of expense in building iron works of different kinds, and on different scales—the capital necessary for landed and permanent investments—the necessary capital to carry them on with advantage and success. The forge, rolling and slitting mill, air furnace or foundery, nail factory, ought all to be treated of in detail, and we might add, the drawing of wire, and the manufacture of steel from cast steel, down to the lowest grades of German and natural steel.

A work like this, if ably and faithfully executed, whilst it would throw much light on the different branches of the manufacture of iron, at the same time would serve as a beacon and a guide to those who are entering into any of these branches of manufacture. At present, the only book that we have, which can be referred to as a standard, is Professor Cooper's *Emporium of Arts and Sciences*.

This work contains a great part of Mr. Mushet's very valuable papers on the manufacture of iron, with many other highly interesting essays on the same subject, and on steel, cutlery, &c. Nor has the Professor himself failed to contribute his full share of value to these papers, by adding his own views.

But valuable as they are, they are not without their objections. Mr. Mushet's speculations are in some cases calculated to mislead, and sometimes he is ambiguous and obscure. Nor do we conceive that Professor Cooper has escaped erroneous views, which a practical acquaintance with the iron business would have induced him to abandon or correct.

Notwithstanding their faults, these Essays are highly valuable, and reflect great credit on the editor. They ought to be in the hands of every iron master. Should it not be undertaken by an abler pen, we may be induced to give a review of the *Emporium of Arts and Sciences*, (New Series,) as far as it relates to the manufacture of iron, and the different kinds of steel and cutlery.

J. B. Q.

Estimate of the yearly expenses and proceeds of a New-Jersey Blast Furnace, making a blast of thirty-six weeks, and turning on Castings.

Cutting 6000 cords of wood, at 45 cents per cord		\$2,700
Cutting floates for	do. 5 1-2	do. 333
Hauling	do. do. 14	do. 840
and water for coal drawer		
Wheeling into pits	do. 9	do. 540
Setting	do. 4 1-2	do. 270
Blacking	do. 6	do. 360
1 Master Collier, 12 months at	\$40 per mo.	480
1 Foreman 8 do.	32 do.	256
1 Tender 8 do.	26 do.	208
1 Fireman 8 do.	26 do.	208
1 Keeler 8 do.	26 do.	208
3 Coal Drawers 8 do. each	26 do.	624
1 Spare Hand 8 do.	24 do.	191
Expenses of Cabins, Tools, &c.	- -	244
		— \$7,460

Furnace Expenses, viz.

1 Blacksmith	12 months at \$30 per mo.	360
1 Blower and Striker	12 do. 14 do.	168
2 Carpenters	12 do. 30 do.	720

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Amount brought forward,	-	-	-	-	8,708
2 Fillers	9	do.	26	do.	468
1 Banksman	9	do.	24	do.	216
1 Gutterman	9	do.	22	do.	198
1 Man, horse and cart } to put up ore	9	do.	40	do.	360
1 Extra hand	10	do.	24	do.	240
3 Carters	12	do.	24	do.	864
Foundering on 504 tons of Castings at \$2 per ton					1,008
Moulding do.		do.	10	do.	5,040
Oyster shells, or lime-stone for blast					500
					<hr/> \$17,602

Miscellaneous Expenses, viz.

Three four-horse teams, at \$2 per day, including hay, grain, harness, wagons, &c.	-	-	-	2,190
One ox-team, as above, at \$1 50 per day	-	-	-	547
Iron, tools, lumber, &c. for smith and carpenter's shop	-	-	-	1,000
Raising and delivering at the Furnace, 2000 tons of ore, at \$2 per ton	-	-	-	4,000
Carting 593 tons of castings, pig and scrap iron, to landing, at \$2 per ton	-	-	-	1,190
Freight on do. to Philadelphia and New York, do.	-	-	-	1,190
Manager's salary, per annum.	-	-	-	1,000
Clerk's do.	-	-	-	480
Expenses of keeping two horses	-	-	-	250
Expenses of repairs, &c.	-	-	-	1,100
Commissions on sales of castings, pig and scraps, amounting to \$43,640 at 5 per cent.	-	-	-	2,182
Interest acc. on \$25,000, necessary to institute the blast, and carry it on till receipts from sales, at 7 per cent.	-	-	-	1,750
Interest on landed investment, say twelve thousand acres of land, at \$4 per acre				\$48,000
Interest on capital expended in erecting the works, and putting them in operation				30,000
				<hr/> 78,000
at 7 per cent, is	-	-	-	5,460
				<hr/> \$9,392
Net yearly profit	-	-	-	5,299
				<hr/> \$45,240

PER CONTRA.

Proceeds of the Blast, viz.

Blast of 36 weeks, and making 15 tons of castings per week, equal to 504 tons during the blast, sold at \$80 per ton	40,320
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Amount brought forward,	-	-	-	-	40,320
Two tons of pig iron per week, not made into castings, making 72 tons, at \$35 per ton	-	-	-	-	2,520
One ton of scrap iron, per week 36 tons, at \$25	-	-	-	-	900
Profits on the store	-	-	-	-	1,500
Gross proceeds	-	-	-	-	\$45,240

ART. XXVIII.—*Intelligence in Literature, Science, and the Arts.*

HARRISON HALL will receive subscriptions at the *Port Folio Office, Philadelphia*, for a new standard work, entitled, "*An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*. By **Thomas Hartwell Horne, A. M.** illustrated with Maps and Fac-similies of Biblical Manuscripts. In two very large volumes, 8vo. Price \$10.

"It is saying much, yet as far as our knowledge of Biblical works extends, not too much—to assert of these volumes, that they constitute the most important theological publication of their kind which has appeared in this or any other country, for some years. No well assorted theological library can be long without it; and even those students in divinity, whose pecuniary resources are too limited to admit of wanton expenditure, would do well, even on the score of economy, to include these volumes in the list of their library." *Christian Observer*, for November 1819.

"This work we bring forward with confidence to the notice of our readers, as the very best introduction to the critical study of the Holy Scriptures, in the whole compass of English literature. It is a comprehensive digest of the labours of the most eminent writers, both foreign and domestic, on the subject of biblical criticism. It has engaged the attention of the author for a considerable number of years, and is replete with proofs of his industry; nor is this the only qualification for the undertaking, which is displayed in the execution of the work; it exhibits a sound judgment and considerable ability. It is altogether an invaluable work, and cannot fail of procuring for the author the warm commendation of every liberal mind. To the biblical student it may be safely recommended, as affording him more assistance in the pursuit of his proper object, the knowledge of the scriptures, than any other

publication whatever, and as well entitled to a place in his library, whether it be large or small, among the books which he will never regret having purchased." *Eclectic Review*, January 1819.

This work will be reprinted in a manner equal to the English edition, at half the price. Those who send their names as subscribers to the work, before it is published, may receive their copies at 10 *per cent.* discount.

Mr. N. G. Maxwell, of Baltimore, proposes to publish, *A Selection from the Discourses of the late Dr. James Ingliss*, who was for many years the pastor of the First Presbyterian church in that city. The lamented author of these Sermons was among the most eloquent divines of the present day; his style was remarkably clear, copious, and energetic; and his figures, though, perhaps, rather too frequent for the pulpit, were always brilliant and just. He was one of those fervid orators who traverse the realms of light on wings of intellect. Although well versed in the learning of the Scriptures, his discourses were more distinguished for a vein of pure and exalted morality. There was nothing cold nor feeble in his language; it was at one moment winged like lightning for the skies, and in the next, it stole its silent way to the heart, and won the careless sinner from worldly concerns to heavenly contemplation. He awakened the flames of conscience and bent the afflicted in prayer. While the preacher sought acceptable words, and uttered those tuneful periods which captivate the imagination, he had a deep fixed scorn for the affected and effeminate manner of some popular divines who *dare not mention hell to ears polite*. He cultivated, assiduously, that solidity of reasoning which commands the assent of the understanding, because it was his province to summon the erring race of man with an elevated call, and feed his flock with that practical information which softens and improves the heart. To the Sermons will be added a few of Dr. Ingliss's forms of prayer. The whole will form an 8vo. volume, of about 400 pages; the price of which will be two dollars. As it is stated that the profits of this publication will be devoted exclusively to the benefit of the numerous orphan children of the deceased, we hope the kindness of liberal men will second the zeal of the pious in distributing this work. Clergymen, though

they may have treasure laid up in heaven, are generally poor on earth; and it seems, therefore, peculiarly the province of those who have reaped the benefit of their counsels and their prayers, to take care that their living remains should not be overcome by dejection and despair. Let the flock of Dr. Ingliss now practice those virtues which the pastor inculcated, and remember those precepts which he taught.

The Rev. Professor Everett, who has recently returned from a tour in Europe, has become the editor of the *North American Review*. At an early age, this gentleman has attained the reputation of being one of the first scholars in his country, and we are, therefore, happy to hear that the demand for this Journal is such as to enable the proprietors to reward his labours by a liberal compensation; a circumstance which is almost without a parallel in our literary history. So large a proportion of the subscribers to works of this description, never pay what they promise, that publishers generally become bankrupt who meddle with such undertakings. The amount of bad debts which will accrue in the course of four or five years, would suffice to engage the best talents in this important branch of our literature. Works of foreign manufacture however, are republished with great success. It is no disparagement of them that they abound with the most wilful and malignant falsehoods respecting our country; we reward the slanderers who batten in defamation, and do not scruple to promote the circulation of works which are eminently fitted to inspire among the rising generation, any other feelings than those of patriotism. An American writer labours not only under the indifference to which prophets and authors have always been subject, but he is obliged to contend against a disciplined and experienced host of foreign mercenaries, who can put down his best efforts with a jest. Thus, for instance, many of the superficial admirers of a certain Review, thought they were sufficiently acquainted with the merits of an elaborate work on theology, when they were informed by this critic that it was the composition of a person "whose baptismal name was Timothy!" *This is a fair specimen of English criticism on American performances.* Let the supporters of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews in this country, contradict this if they can.

We understand that M. Simonde de Sismondi is at present engaged in writing a history of France, from the beginning of the French monarchy down to the revolution. It will consist of about twenty volumes.

Miss Helen Maria Williams has recently published, *Letters on the Events which have passed in France since the Restoration in 1815*. This lady is an ex-jacobin, and one who took as active a part in the business of the French revolution as a woman could take. She was the friend and admirer of Marat, and of various other equally enlightened assertors of the liberties of mankind, at that period of her life; and she informs us, in the very opening of this volume, that "the interest which she once took in the French revolution is not chilled, and that the enthusiasm she once felt for the cause of liberty, still warms her bosom." It appears, however, that she kept all these fine sentiments to herself, during the last few years of her life, and it was not till she witnessed the intolerance of the Bourbons, and during the short period which elapsed between their first restoration and the return of Bonaparte from Elba, that the secret of her smothered feelings again burst forth. And, indeed, it is truly edifying to observe the undiminished interest which this profound lady still takes in the welfare of all the nations of the earth; how she detests cruelty and injustice; (the case of the *ex-nobles* always excepted)—how she adores the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world—how she warms up at the very mention of virtue. On any of these subjects, she obviously can hardly write without the tears streaming down her cheeks; notes of admiration conclude every sentence; Oh!'s and Ah!'s choke her utterance before she can begin them. Nor let it be supposed that all this sensibility is the result of mere weakness of mind. Miss Williams has shown in her former writings that she can paint scenes with more than manly firmness; but then the *cause* must be taken into the account. These letters are full of all the stuff, and nonsense, and cant, and slang of French jacobinical philosophy; but this is perceived rather in the tone of her work, than in the principles which it inculcates. Making allowances for the extremely bad taste in which our authoress composes, she writes with a degree of temper which could

scarcely have been expected. She is plainly a person who takes her opinions at second-hand, from those among whom she lives; and as these may be considered as furnishing a tolerably accurate criterion of the views and feelings entertained by a *very large* numerical majority of the people of France, it will be perceived, that there is a disposition in that turbulent nation, to be satisfied with the existing state of things. On the subjects of the "liberty of the press," and the "concordat," Miss W. is, as usual, oppressively eloquent, and unintelligible in proportion. The discussion on "literature and science" is introduced with the following sublime reflections: "Persons of taste, no doubt, can never become insensible to the charm of polite literature, the chosen delight of elegant minds, the soothing relief of that solitude to which the world leaves the unhappy, and the dearest resource against that weariness of life which sometimes besets the prosperous. But its voice is only heard at intervals, amidst the turbulence of revolutions; other interests fire the brain, other thoughts seize the spirit. The French have long been travelling through paths where rocks lower on one side, and waves roll on the other; they may sometimes pause to gather a flower on the way, but its sweetness pleases only for a moment." After this specimen of the art with which Miss W. is able to convert common-place sentiments into absolute nonsense, by clothing them in the language of her rich imagination, the reader may be pleased with an instance of the effect of the same art, applied to common-place things. Speaking of the shifts to which the French were reduced, in consequence of Bonaparte's Berlin and Milan decrees, she says, "chemistry interrogated new substances, and formed new combinations of matter. She taught the art of producing soda from salt, and extracting indigo from the blue of woad, and crystalized sugar from the juice of the beet root. M. Berthollet did not disdain to teach the French how to dye their cloths, and M. Guyton Morveau how to bleach them; while M. Vauquelin has applied the most ingenious processes of chemical analysis to the uses of common life."—With this knowledge before us, of the affability with which M. Berthollet, M. Guyton Morveau, and M. Vauquelin, "did not disdain" to apply "the

ingenious processes of chemistry to the uses of common life," we can no longer wonder at the anecdote which the authoress immediately afterwards records, of the devotion of M. Gay-Lussac's auditors to philosophical experiments, who, we are informed, continued listening to him, without feeling the noise of the cannon which announced the approach of the allies to Paris, as any interruption;—so much for the French philosophers!

We have repeatedly directed the attention of our readers to the subject of German literature, and we trust that an article on the *Freedom of the Press*, in the present *Number* of our Journal, ascribed to the celebrated *Genz*, will furnish the most satisfactory evidence of the richness of that abundant mine. The ingenuity and perseverance of the German writers, has long been proverbial, and they deserve more particularly the regard of Americans, because theirs is the only country in which our efforts in literature are favourably received. Several distinguished gentlemen in Philadelphia, have cultivated the idiom of our learned friends, with assiduity and success. In New York, "the German Intelligencer" has given new value to the useful columns of Mr. Dwight's *Daily Advertiser*. The literati of that city have also established a "*Teutonic Lyceum of Literature*," from which a plentiful harvest may be gathered. Mr. Schaeffer, aided by many learned associates, has begun to publish *The German Correspondent*, a Journal which will comprise the most recent and authentic intelligence respecting the civil, scientific, and literary state of Germany. He makes no stipulation as to the size of the work, but promises that a Number shall be issued as often as circumstances will admit, at the rate of six cents for eight pages. *Subscriptions are received at the Port Folio Office.*

We hear that judge *Cooper* is preparing a course of Law Lectures, including a Commentary on the Constitution of the United States, with a brief history of the Questions that have arisen under it, legal and political.

In the *Lettres à un Amie sur le moyen de trouver le Bonheur*, which lately appeared in Geneva, the reader will find a plain, familiar and interesting work on morals; in its texture simple, in its directions very practical, and rested in its principles, upon the

one only sure foundation, religion. It is calculated to be of service in a branch of education which is not often well filled up. Whoever takes any thought about female education, either consulted as a parent, or interested as a friend, must have experienced the difficulty of selecting from French literature books upon morals fitted for the capacities of young women, and the principles of which he can thoroughly approve. Women, in general, act a great deal upon feeling;—too much perhaps—certainly too much it would be, if their feelings were not often as correct as they are acute; and did not therefore stand them adequately instead of the judgment and principle of men. But then it is a radical and dangerous error to educate them *to feel*; by their constitution they possess feelings more quick and susceptible, with judgments less strong, than our own; and it results from this, that when they come to act in the world, their conduct will be regulated rather by feeling, than by reason; the course of their education should be shaped therefore so as to strengthen that which is weak in them, and to regulate that which is too sensitive and excessive. Upon this principle, it is almost demonstratively wrong to put into their hands so large a proportion of works, however well intentioned, which act on the mind by exciting the feelings, rather than by convincing the understanding; the books which they read should be calculated to make them think correctly; and we need not fear by this course to damp the amiable and inextinguishable warmth of their feelings; but by this discipline, during a flexible period, we may hope to bring the two agents to a permanent harmony, so that they may produce between them a conduct not less prompt, less graceful, or less from the heart, but more steady, more reasonable and more meritorious. It is in this point of view that these *Lettres* may be recommended, and we should be glad to see them substituted for the vague and generalized enthusiasm of Madame de Staël, Madame Genlis, Madame Cottin and others.

That convicted retailer of blasphemy, Richard Carlisle, is reported to have boasted, when on his trial, that he had sold 3000 copies of the “Age of Reason,” while the tardy vengeance of the law was hanging over his head. If this, or any thing like this be the fact, and if we remember that this was only one of the infidel

publications which issued from his press, we shall be able to form some idea of the virulence of that disease to which an effectual remedy is yet to be applied. The law may reach the incendiaries who set fire to the train, but the law alone cannot stop the progress of the conflagration; it cannot follow the possessors of these impious tracts into their private haunts; it cannot prevent them from reading, from believing, from being themselves corrupted, and becoming the willing instruments of corrupting others. The evil which was originally produced from the press, can be effectually counteracted from the press alone.

We rejoice to find that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has stepped forward, at the crisis which now threatens the very existence of England, with its characteristic zeal and benevolence, to supply the pressing necessities of the poor. Upon the lists of its publications are to be found several tracts, well fitted for distribution at such a moment. Bishop Watson's "Apology," and the excellent tract by Leslie, may find their way where the words of oral instruction cannot penetrate. Infidelity has become the confederate of anarchy and revolution, and its lessons are prepared for the lower orders, and accommodated to their apprehension, that the restraints of conscience and religion may be removed from their minds, and they may be fitted for the deeds of rebellion and blood. Deism has therefore deserted the halls of science, and the closets of philosophers, and is now to be found disseminating its deadly poison in cottages and work-shops; ruthlessly depriving the poor of their best hope and consolation, and eagerly anticipating the moment, when, miserable in this world, and despairing of the next, they will become the willing instruments of those who would turn the earth into a howling wilderness, that they may rule and riot in the chaos they have engendered.

The Legislature of Rhode Island has requested Mr. Hazard to write the biography of the late captain Perry. This gentleman, it is stated, was the intimate friend of the deceased, and is in possession of all his private papers, the official correspondence, &c. of that gallant commander. (*For a Portrait and Life of Perry, see Port Folio for March 1814—of captain Elliott, ib. March*

1814. *Analysis of the Picture representing their "Victory on Lake Erie,"* *ib.* Oct. 1815.) The President's Message at the opening of Congress, (1819) concludes with the following brief but brilliant testimony to the merits of the deceased: "In the execution of the duty imposed by these acts, and of a high trust connected with it, it is with deep regret that I have to state the loss which has been sustained by the death of commodore Perry. His gallantry in a brilliant exploit, in the late war, added to the renown of his country. His death is deplored as a national misfortune."

A library of between 12 and 1500 volumes, lately bequeathed by the Rev. Wm. Richards of Lynn, (Eng.) to Brown University, in Providence, Rhode Island, has been received by the legatees.

Dr. *Jeremiah Barker* proposes to publish a *History of Diseases* in the District of Maine, commencing in 1772, and continued to the present time. This work contains some account of diseases in other parts of New England, and is interspersed with anecdotes of learned and useful physicians, both in Europe and America. Some parts of this work have been printed in this country and republished abroad.

Le Journal d'Education, a periodical work which appears every month in Paris, contains a mass of most important information on this subject in general, as well as in its progress in France. A number of the ablest and most enlightened persons in that country are formed into a board for superintending and directing the progress of national instruction. The plans to be pursued, the books to be read, the rules to be framed, are subject to their deliberation. To them reports are made, by them inquiries are instituted, and rewards are assigned; and in the prosecution of their object, their hands are strengthened by the unhesitating support and cordial co-operation of the government. The zeal and intelligence which this board has displayed, are equalled only by the success which appears to crown its judicious and disinterested labours. Its history furnishes the highest encouragement (second, indeed, only to that which Scotland has long furnished,) to stimulate the exertions of other nations in the same course.

The table of population and territory of the present civilized world, as lately exhibited, gives to China 200,000,000, and 1,200,000 square miles of territory; to Great Britain, 20,000,000 of population, and 100,000 square miles; and the total of the whole world is, of population 435,800,000, and of territory 9,687,000 square miles; so that the United States have the largest home territory of all the nations except Russia. China is not included in this, because it contains many parts barbarous and helpless. Britain possesses 150,000,000 of subjects in her colonial empire, and a dominion equal to nearly one-fifth of the whole surface of the globe.

Public libraries in Germany. The royal library at Munich contains 400,000 volumes. That of Gottingen, 280,000 works, 110,000 academical dissertations, and 5000 MSS. Dresden, 250,000 printed works, 100,000 dissertations, and 4000 MSS. That of Wolfenbuttel is particularly rich in ancient works; it contains 190,000 printed works, 40,000 dissertations, and 4,000 MSS. Among the 182,000 volumes in the library of Stuttgart, there are 12,000 different editions of the Bible. Berlin has seven libraries, of which the two principal ones are the Royal, which contains 160,000 volumes, and that of the Academy, which contains 30,000 volumes. The following libraries do not contain a great number of books, but those which they do possess are very valuable: Francfort on the Maine, 100,000; Hamburg, 100,000; Breslaw, 100,000; Weimar, 95,000; Mentz, 90,000; Darmstadt, 85,000; Cassel, 60,000; Gotha, 60,000; Marburg, 55,000; Meiningen, 24,000, New Strelitz, 22,000; Salzburg, 20,000; Magdeburg, 20,000; Halle, 20,000; Landshut, 20,000. To these if we add the libraries of Jena, Leipsic, Tubingen, Kiel, and those of other universities and towns not included in this enumeration, as well as those of the Austrian monarchy, we shall find that the number of books in the German territories can scarcely be less than four millions, without counting the endless variety of memoirs, pamphlets, periodical works, dissertations and manuscripts.

Among the works announced from the Turin press, we observe the following: *Lalla Rookh, conte oriental, en prose et vers, de Thomas Moore, traduit en Italien par Tito Porimo Batti, 1818.* The translation is said not to be literal, and the purer critics complain that it contains incorrect phrases.

The history of Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans, by M. le Brun des Charmettes, has appeared. The manner in which this work was announced in London in the *Monthly Magazine*, shows to what an extent the liberty of the press may be carried in England. If the editor, sir Richard Philips, had published such a paragraph in some parts of this country, he would have had his house pulled about his ears. "This is a French work; and, at a period when the politics of England, aided by her arms, endeavour to exert an undue influence over France, it is no bad set-off to produce a popular work, in which the English might be painted in the most odious and contemptible colours, without violating the truth of history. As Englishmen, we blush for the iniquities of our country; and would wish the facts buried in eternal oblivion. Yet we cannot but admire the patriotism of M. des Charmettes in bringing them forward."

Colonel Pertuisier, who was attached to the French embassy at the Ottoman Porte, has published "Picturesque Promenades in Constantinople, and on the banks of the Bosphorus."

The concluding volume of Dr. Clarke's Northern Travels through Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Finland, Norway and Russia, with a description of the city of St. Petersburg during the tyranny of the emperor Paul, will soon be published.

A new English Dictionary is proposed to be published, in England, in two vols. 4to, under the title of an Analytical Dictionary of the English language, by Mr. David Booth, author of the "Introduction to an Analytical Dictionary," and other works. We avail ourselves of this opportunity to announce the publication of the first American edition of Dr. Johnson's immortal work, in 4to and 8vo, with Walker's rules and pronunciation incorporated. Mr. James Maxwell, the printer and publisher, is entitled to great praise for the accuracy and elegance of this work, which has been carefully collated with three of the best English editions. It is cheaper than any English copy, and in respect to the paper and typography, it is decidedly superior. It was printed at the same press with the Port Folio, and we had abundant opportunities of witnessing the numerous errors and mistakes which were to be found in all the English copies that could be procured in this

country. It is a singular fact that Walker has omitted between the words *unconcludingness* and *uncreate*, no less than fifty-six words, according to Johnson's Folio. The edition of Walker upon which this remark is founded is the London 4to of 1797. 2nd edit.

The king of Denmark has granted a pension of two hundred crowns, for two years, to four gentlemen of celebrity, for the purpose of making tours and voyages in foreign countries. Their names are Bask, a philologist; Ingemann, a poet; Clauser, a theologian; and N. Gæde, a naturalist of Kiel. Schew, the botanist, and Leize, the naturalist, have likewise been furnished with the means requisite for continuing their voyages.

A new fragment of the *Fasti Consulares* has been discovered at Rome, in the neighbourhood of the temple of Castor and Pollux. It is composed of seventeen lines, and relates to the second Punic war, which, it is expected, will be much illustrated by it. The first volume of a collection of these fragments, has been published at Milan. Signor Bartolomeo Borghesi, the editor, proposes to illustrate the whole of them, and the work is expected to form three volumes, quarto. It is said that the whole of Cicero's Treatise *De Republica*, of which we have only a few fragments, has been lately discovered in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, by the celebrated d'Angelo Majo.

Madame Neckar de Saussure, the friend and near relation of the Baroness de Stael Holstein has published a sketch of the life, character and writings of that celebrated lady. The biographical part of this volume is indeed a sketch, containing scarcely a single anecdote which had not been previously published; but the delineation of Madame de Stael's character, and the historical and critical accounts of her works, have furnished the author with materials for upwards of 300 8vo pages. The enthusiastic estimate which Madame de Saussure places on the talents of her late friend may be learned from the following quotation: "Posterity will see in Madame de Stael an author who makes a new era in literature, and perhaps in political science, a woman extraordinary, if not *unique*, in her talents!" This history may be read in Paris without a smile, but we, says the editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, must be allowed to doubt whether British (or American) posterity will regard the literary character or political con-

duct of Madame de Stael with feelings so flattering to her memory. Such, however, are the sentiments of the present author, who seems to have exhausted language, for the purpose of repeating over and over again her ideas in a variety of words, of the *unique* object of her idolatry. That the author of *Delphine* and *Corinna* was a female of original genius, and of enthusiastic feelings, Europe will allow; but we must close our eyes to the galaxy of female talent which have adorned and enlightened the late and present century, before we can suffer such an attempted monopoly of fame to be placed on the altar of Madame de Stael.

Tabular demonstrations of the game of chess, elucidating the different and most approved modes of conducting this fascinating little war of antiquity, has lately appeared, to the delight of all the amateur warriors in this field of intellect.

Life of Napoleon. Sir Richard Phillips thus announces the late work from St. Helena, which has lately been republished in this city: "Mr. O'Meara, late surgeon to Napoleon, will shortly publish a second manuscript from St. Helena, containing an authentic history of the events which occurred in France, from the period of the emperor's return in 1815, until the battle of Waterloo, including a variety of observations on the conduct of the generals opposed to him on that memorable occasion. The announcement of this unquestionable production of Napoleon, as the *second* manuscript of St. Helena, proves that he recognises the first as his; and, indeed, we have the authority of Dr. O'Meara for stating that the first manuscript from St. Helena, as well as that from Elba, were undoubted productions of Napoleon. Hitherto public opinion has been divided on the subject; and the works, in consequence, have lost much of that importance to which they were entitled." We thought it had long ago been acknowledged that the MSS. from St. Helena and Elba were forgeries; at least no man of any reputation for ordinary sagacity, in this country, would run the risk of being laughed at, by seriously contending for their authenticity.

By connecting this publication with the former, Dr. O'Meara subjects it to the same fate, and we have no doubt that all of them are concoctions of the London press, since they contain nothing that might not be known by ordinary readers. The conduct of

Dr. O'Meara, independently of all other considerations, has been such as to render necessary, some testimony in support of what he may undertake to assert. With regard to the alleged author, we feel well warranted in applying to him the motto of a celebrated novel: Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude." The book is a tissue of vain-glorious egotism, of no sort of value to any but a military man. "It is Napoleon himself," we are vauntingly told, "who speaks;" and accordingly, all that is commendable is ascribed to him, while with a degree of selfishness which is perfectly in unison with his character, all that may be blamed is thrown upon his marshals, and others, whose greatest error consisted in their adherence to a man incapable of a single generous feeling.

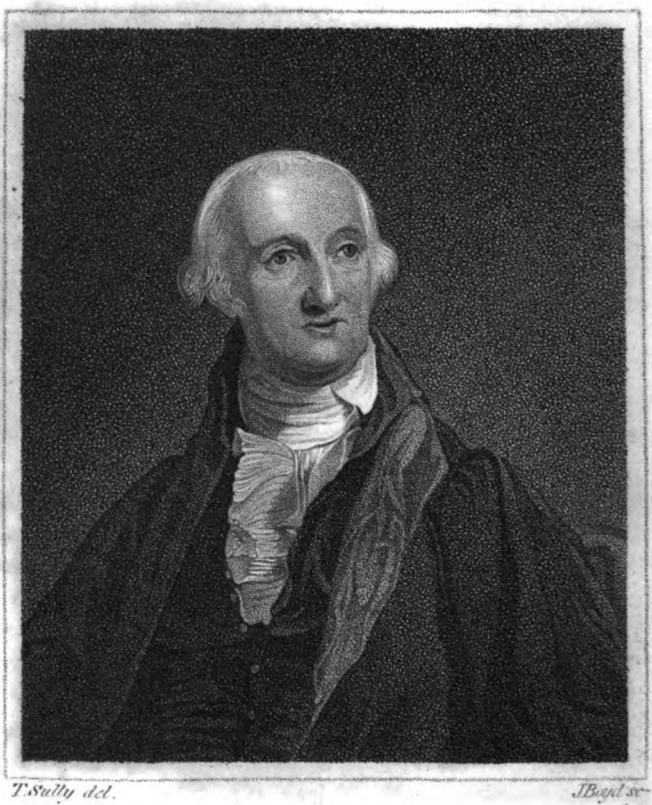
Several gentlemen in Boston, friendly to Mr. Roscoe, have recently been exerting themselves, in a manner the most delicate, to confer upon him some substantial pecuniary benefit, by encouraging a poetical work, which was written and published by his three daughters. A single copy has just reached this country, and several of the well-wishers of this elegant writer, who has become a bankrupt under the English law, being desirous of testifying their respect for his genius and taste, propose to reprint this book and remit the proceeds to his family. It is entitled "POEMS for YOUTH, by a family circle,"—and it consists of a number of short, meritorious effusions in verse, which are well adapted to excite general interest and to promote the ardour of devotion. Independently of the literary pretensions of this volume, Mr. Roscoe, as an enlightened and able advocate of our political rights, is entitled to a consideration which will have no small weight among men of liberal feelings.—The subscription is one dollar. Any sums remitted to *the Editor of the Port Folio* for this purpose, will be carefully applied.

A pamphlet, distinguished by singularity, if not by accuracy of reasoning and inference, appeared some time ago at Paris. It is the work of M. *Peyroux de la Condrenière*, a captain in the army of his Catholic majesty; and is entitled "*A Memoir on the seven species of Man, and on the causes of the alterations which have been experienced by the species.*" This deeply learned officer

considers the varieties of the human race as so many distinct species; as well with respect to their origin, as to their faculties, both physical and intellectual. He thinks that neither the negroes nor the (American) Indians had talents sufficient to have invented of themselves either laws or arts:—but then to make amends for this low estimate of these distinctions in our species,—he regards the *Oran-Oians* as very susceptible of civilization; and he even proposes to reduce the question to fact, by forming them into a colony!!

Judge Johnson, of the Supreme Court, U. S. is engaged in writing *a life of general Greene*. Whatever opinion might have been entertained formerly in regard to such a work, we think the reputation of the country requires that the fame of this distinguished leader should be rescued from the merciless hands which have presumed to touch it. The “*Life and Campaigns*,” lately published in this city, is unworthy of the subject. Although the author informs us that he “travelled more than a thousand miles to procure information,” he would have displayed more candour if he had confessed that all that is valuable in his volume is no more than a dilution, most unskillfully attenuated, from what was already in every library where *Lee's Memoirs* was to be found. It is not easy to repress the feelings of astonishment which this appropriation of the labours of another is so well fitted to excite, although our risibility is incessantly provoked by the parade which is made of the borrowed plumage, in which the biographer has decorated himself. But it is only for those who win to laugh; and therefore, lest we should trench upon his privilege, we shall endeavour to console those who have exchanged *three dollars* for this attempt of the learned Professor's to *minister to the greatness and glory of his country*, (see *Preface*) by the assurance that the work which is now promised will not disappoint the public expectation.

Proposals are now circulating throughout the Canadas, for a work to be published in England, entitled, “*Canada the last hope of England*,” by *Charles Fothergill, Esq.* The object of this publication, is professedly that of pointing out the vast agricultural, commercial, and political importance of these provinces.



ELIAS BOUDINOT LL.D.

THE PORT FOLIO,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. IX.

No. II.

ART. I.—*Elias Boudinot*, LL. D.

[With a portrait.]

WE have generally excluded from our Port Folio the portraits of those persons who are still on the busy stage of life, but if any deviation from this rule may be tolerated, we are confident that no apology will be required for presenting to our readers the venerable president of the American Bible Society. It is not our intention to invade the retirement in which this gentleman has long devoted himself to exalted purposes; and this notice will therefore be confined to a bare recital of dates.

Elias Boudinot was born in Philadelphia in the year 1740, and educated in the Institution now denominated the University of Pennsylvania. After he graduated, he read law in the office of Richard Stockton Esq. at Princeton, and settled at Elizabeth town, where he practiced his profession during the space of thirty-five years. In the revolutionary war he held the commission of Commissary-general of prisoners. He was one of the first members of Congress, and at a certain period presided over the deliberations of that illustrious assemblage. In the year 1795 he was appointed Director of the Mint by Gen. Washington, and he held this office under the successive presidencies of Adams and Jefferson. In the year 1805 he resigned that station and retired to Burlington, N. J. On the establishment of the American Bible Society, in 1816, he was elected president of that powerful institution.

Mr. Boudinot is the author of an answer to Paine's *Age of Reason*, entitled "*The Age of Revelation*," and a curious and erudite work, entitled "*A Star in the West*;" both which performances have been received with all the respect which is due to the emanations of a pious and benevolent mind.

ART. II.—*Sketch of the Progress of Novel-writing.*

To be told that a man has lived and died, achieved victories, or suffered defeats, excites but little interest; but to be told how he lived and died, and how he acted under his various fortunes; to be introduced to those who have long since passed away; to be brought under their roof, to be placed at their tables, to partake of their sports and their toils, their sufferings and their pleasures; to mark how the ordinary train of life is diversified by the adventitious peculiarity of its modes in different ages; how those events that are common to all men are modified into inexhaustible variety by the particular habits and circumstances of individuals, is no less profitable than interesting. In the perusal of history we are not seldom tempted to sympathize with Voltaire, who, when one of the king of Prussia's generals corrected him in the date of a battle, replied, "Well, fool, it was fought, then, and what matter whether in summer or autumn?"—It is the detail we require; and in the detail history can seldom gratify us. Here biography, and even fictitious biography, if executed with intelligence, judgment, and a faithful adherence to the manners of the times, becomes an useful supplement to history: it supplies us with those shades of manners, without which historical painting becomes lifeless, undiversified, and uninteresting. That ancient romances represented the manners of the age more faithfully than modern, may be true; and it is not difficult to assign the reason: life was, in those early stages of society, very monotonous; the forms of human existence presented but one unvaried aspect; the hero was always in love or in war; individual peculiarities had no room for development; there was no gradation, no shading; no touches of art, in the rude, but striking picture of the age. To these romances, however, we are indebted for a knowledge which we must otherwise have wanted—the knowledge of the manners of the times. The *Orianas* and *Polinardas*, the *Amadis* and *Galaors*, give us not only a faithful representation of the mixture of ferocity and courtesy, of hostility to man and submission to woman, of abject superstition, clinging to the forms of religion, while it renounced its spirit and its practice, which characterized the early periods of modern history; but they present us with a picture of domestic life very interesting to the eye of the contemplative reader. The heroine passed her time in unimproving, dignified solitude, till appearing at a tournament, or introduced by an adventure to some redoubted knight, whose life, from that moment, is dedicated to the arduous task of making all mankind confess the pre-eminence of her beauty. As neither of them are much encumbered with mental resources, or moral scruples, the progress of the narrative is conducted by auxiliary adventures; and the courage of the hero, and the constancy of the lady (the only virtues which they usually have to boast of) are magnified to their proper dimensions of gigantic heroism. Their domestic hours are sufficiently monotonous: the lady sometimes solaces the

pangs of her absence by the tones of her lute, and the hero soothes the toils of warlike adventure by the softer fatigues of the galliard: but there is no intellectual communication, no varied charm of polished society; and, in *Amadis De Gaul*, when the company have eat and drank as much as, or more than, was convenient, they know no better way of passing the evening than by calling in "*the joculars, who make them all manner of sports*," and spending their royal and knightly hours in observing pranks that would, probably, have disgraced our Christmas mummers. There is also, among these stately personages, a plentiful lack of matter for conversation, much of the martial insipidity, the garrison life, of Homer's heroes; and, for the consolation of us degenerate moderns, we find their moral sensibility as obtuse as their intellectual; it being a settled thing, apparently an etiquette of romance, that their heroines all become mothers before they are wives, and that their heroes are the offspring of unwedded love.

Coarse as were the contemporary drawings of these manners and practices, and humours, they were faithful; and as such they are valuable. Nor in the class of romances which succeeded them, after the interval of about two centuries, do we find a portraiture less exact. Calprenede, Scuderi, and their contemporaries, have transferred into their "*vast French romances*" the events, the characters, and the spirit of the court of Louis the fourteenth; and it is not impossible that the names of ancient heroes, with which the tales are defaced, were intended as an oblique compliment to the ambition of the grand monarque. The brilliant court of Versailles, with its intrigues, its gallantries, its amorous and chivalric spirit, its false and affected wit, its mixture of much that exalts, and more that degrades, human nature, is spread before us in every page; nor would it be difficult, after the lapse of a century and a half, to discover the portrait of Madame La Valiere in the tender and devoted Cassandra, or of Madame Montespan in Roxana, her ambitious and intriguing rival. Not even the light and lively pencil of Madame De Sevigné (herself a witness or an actor in most of those gay scenes) can sketch them with more fidelity, or colour them with more effect; in spite of the absurd adaptation of names and æras to characters and events to which not even French ingenuity could torture them into a resemblance; in spite of the étourderie of classical lovers fighting duels, and Grecian, Roman, and Persian heroines holding levees with groups of admirers at their bed-sides—spite of all this, our curiosity overpowers our sense of the ridiculous, and we are irresistibly wafted from the banks of Euphrates to those of the Seine. The French, whose curiosity and penetrating officiousness first suggested the idea of memoirs, and whose false taste disguised those memoirs under the unassimilating characters and events of antiquity, appear to have been far beyond us in the progress of romance; and nearly our first essays in novel-writing were con-

fixed to the track of translation. The age of Charles the Second indeed furnished memoirs sufficiently diversified with fiction, but they were memoirs fit only for the age that produced them, and England had attained eminence in every department of imagination, before we could boast of a genuine English novel.

It is observable alike in the history of literature, and in the history of man, that a newly discovered territory is explored at once by a number of adventurers; the spirit of enterprise is excited and communicated almost in the same moment, and each from a confidence in his own powers, or in the exhaustless wealth of the new region, looks upon his competitors without malignity or fear.

Thus almost the same period produced those English novelists whose works are by courtesy called classical—Fielding, Richardson, and Smollet. Of these writers the public opinion has long been formed; their fidelity to nature is unquestionable; but fidelity to nature is not always compatible with what is due to decency: yet from their writings we may at least draw one conclusion consoling to the alleged inferiority of this degenerate age,—that if present times are equally vicious, they are at least more ashamed of being so; and this is some advance towards virtue. Hypocrisy, says a French writer, is the homage that vice pays to virtue; it is a homage by which virtue cannot be exalted, but it is one at least by which she cannot be offended. Those writers might possibly have thought they were serving the interests of morality; but it is much more probable that they wrote from the mingled motives that influence most writers,—from the love of fame, the hope of profit, or the vacuity of idleness, to exhaust imagination, diversify leisure, or dissipate anxiety. They were, however, grievously mistaken indeed, if they imagined that virtue could be aided by their elaborate, minute, and curious display of vice; by luxuriant descriptions and inflammatory images. Virtue may be brought to gaze on her enemy till she forgets her danger; and by what unction of purity our great-grandmothers were preserved, when they studied Pamela without danger or disgust, we know not. It is *possible* that her temptations were forgotten in her innocence, and the mischievously faithful detail of the trials to which her virtue was exposed, were tolerated only for the sake of exalting its final triumph. This pleasure would be rather too costly for the purchase of modern readers. There are many parts of Richardson's writings more injurious, because less shocking, to virtue, than the sonnets of Rochester. Clarissa is less objectionable, though many of the scenes at Mrs. Sinclair's are such as are wholly unfit for modern ears, however the consciousness of superior sanctity might assist those of our ancestors in sustaining them. In his Sir Charles Grandison, the inherent vulgarity, egotism, and prolixity of Richardson's character break out with a latitude unexampled and uncontrolled. His personages, for ever listening to or repeating their own eulogy, for ever covering their

selfishness with an arrogant humility, preaching for ever in a monotonous key of maudlin morality, bowing on hands, and asking the benison of aunts and grandmothers, are now as flat and faded as the figures in ancient tapestry; but, like them, compensate in some measure for the dulness of the design by the fidelity of the costume. Richardson, like many men who write to please themselves, and whose fluent mediocrity of style betrays him into endless amplification, brings before us a crowd distinguished only by their names, or by vague generic appellations that, implying no discrimination, excite no interest: these *personages muets* are announced as "very fine young ladies, or pretty-behaved young gentlemen"—Alcandrumque, Halium, Noemonaque, Prytanimque. His mind seems to have been copiously furnished with an inventory of good qualities, which he deals out with unsparing and indiscriminating profusion, and with an absurd idolatry of human virtue.

In the works of Fielding, however, our credulity is not taxed for superfluous admiration by any of these faultless monsters. He has certainly represented men and women as they are, if he has not represented them even worse than they are; he appears jealous for his hero (but not with godly jealousy) lest we should suspect him of those perfections in which the heroes of romance are usually arrayed, and his jealousy certainly attains its object. Fielding's chief excellence appears to lie in the delineation of characters that combine simplicity, ignorance, and benevolence. His Parson Adams, and his Partridge, will still induce us to tolerate even Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones. His mind appeared incapable of concocting a character of real virtue. His Allworthy is a prosing, self-sufficient, moral pedant; in Joseph Andrews virtue is ridiculous; in Tom Jones vice is honourable. Nobody now reads either but the school-boy, and one of the earliest signs of an improved taste, and an advancement in Christian morality, is the rejection of both.

Smollet possessed more varied knowledge of the human character, and more extensive experience of human life; was more conversant with its characters and vicissitudes; he was himself an *αντὶ πολυτροπίας*—he knew much, and has told all he knew. The great defect of his works is that his heroes, from Roderick Random down to Matthew Bramble, are all portraits of the same character in various costumes. The same Quixotic gallantry in love and courage, the same high sentiment of honour struggling with depravity of habit and virulence of temper, the same morbid and morose sensibility, the same supercilious courtesy, and misanthropic benevolence. Smollet is said to have sat to himself for the portraits of his own heroes; if so, Smollet, with all the advantages of talent, experience, and spirit, was as unhappy as he was unamiable.

These writers seem to have graduated the scale of impurity among them —Richardson's writings are impure neither from wantonness or depravity, neither because his own imagination was polluted, nor because he sought wilfully to pollute the imagination of others; but merely from that self-sufficiency which filled his imagination with the importance of every detail that related to his fictitious personages, and probably made him believe those details to be of as much importance to his readers. Smollet is often indelicate; sometimes from the licentiousness of humour, which had not then been taught the restraints imposed by modern decorum; and sometimes from the very nature of his subjects, which led him to paint life in all the varieties he had himself experienced, and in the range of which the tavern and the brothel were probably often included. It may be said "impurity lay in his way, and he found it," but Fielding seems to have sought it with insatiable, fulsome, gloating avidity.

The path of novel-writing once laid open was imagined easy by all, and for about forty years the press was deluged with works to which we believe the literary history of no other country could produce a parallel. The milliner's prentices who had expended their furtive hours, and drenched their maudlin fancies with tales of kneeling lords and ranting baronets at the feet of fair semstresses, fair as they believed themselves to be, and in narrow back parlours dark as their own, soon found it easy to stain the well-thumbed pages of a circulating library book with flimsy sentiments, and loose descriptions of their own. A syllabus of these writings may be given in a few words; they do not deserve so many, had not every phenomenon or rather *lusus* in the literary world a claim on our curiosity, if not on our interest.

The heroine must be exquisitely, *unimaginably* beautiful, though two chapters are usually devoted to the description of her charms, or, as we should word it, "her transparent loveliness;" on the subject of her eyes being black or blue, we find nearly a division of authorities, and therefore do not dare to decide on a question of such delicate importance, but with the consent of all copies we venture to read for her figure "tall and slender." She must be an orphan (if a foundling, so much the better,) left mysteriously in the care of some opulent and noble family, who most unaccountably (considering their character for prudence) suffer her to board and lodge with them, and water her geraniums till the decisive age of sixteen, though conscious that the noble and enamoured heir of the family has been in love with her from their mutual cradles, which by a malicious contrivance of Cupid were placed next each other in the nursery. Now comes on the trying part of the business, the heroine is distracted by the ambition of the father, the pride of the mother, and the jealous insults of the sisters, not forgetting a snug misery of her own arising from the persecutions of some desperate baronet, who, every night leaps

the garden wall for the cold consolation of seeing the farthing candle twinkle in his mistress's garret, where she weeps over the indignity of proposals urged by the steward's nephew in the house, or the grocer's heir in the village, to whom all the family, lineal or collateral, in full and frequent divan, are resolved on uniting her as a punishment for her presumption, and a security against their own disgrace. This supposititious lover, this interloper in Cupid's territories, must be as selfish as Solmes, as treacherous as Blifil, and as deformed as Richard; most copies agree in his having a squint, and red hair, but in any case his legs must be bandy. Persecuted by love and hatred, she flies, flies over mountains without a stain on her white satin slippers, and is rumbled two hundred miles in a stage coach without a rent in her gossamer drapery. She must be run away with five or six times before she reaches the end of her journey (a trifling interruption, as she happens not to know where she is flying to,) and it is on such occasions that she displays that extraordinary contrast of physical debility and mental independence, of fragility and hardihood, that constitutes the very essence of a novel heroine. She is intoxicated with the smell of a lily, and faints at the murmurs of an Eolian harp, she melts in elegy over a dying linnet, and sheds as many tears over a fallen leaf as would prepare its fibres for a place in a *hortus siccus*; she feeds for a fortnight together on bread and water lest *Clarissa's* soporifics should be mixed in her food; lies down in her clothes, which never require washing or mending, in spite of being made to do double duty; watches through nights, and weeps through the day, without any diminution of the lustre of the eye, or the slightest symptom of ophthalmia; and after all this, she has resolution enough, though she never drew a trigger, to hold a loaded pistol to the head of her profligate seducer; to burst, scramble, and tear her way through casement, thicket, forest, and fence, to secure her retreat; and then, with the strength of a horse and the courage of a lion, to seat herself, without a sou in her pocket, on the top of a stage-coach, her fear, famine, delicacy, and suspicious loveliness "in no wise notwithstanding." When the vehicle breaks down (for this it must do) she can tramp in her silk stocking feet, and her whole wardrobe in a cambric handkerchief (that has never been washed but in her tears) straight up Piccadilly, and then new troubles begin every gentleman she sees follows her, and, at last, sinking under the consciousness of beauty, misfortune, and wet feet, she trembles, totters, or glides into the back parlour of a shop in the Strand, to beg for a glass of water; for heroines at the last gasp must never take any thing stronger; finds a congenial soul in the interesting face of the shopkeeper, who, with incredible liberality, offers her a gratuitous asylum, (so like London shopkeepers) and, lovely and humble as *Lavinia*, she takes her station in a slip of a room, where half the peerage crowd the shop

every day to peep at her through a canvas blind. Here she maintains herself by her marvellous talents in embroidering or painting fan-sticks, the sale exceeding not only possibility, but even her utmost expectations, which, it may be inferred, were never regulated by it in the slightest degree. At length, the interesting matron turns out a procuress in due form; and, in spite of the industry and taste of the heroine (which by this time ought to have secured her a comfortable property in the three per cents.), arrests her for board and lodging, or charges her with theft, drags her before a magistrate, and just as she is about to be fully committed (in spite of two hysterical attacks, and a fainting fit very well got up, with the assistance of the clerk and two bailiffs, the magistrate ogling at her all the while,) and is disappearing through one door, the hero enters through the other, clasps her to his bosom, maugre the bailiff's followers, swears that nothing shall divide them, and in proof of his asseveration draws his sword: in the struggle, her wig or her handkerchief (we forget which) drops off, and her *mole cinque-spotted*, or strawberry-mark, or something equally conclusive and satisfactory, is discovered, by which she is proved to be a duke's daughter or a peeress in her own right: her noble family in the same breath recognise her, and give their consent to her marriage: her disappointed lovers, one and all, pair off with the "sweet friends," into whose sympathizing ears her epistolary sorrows had been poured through five volumes. The ten last pages are devoted to a description of the dress for the wedding; much honourable mention is made of white satin, and due notice of hartshorn; and, for the style, vide Miss Edgeworth's incomparable description of Mrs. Beaumont's marriage in *Manœuvring*, where "the interesting, almost fainting, lady is lifted out of the arms of her anxious and alarmed bridesmaids, and supported up the aisle, with the marked gallantry of true tenderness, by her happy bridegroom Sir John Hunter."

Nugatory and despicable as all this may seem, it is truly "very tragical mirth" to those who consider it as a minor history of the manners and taste of the age. Over such trash Polly Honeycombe and our grandmothers simpered and wept, and then retired to dream of gartered lords kneeling in attics, and rake-hell baronets (like Sir Hargrave Pollexfen) running away with them from masquerades. They would not deserve notice but for the lesson they teach, that at this period female education must have been in a very imperfect state, and the female mind immersed in a laxity and frivolity at once alarming and contemptible. Amid these dark middle ages of novel-literature, Miss Burney's *Evelina* strikes us with the first gleam of "rescued nature and reviving sense." Her novel, *all her novels*, impress us with an indescribable sense of their *nationality*—they could not have been written by any but an Englishwoman. Her sense is English, her humour is English, her characters are English, so inveterately untrans-

lateably English, as to be absolutely unintelligible to any but those who have deeply studied the English character. Her Mirvan, Broughton, and Smith in *Evelina*—her Briggs, Hobson, Simkins, Mrs. Belfield in *Cecilia*—her Dubster, Dannel, and Mrs. Mittin in *Camilla*, are proofs, not only of a penetration visiting every recess of life, but of a talent capable of sustaining on the surface characters which lie hid at the bottom of society, and of imparting to them, if not the same interest, yet an equal relief, with the most conspicuous figures in the group which her fancy has sketched. She appears, however, to have been under some mistake as to the use and direction of her talents. In the representation of heroic distress and exalted feeling, her attempts are often unsuccessful, but in the vivid exhibition of broad, selfish, heartless vulgarity, in the lower characters of her drama, the touches of her pencil are exceedingly correct and spirited. Pleased with her power of representing inferior characters, we confide her heroes and heroines to the progress of the narrative, which, we are sure, will remunerate their constancy and their sufferings at the end; and, provided we are diverted by the squabbles of her *Madame Duvals* and her “rough and boisterous captains of the sea;” her misers and her men of birth and blood; her purse-proud tinkers and fiery ensigns, we fairly and confidently hand her *Mortimers* and *Cecilias* into the same lumbering coach and six that carried *Sir Charles Grandison* and his bride to church; and wish them, with uninterested hearts, much joy of their destination.

It would be unnecessary to notice here, where we profess to give a sketch of the progress of novel or romance writing, as indicative of, and connected with the state of manners, the few exceptions that occur to our observations in the novels of Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. Sheridan, and Cumberland. The *Female Quixote* of the former, though obsolete from the obsolete style of the romances which inspired the quixotism of her heroine, retains still a portion of its original interest. Cumberland attempted and failed to revive the classical English novel. A varied and discriminative knowledge; a fine apprehension of the humours, whether of the melancholy, playful, or caustic character; the art of gradually developing the narrative, by circumstances in their ordinary detail, rather than by passions in their primary operations; the proper use and agency of subordinate characters, so as to impart interest even to fatuity; the power of diversifying and combining the different colours of the human character without inconsistency or confusion, Cumberland neither understood nor possessed. He displays all the voluptuous vanity of a conceited, egotistical good-natured writer, delighted with himself, and confident of delighting his readers; like the author of the *Ethiopiques*, he asks his reader if he can ever think him tedious, and then judiciously putting himself in the reader's place returns an answer as favourable as an author could wish.

We sit down in fact by Cumberland's fire-side, and listen to his long dull stories as we would to the tales of a garrulous, good-tempered, prosing old man, pleased with him sometimes for occasional amusement, and pleased with ourselves for our patience and charity.

The transition from the vapid sentimentality of the novel of fifty years ago to the goblin horrors of the last twenty is so strong and sudden that it almost puzzles us to find a connecting link. The contrast between heroines who, extended on silken sofas are courted by prostrate peers kneeling on Brussels carpets, and heroines who, immured in haunted towers are menaced by ruthless and mysterious barons not with love, but with murder;—between heroines who are run away with in a carriage drawn by six horses along turnpike roads every inch of the way, and snugly lodged in an elegant modern villa, and heroines who are dragged over heath and hill, Alps and Andes, by whiskered banditti, who threaten every moment "to slit their wind-pipes and slice off their heads," and at the end of their progress are thrust into dungeons damp enough to destroy any life but that of a heroine;—between ladies who at their utmost need are allowed by the desperate dukes who run away with them at least six wax candles on their dressing tables, and those fair sufferers who are glad to put up with a sorry lamp that has the inveterate trick of going out every chapter, just as the mysterious door of the southern tower opens for her to set out on her awful tour of exploration, judiciously deferred till the *Castello* clock has struck one;—between heroines of such sublime and attenuated fragility that they stumble over a spider, catch cold from the gale of a fan, and live in an hysterical atmosphere of lavender drops, and heroines who with equal pretensions to delicacy prove themselves of a constitution that would furnish *the faculty*, live in air that would poison a toad, never taste the breath of heaven but when they get up at night to watch a thunder-storm, and amid all their abductions forcible, and voluntary elopements, when lodged at last in some moated mansion, never wait to dry their feet, or cast a look on their worm-eaten beds, but after *motioning away* their attendant, and supping on the night-air or the moon-light, tramp resolutely through the whole mansion from tower to foundation stone, from battlement to moat, through all shapes, sizes and suits of apartments, nor stop till they start an adventure, or flush a brace of ghosts.

The contrast between these tastes is among the widest oscillations of human folly. Perhaps Charlotte Smith's novels might have been the connecting link between these different species.—Her heroines have all the requisites of persecuted innocence, a taste for sonnet-making, and a strong tendency to hereditary consumption that mark the one; and the rage for lumbering ruins, for mildewed manuscripts, for extracting education and accomplishment out of the relics of musty libraries and half-strung

harps, chords untouched by the tuning hammer for half a century, which distinguish the other. If this be so, as we strongly suspect it is, the "Orphan of the Castle" has been the sinful parent of many an illegitimate descendant, and the "Old Manor House" has really a great deal to answer for. But of a change so total there must have been other and numerous causes, and to trace some of them may not be uninteresting.

By whatever causes a change in the state of the national taste is effected, their operation becomes interesting in a philosophical point of view. We are now a nation of readers; and if he was right who observed that he could defy the legislators of a country were he allowed to compose its ballads, we may assign no small importance to the history of novel-writing,—the history of the female mind, of whose operations it affords a striking indication, and over which it may therefore be supposed to hold no trifling control. Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," though dramatized by Jephson, had few imitators. Clara Reeve's "English Baron" was the best; but even she in vain beckoned authors to cross the magic threshold of Gothic romance; they paused on the verge, gazed with wistful awe, and forbore to enter its mystic precincts. It was at the latter end of the eighteenth century that our acquaintance with the German writers, first derived through the channel of their drama, introduced us to what may be called their national mythology. In many respects this corresponded with the existing superstitions of our own country, and their affinity may be traced perhaps to physical causes which will never be found to operate in the brilliant climates of the South, where the aspect of nature rarely suggests the images of futurity, or at least never arrays them in the gloom so congenial to the spirit of mist and frost. This mythology, thus introduced, was eagerly adopted by more than could comprehend or develop it. As a medium of excitement or impression, it was certainly the most powerful that could be used by one human being on another, from the clown who dresses up a figure to frighten his fellow into idiotism or madness, to the romance-writer who rings bells by viewless hands, encrusts daggers with long-shed blood, conceals treacherous doors behind still more treacherous tapestry, or sends mad monks or their apparitions to wander about the gardens of their convents.

Our gentle readers, or their mothers, will easily discover we have arrived at the age of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances. She was, no doubt, an extraordinary female, and her style of writing (however abused by tasteless imitators) must be allowed to form an era in English romances. Her ignorance was nearly equal to her imagination, and that is saying a great deal. Of the modes of life on the continent (where the scenes of all her romances, with the exception of one, are laid) she knew little or nothing. Her monks and nuns always inhabit the same convent; her French

peeresses, in the reign of Henry III. have all the frivolity and esprit de société of a Parisian belle of the eighteenth century; and the savage peasant of the Highlands of Scotland, in the feudal age, assigns as his reason for joining the standard of a warlike chief, that the Fitzhenrys (*the Fitzhenrys in Scotland*) "were always friends to *virtue*;" of the meaning of which term, we may even charitably presume, the savage follower of a feudal lord, at that period, was as ignorant as an Eskimaux of the problems of Euclid. With all this, and more, her romances are irresistibly and dangerously delightful; fitted to inspire a mind devoted to them with a species of melancholy madness. The very light under which she paints every object, has something fatally indulgent to such an aberration of mind in its early and innocent, but mournful stage: her castles and her abbeys, her mountains and her valleys, are always tinged with the last rays of the setting sun, or the first glimpses of the rising moon; her music is made to murmur along a stream, whose dim waves reflect the gleam of "the star that bids the shepherd fold;" the spires of her turrets are always silvered by moonlight, and the recesses of her forests are only disclosed by flashes of the palest lightning; a *twilight shade* is spread over her views of the moral, as well as of the natural world: her heroines are "soft, modest, melancholy, ~~female~~, fair;" they have no struggles of energy, no bursts of passion—they are born to tremble and to weep;—their love, from its very commencement, has a tinge of despair, and their susceptibility of nature (which seems always their strongest feeling) has all the character of a religious resignation of its charms to the solemn duty of extracting melancholy from its scenes; they hang on the parting beauties of an evening landscape, and their tears fall in solemn unison with the dews of heaven; they are revived only by the toll of a sepulchral bell, and wander among the graves of their departed friends, as if the intercourse of human existence were suspended, and the living were to seek not only recollection, but society, among the dead. The works of this writer lead us for ever to the tomb; but the wand which she bore was gifted only to call up the milder and unalarming spirits: we listen to her charms as we would to the incantations of a benevolent enchanter, whose "quaint apparitions" may soften and solemnize, but neither terrify nor hurt us. Her spirits were those who

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe bites not, and those whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, who rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew—

and "weak masters though they be," their melody hovers round us as sweet as the air-borne songs of Ariel, and when we wake from the trance into which they have plunged us, "we cry to dream again."

The most extraordinary production of this period was the powerful and wicked romance of the Monk. The spirits raised by the pupils of the Enchantress of Udolpho, compared to those evoked by Lewis, are like the attendants on Prospero in his enchanted island, filling the air with "sound and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," contrasted with the imps and urchins summoned by the mewing of the brindled cat to muster and hurtle round the caldron of the wierd sisters. The license of imagination is indeed often wildly and wantonly abused in this bad book, but it is sometimes nobly and awfully displayed; and few scenes of supernatural agency have more power than that in which the apostate spirit appears in all the beauty and despair of a fallen angel to Ambrosio in the vault.

The host of imitators that followed, without imagination or taste, without knowledge of manners or mythology, of how fear acts on the human mind, and how its gradations should be sketched and shaded, soon brought this style of writing into a contempt which it would not but for them have merited: they knew their business was to terrify, but they mistook quantity for quality; their terrors were the vulgarities of the nursery; they forgot that it is only "the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil," and the public, when they had recovered from their fright, in sober indignation tore off the mask from their ill-dressed phantom, and laughed at the imposture. Authors can harden themselves against any species of hostility but ridicule: the magic book has been shut for ever, and the hand that presumes to open its pages now must have more than mortal nerve. A sad interdict hangs over the desolated regions of romance: bells may ring on lonely heaths with as little notice as if they rung for noon-day prayers in the centre of the metropolis; ghosts may glide and glare, and flutter and squeak, with as little effect; suits of armour fall, and nobody stoops to pick them up; daggers are dropt at our feet, and we never think of tracing "gouts of blood on their blade and dudgeon." Even Adelinas appear in vain at their window, to watch the slow-stealing shades of twilight, and chant their vesper hymns; we leave them to their fate, pitilessly indifferent whether they are immolated by the mysterious and vindictive baron, or are run away with by the spirit, who at the canonical hour of midnight appears from behind the usual sliding panel, with the indispensable accompaniment of rattling chains and sulphurous flashes, to confirm all the hints already given by trap-doors and stains of blood, and all that had been whispered, moaned, or muttered by storms, thunders, and mysterious housekeepers, of the secret of the southern tower.

"All this has ceased, and it is well it has: the influence of supernatural fear, those "powers of the world to come," in the hands of the agents that have latterly presumed to wield them, have produced just such an effect as would have been produced

by the wand of Prospero in the hands of Trinculo and Caliban. Our latter times have engendered one more phenomenon in this species of writing, to which we call the attention of our readers, for the purpose of directing against it their keenest indignation; and for which, while we force ourselves to notice it, we wish for "words big with the fiercest force of execration to blast the deed and doers;" we allude to the tribe of infamous and ephemeral scribblers, who pander for the public lust after anecdotes that vilify the great, debase the illustrious, and expose the unfortunate, under the titles of a Winter, a Month, or Six Weeks at the metropolis or some place of public resort. The temporary popularity of their trash, as it is founded on the basest passion that can defile the soul, is secured by the most flagitious means that can pollute the character. The envy with which base men are accustomed to behold their superiors in station, aggravated by ignorance, and exasperated by pride, is delighted to find its food in any tales that, for a moment, reduce those whom the institutions of the country have invested with claims to respect below the level of ordinary men in the degrading properties of our nature. To supply the means of indulgence for this depraved appetite, confidence is broken, truth violated, misfortune profaned, and dignity insulted. There is nothing which this wicked industry will not undergo in pursuit of a tale of shame or suffering; servants are tampered with, spies are employed, whispers are embodied; then their infamy becomes their protection, and in their crimes they find their impunity. Those who peruse these publications with all the avidity of bad hearts, cannot be senseless enough to suppose that a faithful representation is given of the events and manners described. The style of these writers is the idiom of the servants' hall, their dialogue the gossip of chambermaids, and their characters libellous distortions. Yet such writers have their readers, even among those who are themselves liable to be led forth to the ferocity of jealous hatred, and the hisses of vulgar derision.

We have now deduced the history of novel-writing to the present period, a period at which it has assumed a character of importance that forces itself alike on the notice of the critic and the philosopher. If we consider Novels as a species of writing, the proper object of which is not only to present a picture of the manners of the age, but to correct our vulgar modes of thinking and to improve our social habits, the times in which we live must be admitted to have a decided superiority over those which have past. This age and this alone may boast of writings, which under the denomination of novels afford rational representations of life, and just delineations of the heart, combined with useful and practical rules of conduct. We have novels (many such it were too much to expect) which females need not blush, nor man disdain to read; which philosophers may peruse for scientific allusions.

poets for imagery, and moralists for the maxims of preceptive truth; and to confirm this observation, we may advert to the productions of Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. West, Mrs. Opie, Miss Hamilton, Miss Porter, and Miss Edgeworth—though we are far from denying that these have all their several characteristic defects, most of them their absurdities, and some their mischiefs. We must be understood, too, to except out of all these remarks the work of Mrs. Hannah More, called *Cœlebs in search of a Wife*, as not knowing well where to class it. It is too pure and too profound to be ranked with novels, and too sprightly and entertaining to be wholly given up to philosophy, theology, or dialectics. Mrs. More's works form a class of themselves; it is enough, perhaps to say that *Cœlebs* is one of them.

That Miss Edgeworth is superior to all her other contemporaries must be granted, not by verdict but by acclamation: how that superiority has been obtained may form a subject of inquiry not uninteresting. One of her most obvious causes of advantage is her habitual acquaintance with those modes of life which others are compelled to take upon trust, and to copy from report. This advantage is indeed an accidental, but a most important one. Our solicitude to become acquainted with the higher modes of life is, under certain restrictions, a pardonable and even a laudable feeling, when it is not stimulated by vanity or inflamed by the malignity of jealousy. The great have much in their power: their influence on the literature, the manners, and the habits, of the age in which they live cannot be questioned, and it is a natural anxiety that prompts us to inquire how that influence is exercised—we know and feel every day that what they say is repeated with eagerness, and that what they do is copied with avidity, and our wish to come to the fountain head of those streams which are diffused through all the declivities of society can hardly be censured as idle or presumptuous. Writers who have it not in their power to gratify this anxiety, by a faithful exhibition of the manners and habits of high life, yet feeling it in themselves, and presuming it in their readers, will still attempt to gratify it at the risk of obvious misrepresentation and transparent vulgarity. Their intelligence, obtained through the medium of servants or dependants, or the still more mischievous details of humble friends who degrade every thing to the level of their own imagination, and make the subjects of their narrative change place with themselves, betrays a strong flavour of the channel through which it has arrived to us. Their representations of high life are always in extremes—their personages either rave in incomprehensible heroics, as if all peers were born poets, and no man of rank could speak below blank verse; or they utter only the vulgarisms, the platitudes, the common-places with which the narrators can cheaply and liberally accommodate them.

In Miss Edgeworth's representations of high life, her readers and herself are equally at home; it costs her no effort to exhibit what she has personally examined; her characters, however elevated, speak the language of nature; there is no inflation in their dignity; no bustle in their politeness; no labour in their ease. She describes them as agitated by the passions that agitate all mankind, but she judiciously and philosophically discriminates between the operation of passions in their elementary and unsophisticated state, and as they are modified by the imperious restraints of improved society which can enchain their expressions even in their fiercest paroxysms. It required a touch nice and skilful as hers to paint them as opposed to duty, without violating decorum. No aristocracy of feeling misleads us, when we say that it is difficult, next to impossible, to represent with accuracy any part of life with which we are not personally conversant; and Miss Edgeworth has, we believe, this advantage in drawing her portraitures of what is called high society.

But this advantage, as we have before noticed, however great, is accidental. Miss Edgeworth can claim no merit from it; its benefits belong only to her readers. Of the next obvious cause of her superiority which occurs to us, the merit is solely and justly her own: we allude to the extent and diversity of her knowledge. The accumulations of her mind give her great distinction among this class of writers: this is but slender praise—her knowledge is of that kind which Johnson recommended and possessed—it is general knowledge. She can converse with every class in its own dialect, and on its appropriate habits, and peculiar occupations; as it was said of Cleopatra, that she could give audience to the ambassadors of seven different nations in their own language. Her works are enriched with images natural and artificial, distant and familiar, classical and common; nothing that can be gathered from books, or collected from life escapes her. There is no conscription, no forced marshalling; her imagery comes at her call, and it is admirable for its variety and extent. But her profusion is as remote from prodigality as from parade; it is the generosity of wealth, not the ostentation of extravagance. Nothing is too exalted, nothing too low, for her powers of adaptation to purposes of utility: all seems in its place, whether drawn from the objects of nature, or the recesses of art.

As a general summing up of the merit of Miss Edgeworth, we would say that in her works the artist, and the poet, and the man of science, and the man of the world, meet with the language appropriate to their feelings and situations. Such variety of incidents, such diversity of character, such felicity of allusion, such fertility of imagery, such subservience of imagination to utility, such ministration of the highest powers of literature to the humblest purposes of life, are not easy to be elsewhere found.

We are not however such vehement admirers of Miss Edgeworth, as not to admit that, in the exhibition of the varied knowledge with which her works abound, her acquired, vastly exceed her original powers; that her imagination is rather collective than creative: that it is not characterized by that plastic, unteachable, incommunicable power which generates worlds for itself, peoples them with inhabitants naturalized by the power of genius to their residence, and lives in a creation of its own, but by that power which can extract, accumulate, amplify, and condense; by ingenuity of complication, and felicity of arrangement; by those images which study has earned, observation suggested, or chance supplied. Of powers contributing to the same result, it is hardly possible to assign the respective shares with due distribution; but it is obvious to an attentive reader of Miss Edgeworth's works, that it is to her collection not her formation of imagery that we are indebted for the rich and vivid display of it that enlivens almost every page. Her taste is of the derivative kind; rather the product of what she has read, than what she has conceived; the fertility may be natural, but the source was engrafted; and we feel that we are rather reading the result of her studies, than of her discoveries. But it is not either to Miss Edgeworth's habitual acquaintance with high life, or to her ample stores of intellectual wealth, that we exclusively ascribe her superiority. Acquaintance with high life would lead a corrupt mind to display only its vices and follies, and knowledge itself must owe much of its charms, and all of its utility to the cause in which it is engaged.

It is here that Miss Edgeworth's merit is unquestionable. We allude to the tone of high and yet practicable morality which pervades all her writings; and to which without sacrificing either the graces of composition, the charms of wit, or the interest of the passions, she makes them all (as they ought to be) subservient.

In general, it is observable that in works of imagination, the passions are essential, the morality (if there be any) incidental: in Miss Edgeworth's works it is quite otherwise: she walks straight forward in the path of duty, her eye fixed, and her foot pressing towards its high object: and every well-regulated mind that marks her progress may exclaim in the forgotten poetry of the unhappy Dodd, "good luck she wisheth thee and honour." To compare her in this respect with other modern writers would be perhaps invidious, yet we cannot but observe that Mrs. Opie's beautiful tales tend rather to make us feel than to make us think; that we are so charmed in contemplating her affecting groups that we forget every thing but the indulgence of the sensibility which they excite, and depart with minds relaxed into morbid softness, indisposed for reflection, and unfitted for action.

Thus too Miss Porter (the Misses Porter we should say) present us with brilliant paintings of chivalric courage, and heroic passion adorned with the graces of refinement which those high

qualities wanted in the day of their existence; but still there is so much physical luxuriance in their descriptions, such expatiation on every part and property of masculine beauty, such dwelling on the "thwes and sinews of a man," that we vehemently suspect their fair readers may sometimes, while pausing over the painting, forget there is a moral at all, if indeed the moral of heroic novels was ever worth attending to. All this Miss Edgeworth is kept from as well by the purity of her mind, as the unity of her object. Through all the temptations which fictitious tales present to female writers, through all the bye-paths of glowing description, seductive sentimentality, and critical situations, she passes on in unblenched majesty. There is no work of hers that is not designed for the enforcement, defence, or illustration of rectitude and truth,—of honourable sentiment and benevolent feelings; of the lofty virtues of public, or the mild moralities of domestic life.

In the works of this lady her knowledge is made instrumentally useful in effecting the great and ulterior object of moral instruction. Her acquaintance with the gradations of life and the diversities of character are made to bear all on the same point with her scientific allusions and her literary embellishments.—Her knowledge is the best knowledge,—that of experience aided by philosophical discrimination, and quickened by vigilant observation. It has been said of Shakspeare that were his speeches laid before us without the names of those who uttered them, we could assign them to the proper speakers from the intuitive felicity with which he has adapted them to the characters: it may be said of Miss Edgeworth with as little exaggeration, that after reading the first pages of any of her works we could assign the sentiments and situations of her characters. Her personages, varied as they are, all appear in their appropriate costumes, from the peer in his castle to the artizan in his shop, or the peasant at his plough. Her moral lessons, however enforced with due energy, are judiciously modified according to the circumstances of those for whose use they are intended: she has polite ethics for the drawing room, and plain, substantial instruction for the cottage.—Her morality imperiously pervades those parts of her writings which are usually supposed to be exempt from its severer restraints; her very lovers give us lessons of morality, and "beget a temperance" in their readers in the very "heyday of their blood" and whirlwind of their passion. Love, as she represents it, is not the dream of sickly fancies; we find in it neither frivolity, nor metaphysics: it is a rational, pure, and steady sentiment, neither excited by attractions nor dependent on morbid sensibility; but resting for its foundation on the firm basis of esteem, and due and just appreciation of moral and mental qualifications, and on them erecting a fair and hopeful structure of future felicity, honor, and peace. Johnson has said of Milton, "Whatever is to be done the poet is always great;"

it is not higher praise to proclaim of Miss Edgeworth, whatever is to be done, she is always moral.

After this tribute to the merits of Miss Edgeworth, our duty, painful duty, critical impartiality, forces us to the notice of her faults. The first of these which we shall allude to scarcely justifies censure. When Scipio was desired to answer for imaginary offences before a partial auditory, he disdained to make any other defence than by reminding them that that day was the anniversary of the battle of Zama, and was acquitted. The first objection that strikes us arises from the very character and spirit of her writings. Such is either the depravity of our natures, or the perversity of our imaginations, that we require the exhibition of strong passions to rouse our attention, though aware that the union of strong passions and exalted virtue is almost impracticable; and would rather weep for the sufferings of conscious error, than enjoy the placidity of happy virtue. To examine the causes of this feeling would demand a disquisition remote from our present object. Miss Edgeworth delights in the delineation of those characters which irresistibly claim the meed of moral approbation: and that of all well-regulated minds doubtless attends them. Such a strain of composition, however, too often fails of raising the interest or even the attention of readers. They are too good and prudent for strong sympathy.—Miss Edgeworth has sufficient and more than sufficient knowledge of life to know that these personages can never do for heroes and heroines: she should at once have placed them in the rank which they merited and will always maintain; but she should not have obtruded them, like David in Saul's armour, in the unwieldy harness of moral heroism. She must have discovered in the perusal of her own work that the convulsive passions and theatrical character of Lady Delacour were infinitely more interesting than her Belinda, with all her simplicity of mind and dignity of character so often repeated—that Vincent's glowing credulity, ductility, and impassioned energy captivate us far beyond the polished pedantry of Hervey;—that we sympathize with the depraved, degraded, lost character of Buckhurst Falconer, far more than with the "civil count who speaks of patriotism, literature, and gallantry, so trippingly on the tongue;" that, in a word, our approbation goes (as it ought to do) with those who deserve it, and that our feelings and interest and attention go (as they will do sometimes) with those who deserve it not. Those prudent, proper, wise and worthy personages, whom she insists upon it we shall receive and accredit as the legitimate heroes and heroines of her drama, are more fit to compose the chorus. Thus all the world was attracted at first by the bad translation of Racine's *Andromaque* under the title of the "*Distressed Mother*," but in a short time Hector's widow was found to be a very insipid personage, and when the play is acted now, it is acted to display the guilty, impassioned, unfortunate Hermione.

With excellence above experience and beyond nature we can have little communication or partnership. The Gods take care of Cato, and to the care of the Gods we confidently leave such as Cato. Aristotle has said that the character fittest for representation is a mixed one; and as Miss Edgeworth's novels are all dramatic (one of their highest praises) we would recommend to her the mixture of a few comfortable, consoling infirmities, some "mortal mixture of earth's mould" in the composition of her future heroes and heroines.

Her next obvious defect (we hesitate to term it a defect) is a total, *moral* inability to paint the strongest passion that can distract the human heart, or agitate human life. Miss Caroline Percy to the best of our recollection makes one strong speech about *love* in Patronage, and that is the first and last we hear of it in her works. So much the better no doubt. We honour Miss Edgeworth for the omission! The purity of her mind was unable to conceive those dangerous characters who, by a kind of moral or immoral chemistry, amalgamate vice, virtue, passion, reason, falsehood, and truth, and leave their readers incapable of analysing the compound or separating the ingredients. The clearness of her understanding was above that seductive sophistry which makes the "worse appear the better reason:" she is a fair, plain, intelligent guide in the open champaign country of truth, not a treacherous conductor through the bewildering forest of metaphysics, who betrays us to the dagger of vice lurking in its recesses, and shares the spoils with the assassin. Miss Edgeworth really cannot enter into the feelings, and play the part of vice however "deckt and frounst" in the disguise of refined manners, and double and treble-refined sentiments. Thus her novel of *Leonora* in which are described the arts and charms of an accomplished enchantress employed in seducing the husband of her friend, is by far the dullest of her productions.—We have heard that Mrs. Siddons failed in the representation of *Milwood*, from the impossibility of her giving effect to the meretricious allurements of the character, and we conceived that her representation of such a character was more "honoured in the breach than in the observance." Let it be remembered we are not here confounding vice and passion, but merely intimating what we might confidently assert, and amply prove, that in novels a luxuriant display of the one is too often employed in the service of the other.

Such is Miss Edgeworth's sacred horror of any thing like exaggerated feeling, or tumid language; such her anxiety for reducing her characters, where they are not meant to be heroes, to the level of ordinary feelings and occupations, and lowering the intoxications of romance to a "sober certainty of waking bliss," that she appears as averse from the enthusiasm of nature as from the enthusiasm of passion.

No proofs of its power over her heart or her senses ever occur in her works: none of those descriptions that give all the charms of poetry to the pages of Mrs. Radcliffe ever seduce her from her characteristic style, at once playful and didactic: none of that sensibility to the grand and lovely in the forms of the earth, or the colours of the sky, which like the statue of Memnon utters a tone of melody when touched by the light of heaven. We do "grievously suspect" that Miss Edgeworth is one of those who would have joined with Johnson in his laugh against the pastoral prosers who "babble of green fields;" and we rather fear that she speaks her own sentiments in the person of Lord Glenthorne in *Ennui*, when he gives all the "Beauties of Killarney to the devil." If this be so, though it must be admitted to be a defect in a writer, it is a defect not to be censured, but to be pitied: in fact Miss Edgeworth's *groups* are so admirable that we may well compromise for the absence of landscape in her painting, and have no more right to quarrel with her for her want of sensibility to natural scenes, than with Johnson for his want of sensibility to music.

There are other defects in her writings; trifles they would be in the writings of another author, but Miss Edgeworth's eminence gives a mischievous importance to her defects. Her style is pure, but in her rage for avoiding every thing that is extravagant in sentiment or in diction, she falls into a colloquial flippancy, a creeping familiarity unworthy of her rank in literature or her place in society. In *Belinda*, Lady Delacour offers the heroine "a silver penny for her thoughts," and so fond is Miss Edgeworth of this *bright image* that she repeats it again in her Comic Dramas. Where could she have heard this silly vulgarism? Then all her personages have a desperate trick of refuting or appearing to refute the arguments of their antagonists by merely repeating the last words of their sentences: this, if performed with humour of tone and expression may have a certain effect in conversation, but it will be one very remote from either good manners or good logic. Her personages moreover, whether in love, or in embarrassment, have an inveterate unmeaning habit of expressing their agitation by tearing to pieces a handful of flowers with which they appear to be opportunely armed for the occasion at all times. This silly resource of vulgar perplexity may be pardonable once, but Miss Edgeworth's repetition of it is really tormenting. We can allow *Belinda* on the eve of a critical explanation with Lady Delacour to pull her carnation to pieces, and even bear with Farmer Grey's daughter peeping into the bell of a flower (whose name we have unluckily forgotten,) for the answer to an embarrassing question put to her by her papa on the subject of Sir Hyacinth O'Brien's ball; but we really cannot conceive why a manufacturer cannot propose to a dyer's daughter without first pulling a handful of primroses, and scattering them all about the lane in a fit of amorous abstraction, and pastoral absurdity. It would have been un-

pardonable in us to pass over any productions of Miss Edgeworth with the general notice which might be sufficient for an adventurer in literature, one who came to "break an idle spear" in the lists, and depart careless of disgrace and distinction. Miss Edgeworth challenges a more peculiar regard, her works have constituted a new species, and merit distinct and appropriate attention. The nature, spirit and texture of her works, have made them preeminently her own. Public utility, national morality, adorned by all the resources of literature, teeming with experience, and invigorated by philosophy, characterize almost every effort of her pen. But this last word suggests to us a parting hint to Miss Edgeworth. The morality and *philosophy* of her works are conspicuous, unquestionable; but we do not find in her writings (quite as often as we could wish) the language of religion,—and let it be remembered that by this term we do not mean a general acknowledgment of the existence of a deity and the certainty of a future state.—Reason may teach thus much: we speak of the Christian religion, which alone can give support in this life, or suggest hope in the next, "other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid." Miss Edgeworth's morality could never have had its seat in the heart, or existed even in contemplation, had the day-spring from on high never visited us. The best way of serving the cause of morality, would have been never to have lost sight of its only legitimate source. We cannot approve of a reserve which, though we doubt not it is far enough removed from infidelity, has too much the appearance of disingenuous shame to be suffered to pass without censure.

ART. III.—*The History of Ismayl and Maryam; an Arabian tale, from the French.*

[Count Forbin, a lively Frenchman, has recently published an account of his Travels in Greece, Turkey, and the Holy Land. The manners of the people, the monuments, the temples, and every thing else connected with that country, have been so frequently described, and particularly, with a felicity which defies all imitation, by Dr. Clarke, that it would seem to be superfluous to attempt to make any addition to the stock of information which the public already possess. But the same objects strike the mind differently, and the remote countries of the East awaken so many powerful sensations that we peruse every narrative with renewed interest. The splendid work in quarto which Count Forbin has published is enriched with admirable drawings, executed in the most brilliant style; indeed, he considers these embellishments as con-

stituting the chief value of his work. In another part of our Journal we shall make some extracts from an abridgment of this interesting work, which has just reached us; at present it is our object to lay before the reader an episode which the Count has introduced in the following manner: "After their repast, our Arabs drew up in a circle, and each in his turn told a story; by the physiognomies of those who listened to him, it was easy to judge of the interest of the recital. One evening they appeared to be more attentive, and to feel a greater emotion, than usual: I wished to know the cause of this, and procured from Abon Doand, our interpreter, the translation of a tale, which must have been more pathetic from the lips of Ibrâhym el-Arish. "My lord, said the dragoman to me," I have heard it repeated several times by a monk of Jaffa: I am almost certain that I can tell it as well as he did."]

In the continual quarrels which subsisted between the Arabs of the Desert and the Motsallam of Jerusalem, the people of the latter surprised and made prisoner, near the valley of Begua, a young cheykh who had already distinguished himself by his valorous achievements. He was named Ismayl, the son of Ahmed, the son of Bâhir: his father was chief of the tribe of *Ouahydych*, one of the most considerable of Barr el-Châm (Syria). Ismayl defended himself with the courage of the lions he had so often attacked in the sands of Mâan and Karac. Being desperately wounded, it was not without great difficulty that he was transported to Jerusalem, where he was lodged, with his head resting on a column, in the court of the Governor's palace. The paleness of death overspread his sunburnt visage, without changing the masculine and dignified beauty of his features: his stiff and chilled limbs, however, seemed to announce that he who was the rampart of the Desert, and the terror of Syria, would soon yield up the ghost. But his blood still flowed; and what pity denied, was inspired by a sordid interest. The Motsallam, expecting a considerable ransom for the only son of the cheykh of the *Ouahydych*, ordered the dragoman of the convent of the Holy Land, who had the reputation of a skilful physician, to be called. "Hakim,"* said he to him, "seeing that thou hast received from Heaven the

* Doctor.

gift of curing men, and that my people see in thee a second Averroës, I will confide to thee this prisoner, if thou thinkest that thou canst save his life: let him be conveyed to thy dwelling. Swear that thou wilt bring this slave into my presence on the twentieth day of the moon of Schowal; if thou failest, if he escape thy vigilance, the treason be on thy head. The half of his ransom shall be the reward of this service."

The dragoman bowed his head, examined the wounds of the young cheykh, and after laying his hand successively on his breast, on his beard, and on his forehead, said, "My Lord, what thou hast commanded shall be done: deliver up to me this slave, and I will endeavor to restore him to thee worth all the ransom which thy justice has a right to expect."

The expiring youth was conveyed to the house of the dragoman, who was named Yonhannâ-ebn-Temyn. The fire of charity warmed the breast of this Christian man: he dwelt near the gate of St. Stephen, on the *via dolorosa*,* and the garden of his house was formed on the ruins of one of the walls of the *piscina probatica*,† to the bottom of which it descended.

Maryam, the most beautiful of the daughters of Palestine, heard the sounds of redoubled blows: having discerned the voice of Ebn-Temyn her father, she opened the door, which was barricadoed like those of all the christians of Jerusalem, and was not a little surprised at seeing him enter with the inanimate body of the young cheykh. "My daughter," said the dragoman, "I bring to thee one in affliction," and thenceforth compassion was depicted on the celestial countenance of Maryam. "He is the most formidable chief of those Bedouins, the son of Ahmed, the cheykh of the *Ouahydyeh*."—"What! so young," said she; "and is it he who made himself so terrible to the Bethlehemites! Oh my father, let us pardon him: bring to thy remembrance the history of the Samaritan. If thy art could save this unfortunate youth!"—"Haste, run!" replied to her Ebn-Temyn, "bring the balm of zaggoun, and stripes of linen."

* The road by which our Saviour was led to crucifixion.

† A pond at Jerusalem where the sheep intended for sacrifice were washed.

With hasty steps she departed. Ismayl was laid on the plain divan of the dragoman. Maryam got ready the folded linen: on her knees, she supported in her arms the drooping head of the youth, and waited impatiently the opinion her father was about to form of the state of Ismayl. Alas! a sigh, perhaps the latest, is ready to escape his lips: the strong throbs which heave the bosom of the young virgin do not rekindle in his bosom the torch of life. Maryam watches the slightest movement, the smallest spark. She sees for the first time a man—a stranger—she contemplates with an ardent pity the closed eyes of the Bedouin, whose long black lids cast their shadows on his wan cheeks. On the breast of Ismayl a deep wound, has been inflicted; Ebn-Temyn thinks it mortal: Maryam shudders, and presses to hers the sad burden she supports. One of her hands holds what has been prepared to quench the blood which flows abundantly on the sash and unfolded turban of the Bedouin. Her tears, which she cannot wipe away, bathe the brow of the young man: this potent balm might have awakened him from the last sleep: he opens his eyes, and fixing them steadfastly on this ravishing beauty, in the delirium of the fever which consumes him, "Mahomet," he exclaims, "am I at length in thy divine Paradise!" ——"O Virgin, mother of the true God," cries Maryam, "he is still alive! blessed be thy name: help this poor infidel, for without thee our endeavors will be vain."

During the time of his long confinement, Ebn-Temyn and his daughter did not quit the son of Ahmed for an instant. He saw almost unceasingly, by day and by night, the expression of the softest pity embellish the features of Maryam: words of kindness afforded the hope of a better destiny to this ardent youth, whose ignominious bonds galled him more sorely than the sufferings he endured.

In the mean time Ismayl recovered strength, and his heart paid back with interest the debt of his life. His soul was filled with love and gratitude. As soon as he was able to walk, Maryam led him beneath the sycamore the branches of which overshadowed the house and garden of Ebn-Temyn: seated side by side, it was her delight to call on him to relate the wars of his tribe, the revenge taken by the *Quahydych* on the perfidious Gezzar,

the particulars of his family, and his pleasures in the desert. The evening surprised them in the midst of these long and agreeable reveries, from which they were at length roused by the voice of the *mouazzin*, who, from the lofty minaret of the rich mosque of el-Harem, called the musselmen to prayers.

"Maryam," said the Arab to her, "thou makest me forget my father, the prophet, and my tribe. Within these gloomy and high walls which shut out the light of heaven, thy eyes are become the only stars I wish to follow. Either will my bones become light ashes, to be the sport of the wind yamyn, or I will plant for thee the nuptial tent in the desert: my father and mother will leap for joy at thy sight; all the *Ouahydych* will kiss the skirt of the robe of Ebn-Temyn; and the girls of the gabyleh will contend for the honour of washing the dust from thy feet." Maryam, confused and moved to pity, replied to him that she was a christian—that every thing in this life separated them. "Death, alas!" she added with a sad presentiment, "death will perhaps be more just."

In the interim, the pacha of Damascus, coveting the treasures of the motsallam of Jerusalem, called him to his divan, and reproached him with his extortions: his head fell by the stroke of the cimeter; and those eyes, a single glance from which would, the evening before, have terrified all Judea, became dim. A favourite of the Pasha was appointed governor of Jerusalem; who, being desirous to repay the favour his patron had conferred upon him by an acceptable present, levied contributions, as well on the convent of the Holy Sepulchre, as on those of the Armenians and Greeks: twenty of the richest Jews sunk under the merciless blows of the staffs of the chiaoux. Grief and consternation prevailed throughout the whole city of Jerusalem. "Listen, son of Ahmed," said the dragoman to the cheykh confided to his care: "bound by a sacred oath towards the last motsallam I have not made any promise to his successor: if thy strength will enable thee, profit by the confusion which prevails in the city; go out to-morrow, at sun set, by the gate of Naby Daoud; conceal thyself in the grottoes of Haceldama, where the sepulchres will afford thee a sacred asylum; and afterwards direct thy steps with prudence towards the desert. May the God who sent thee to my

house, protect thy flight, and may he bestow on thee, as on those whose blood flows in thy veins, long life." Maryam blushed on hearing these words: the cup, filled with the drink she was about to offer, fell from her hand.

"O my father," said Ismayl, "wherefore is it that thou wouldst have me sever myself from thee, when danger menaces those my heart will never abandon? That cruel man, Abdallah, now persecutes the chief men of Jerusalem; but, when this new motsalam shall have sacrificed the dromedaries, his hand will slay the ewes, and spear the tender lamb. He will recollect the combat of Tiberiades, when he shall be told that Ismayl is a captive; and not any ransom will be the purchase of my life: *there is blood between us and the children of our children.* Soon will Abdallah demand of thee an account of the slave; and thy mouth, the daughter of truth, what reply will it have to make? Let us rather flee together; or, if thou wilt plight thy faith to me, I will proceed towards my father; he will draw near to Pharan the children of his tribe, gentle as antelopes, and courageous as lions; and I will bring a docile camel, which Maryam will guide without difficulty. Accompanied by her, thou wilt come out to meet us at the valley of Gaza, and shouts of joy will welcome thy coming during the last three days of the moon of sepher; and I will watch unceasingly, on the heights of Ebor to discern thine arrival."

"My father," said Maryam, embracing his knees, "the offer of this young man is an inspiration of heaven; yesterday I prostrated myself before the altar of the virgin, and my heart divined all that he has proposed to us. Let us flee from the first blows of these barbarians: the hand of God will afterwards dispel this storm: this powerful God will look down on his people with compassion: but, I conjure thee, let us depart without loss of time."

Ebn-Temyn, struck by the wisdom of these words, and by his daughter's grief, yielded to her prayer. Every thing having been agreed on, and all the measures taken, Ismayl addressed to them the parting wish. "May you pant after the sight of the camp of Ahmed, the son of Bâhir, as the wearied traveller pants after that of the Oasis!" This project, however, was soon disconcerted: the tumult had become such in the streets of Jerusalem, that Ebn-Temyn would not consent to allow his guest to depart: he

even obliged him to conceal himself beneath the vaults of the cistern, there to wait a more favourable moment. After this precaution, he ascended more tranquilly to Maryam, with whom he was conversing when a party of Spahis came to seize him. He had been denounced by a perfidious Greek, and was conducted to the motsallam: his daughter never saw him more.

What little Ebn-Temyn possessed was confiscated. Maryam, in despair, hastened to throw herself at the feet of the superior of the monks of the Holy Land, to conjure him to sue for her father. The monastery was surrounded by soldiers, and the monks menaced. "My daughter," said the most reverend father to Maryam, "Our Lord has inflicted on us a deep wound, and you, of all the victims, are subjected to the severest trial: offer up your griefs to him who, at this very spot, voluntarily drank of the cup, even unto the dregs: daughter of Jesus Christ, your father is no more."

The wretched girl was ignorant of this deplorable loss; she fell motionless. By the time she had recovered her senses, she was surrounded by several Christian women, who wept, and resisted her being taken before the governor. This man, having been informed of the beauty of Maryam, was desirous to present to the pacha of Damascus a gift sweet as incense, and well worthy his acceptance. The prayers of the monks, however, and their money, delayed this measure for a few hours. They were in hopes they would be enabled to shield the young Christian from all further inquiries, by confiding her to the nuns of Bethlehem; but news was brought in the evening that that city likewise had been delivered up to the fury of the Metoualis. Information was at the same time received, that the convent of Jerusalem, and the church of the Holy Sepulchre, were to be forced in the night. From that moment, every one betook himself to flight, as the only resource. The women concealed themselves, with their children, in the deep caverns containing the tombs of the kings and judges. Courageous christians scaled the walls, and buried the most precious of the relics in the sands of the grotto of Jeremiah, or in the depths of Siloe.

Dejected, dismayed, without any one to counsel her, and without an asylum, Maryam returned to Ismayl, whom she found worn

out with anxious expectation. When he heard of the death of Ebn-Temyn, and witnessed the despair of his daughter, he foamed with rage, and breathed nothing but revenge. "If God," said she to him, "has still left me a little strength, it is that I might persuade thee to depart. I have told in confidence every thing to the Father of the convent. Yousef, one of the janissaries, to whom the protection of the monks is confided, has been brought over by them, and will facilitate thy flight: he has consented to conceal himself in the ruins of Bethamia, where the Arabs of Sîloah will furnish him with a camel. It is night; gain the valley of Jehosophat; thou wilt there find thy guide, who will wait for thee until the ninth hour. May God bless this journey, and may he accompany thy steps! Bring sometimes to thy remembrance Ebn-Temyn and his unfortunate daughter."—"Thou wilt not follow me," said Ismayl, "and thou proposest to me to flee?"—"I am a christian," replied Maryam "and am not permitted to be thy wife: but, Ismayl, if thou lovest me, save thy life; be happy in the desert: Maryam will not fail to find a refuge near the tomb of her God." Then taking courage, she added with a voice half stifled by her tears: "the only grief which I could not support, would be that of forgetting my duties, or of seeing thee lose thy life: all others I shall be able to resist." "Thou didst not imagine that I would depart," said Ismayl in a sorrowful tone of voice, laying down his weapons and his mantle: "I have not given thee reason to suspect the son of Ahmed of so dastardly an act. Was it thy wish to try me? And what signifies life to me when removed from what I love? What is it I have just heard? Is it possible that thou canst live far from Ismayl? I remain, and I attest the prophet that no earthly power shall drag me from thy presence." "Thou remainest," exclaimed Maryam, "and the death with which thou art menaced?" "I despise it," said Ismayl. "And thy father who expecteth thee, and the tribe which impatiently awaiteth thy coming!" "I remain," repeated Ismayl. "Wretch," replied Maryam "dost thou not know that I cannot survive thee?"—"I will at least be the first to die," said Ismayl. These last words emphatically pronounced, had all their weight: they decided the fate of Maryam.

"Oh my God! what is to be done?" exclaimed the young girl, falling on her knees. "Ought I to quit this soil sprinkled with the blood of my father? Ought I to suffer Ismayl to perish? Am I then, a poor and desolate orphan, to sacrifice him thus? If my father were living, a sacred duty would attach me to him; but, alone in the world, insulated, and without a prop, where is the tie that binds me? A numerous family would have to deplore the loss of Ismayl; and ought I to consent to his death? What matters the fate of Maryam? He will live, and may still be happy. Ismayl! Save thy life, and dispose of mine: I depart with thee. Pardon me, O! holy virgin, pardon me; and, if we are both culpable, punish me alone."

Not a moment was to be lost: directed by the light of the conflagration which consumed the convent of the Armenians, Ismayl and Maryam penetrated with great difficulty through the hedges of aloes which bound the gardens of the environs. They reached the wall which encompasses Jerusalem, and climbed over it with the help of a few Christians, to whom they rendered a like service. They might be seen—they might be heard—the smallest noise might betray them: Ismayl knew for the first time what fear is. They hastened their steps: Maryam, accustomed to the sedentary life of the females of the east, found it difficult to follow her friend, he carried her in his arms. The minaret of Bethania was at length in sight: now it was that the son of Ahmed persuaded himself that he was master of the destiny of Maryam, who was still engaged in offering up thanks to Heaven when they came to the ruins. They hastened to make the signal which was agreed on; but it was not answered; all was hushed; the night was dark; and the guide and the camel missing. Ismayl repeated the signal; he searched in vain, for nought was to be seen: the ninth hour was certainly passed.

What was to be done? How travel over sixty miles of dreary and rugged roads, without help, and without provisions, to have to find, at the end of this journey, moving sands scorched by the sun. What obstacles will not love surmount! Ismayl had not any difficulty in persuading Maryam that they ought to proceed. "I know," said he, "a spring midway between this and the land occupied by my tribe; near the fountain we shall find date-trees, the

fruit of which will nourish thee. I will carry thee: it will require two days only to accomplish this journey; and if thy strength should fail thee, I will press thee to my bosom to restore it."

A pure and sacred love inwrapped them in its original robe: it tempered the ardour of their souls, where reigned a holy confidence—the tender and religious charm of a first love. Maryam readily believed what Ismayl said to her: they hastened to quit these solitary ruins: it was their wish to take advantage of the coolness of the night, to accomplish a small portion of their journey with less fatigue. Vain hope! Maryam was already exhausted by fatigue; her tender feet were lacerated by the thorns. Ismayl saw her efforts and her sufferings, and his heart was broken. He took her in his arms, and carried her for a long time; but he advanced slowly in treading on the sharp flints which his feet buried in the sand. The rising sun displayed to their view the desert:—an immense plain of sand, reddened by its earliest rays, without a tree, and without shelter. But this sight, far from dismaying Ismayl, gave him new courage: to him the Desert was the country and the image of liberty. "O! Maryam," said he, "be of good cheer: before the end of this day we shall reach the fountain of Engaddi, and to-morrow we shall be with my father." Maryam, somewhat encouraged by these words, tried to conceal her sufferings: she attempted to walk, leaning on Ismayl; but her paleness soon betrayed her, and she was near fainting when he again took her in his arms. Towards the close of this long journey, the Arab, not yet fully recovered from the effect of his wound, also became weak, and still the tops of the palms of Engaddi were scarcely perceptible at the horizon: it appeared impossible to reach them before the hour of darkness should set in; but Maryam languished: the thirst that consumed her scarcely allowed her to articulate a single word! 'Twas for him that she was dying! This recollection inspired the Bedouin with new courage: he walked, stopped, and walked again. The fear of losing the object of his adoration, diffused over his forehead a cold sweat: trembling, panting for breath, he pressed his treasure against his anxious bosom: yet a few steps, and they will reach the fountains so ardently desired. They reached it at length, both of them

ready to sink; and each, deprived of motion, lay stretched on the sand.

Ismayl rose, however, and dragged his wearied steps to the cistern: he took water in the palm of his hands, and moistened with it the lips of Maryam; she slowly opened her eyes bedewed with tears, which a feeble smile tried vainly to disguise. Anxious about the condition of Ismayl, all her thoughts were concentrated in him. "Alas!" said the young girl, "without me thou wouldst not have been thus dying, and exhausted with fatigue." She accused herself; and while she lamented him she loved, tried to find, even in her sacrifices, the occasion of her own blame.

During the night, and the following day, they reposed beneath the date-trees. When Maryam fell into a broken slumber, Ismayl was at her feet, and watched over her; she then often uttered inarticulate and incoherent words, to which the Arab listened with a mixture of surprise and terror. The soft and bewitching spell of an oriental night seems to bring man into contact with heaven: the harmonies of these mysterious hours accompany alike the plaint of the sufferer, and the hymn of gratitude. Sometimes transient lights flit across the horizon like a fiery chariot, and tinge with pale and fugitive red the fleecy clouds which hover over the summits of the mountains: these uncertain vapours then resemble the celestial intelligences which defend the children of the earth from the spirit of darkness. The savoury fruit of the date-tree and pure water soon restored the strength of Ismayl; but the daughter of Jerusalem will not recover her's. Under constant apprehensions for the safety of the young cheykh, she was anxious to depart. This third day was less painful than the others; Ismayl carried water and dates with which they might refresh themselves on the route.

At length they fell in with a party of Arab shepherds, who, moved by their sufferings, presented to them the milk of their mare, and bread baked in the ashes. The oldest of them, who was united in the bonds of friendship with the *Ouahydyeh* Arabs, undertook to be the guide of these poor fugitives, who directed their steps towards the valley of Harma: the shepherd aided them to climb the summits of Gabar, and to cross the torrent of Softa, and the dreary waste of Hebron. "My daughter," said he to

Maryam, "place thy trust in God: it is HE who guided thy steps towards us in the pasturages of Edom. He hath snatched from me, to take unto himself, a beloved daughter, the only prop of my old age: thou bringest her to my remembrance. Grief loveth grief: lean on me, poor broken reed; together we shall resist the tempest." Maryam, in the meantime, could scarcely drag her feeble limbs: the fountain of her tears was dried up. In the evening, the piercing sight of the Arab enabled him to discover several horsemen stationed on a height: he concealed his friends behind a rock, and ran with haste towards these men, whom he perceived to be Arabs. The Bedouins no sooner descried the shepherd, than they descended the hill with the speed of lightning. 'O! sons of the desert,' exclaimed the old man, "can it be that ye are the children of the noble gabyleh of Ouahydych, the queen of Bosor and of Eblata?" "Yes, yes," exclaimed they all at once. The old man without replying to them, returned to Ismayl, who confided to him his precious charge, to hasten towards his people, to send tidings to his father, and bring a camel. He returned a few minutes after; and, falling on his knees before Maryam, said to her, "My sister, take courage, all the tribe awaiteth thee, and I wish to restore unto thee a father."

Maryam was placed on a mare as gentle and as swift as a kid: her lover, aided by one of the Arabs, supported her. She fainted several times before she reached the small circular plain of Harma, near unto which the old cheykh came out to meet her, with his wife and daughters. When they drew near to each other, Ismayl exclaimed unto him: "heykd of the *Ouahydych*, O! my father, here is the angel who hath preserved unto thee thy son! let the new-born camel be killed in honour of her, and present unto her bread and salt!" Afterwards he related unto him the misfortunes of the christian maiden; and tears overflowed the venerable beard of the son of Bâhir. Alas! death had already taken possession of the heart of Maryam. The young sisters of Ismayl vainly tried to divert her: when it was thought that she was somewhat revived, they led her to the well of Laban: seated beneath a fig-tree the Arab maidens recounted to her their solitudes during the absence of their brother, and all that he told them of the benevolence and good offices of Ebn-Temyn. When

they returned to the tent of the women, their mother, who anxiously expected them, spread open her arms to Maryam, called her her daughter, and treated her as she would have treated a beloved child in affliction; she sent to Gaza to seek what it was thought might be agreeable or salutary to Maryam. "We are poor and ignorant in the desert," said she to her; "but our hearts open to friendship, as the pomegranates of Ascalon open to the sun, by which they are coloured and sweetened."

Maryam was deeply moved by these marks of the simple and unfeigned interest taken in her welfare. She loved the young cheykh; but her piety, the terrors of another life, so cogent in the breast of a christian female born at the foot of the sacred mountain of Golgotha—every reflection, in short, conspired to trouble her soul: she unceasingly thought she heard the voice of her father, who called her to his presence. In the meantime she was a prey to fever and want of rest. Ismayl, intoxicated with love, saw Maryam descend slowly into the tomb; enraged at fate, he wandered around the camp, and roared like a young lion wounded by the empoisoned shaft of the hunter. His father went out to seek him. "God is great," said Ahmed to him, "seeing that he has permitted the dove to seek refuge in my tent. Be persuaded, Ismayl, that this is a lucky sign of the *Ouahydych*: soothe, therefore thy breast, more agitated than the waves of the great sea."

The tenderest cares were fruitless. One day, the head of Maryam fell on her breast, the last sigh escaped her pallid lips, and her pure soul took its flight towards the Almighty. All the roots which supplied nourishment to this feeble plant had been cut off. The death of her father, religious scruples, a first love—every thing conspired to wither this flower, which had been a little time before so resplendent in freshness and beauty. Ismayl, denied the relief of tears, continued sullen and pensive amid the lamentations of the females of his family. The old cheykh, dejected and dismayed, presided at the funeral obsequies: he concealed beneath the palms the mortal remains of the Christian Virgin, and had the crucifix which this unfortunate girl had constantly worn next her heart, placed on her tomb. The words which have been so often employed to express the sharp agonies

of man—would these words suffice to delineate the grief of Ismayl, of this child of nature, rebelling against her barbarous decrees? It was in vain that his father presented to him a little nourishment; that he spoke to him of the interests of the tribe; and of the wars with which he was menaced; not a single word could be drawn from his lips. In the mean time the repose of this great family was about to be interrupted by the aga of Gaza; and the council of the elders had just decided on a general retreat to the Desert of Mephaath, beyond the Black Sea, in the country of the Moabites. Each individual belonging to the tribe was engaged in making preparations for departure, when, at the going down of the sun, the planet appeared surrounded by a circle of the colour of blood: the sky which had suddenly assumed a yellowish hue, gave out a dim and livid light; the birds skimming the surface of the earth, fled towards the west; the soil appeared luminous, while the air was dull and opake; the motionless palm let fall toward the sand its flexible branches, while the slightest wind raises and tosses in the air; all was silent; fear prevailed around; and the plaintive moans of the animals announced the approach of the dreadful *semoum*, that pestilential wind, the terror of the desert. Ismayl, smiling at the prospect of this scourge, embraced the tomb of her whom he loved; his hands dispersed the sand which covered her; he touched, he pressed to his bosom the sheet, and raised the veil with which the virgin's face was covered. Ismayl contemplated with eager looks the traits which death still respected. Maryam appeared as if smiling on her friend. "Come," she seemed to say to him, "come, O! my well beloved: quit the land of tribulation for the abode of peace."—"Yes," exclaimed Ismayl, pressing his lips on the icy forehead of Maryam, "receive the chaste kiss of the spouse of the sepulchre: I am about to burst my chains, and we shall be united for ever!"

The wretched youth waited with an impatient joy the death which was to confound his remains with those of the object of his deep sorrows, of his agonizing pangs. In a little time a reddish cloud came from the east: the fury of the storm made a chaos of this tranquil desert: waves of sand came in conflict, the loftiest of the date-trees were deracinated; and a few minutes

sufficed to heap up a valley. Amid this fearful destruction Ismayl disappeared. Ah! He towards whom the prayer of the afflicted heart ascends still quicker than the incense of the tabernacles,—He who judges the most secret thoughts of men, without doubt wished to reunite these two noble and pure souls in the regions of holy, eternal and ineffable joys.

ART. IV.—*Ivanhoe; a Romance. By the author of "Waverley."*
Philadelphia, reprinted. M. Carey & Son. 1820

As this exquisite romance belongs to a class generically different from any of the former tales of the same author, it is possible that many readers, finding it does not tally with any preconceptions they had formed, but requires to be read with a quite new, and much greater effort of imagination, may experience, when it is put into their hands, a feeling not unlike disappointment. In all his former novels the characters, both prominent and subordinate, were such as might have been found in actual existence at no far back period, but the era to which *Ivanhoe* relates is so remote, that the manners are, of course, unlike any thing either the author or the readers of the present times could have had any opportunity of knowing by personal observation. Hence the writer has found it necessary to set them forth with much minuteness and elaboration; so that in the opening the narrative appears like a curious antiquarian exhibition—not having many traits that are calculated to take hold of the reader's ordinary sympathies—although the unexampled beauty of language and of fancy, in which the whole picture is embodied, cannot fail to arrest and delight, from the beginning, the eye of the more critical, philosophical, or imaginative student.

After the first hasty perusal of a work which unites so much novelty of representation with a depth of conception and a power of passion equal, at the least, to what had been exhibited in the best of its predecessors, it is no wonder that we should find ourselves left in a state of excitement not much akin to the spirit of remark or disquisition. Such has been the mastery of the poet—such the perfect working of the spell by which he has carried us with him back into his troubled, but majestic sphere of vision,

that we feel as if we had just awakened from an actual dream of beauty and wonder, and have some difficulty in resuming the consciousness—to say nothing of the more active functions—of our own ordinary and prosaic life. Never were the long-gathered stores of most extensive erudition applied to the purposes of imaginative genius with so much easy, lavish, and luxurious power; never was the illusion of fancy so complete—made up of so many minute elements—and yet producing such entireness of effect. It is as if the veil of ages had been, in truth, swept back, and we ourselves had been, for a time, living, breathing, and moving in the days of *Cœur de Lion*—days how different from our own! the hot—tempestuous—chivalrous—passionate—fierce Youth of Christendom. Every line in the picture is true to the life—every thing in the words, in the gestures—every thing in the very faces of the personages called up before us, speaks of times of energetic volition—uncontrolled action—disturbance—tumult—the storms and whirlwinds of restless souls and ungoverned passions. It seems as if the atmosphere around them were all alive with the breath of trumpets, and the neighing of chargers, and the echo of war cries. And yet, with a true and beautiful skilfulness, the author has rested the main interest of his story, not upon these fiery externals, in themselves so full of attraction, and every way so characteristic of the age to which the story refers, but on the workings of that most poetical of passions which is ever deepest where it is most calm, quiet, and delicate; and which, less than any other, is changed even in its modes of manifestation, in conformity with the changes of time, manners, and circumstances. For the true interest of this romance of the days of Richard is placed neither in Richard himself, nor in the knight of *Ivanhoe*,* the nominal hero—nor in any of the haughty templars or barons who occupy along with them the front of the scene, but in the still, devoted, sad, and unrequited tenderness of a Jewish damsel—by far the most fine, and at the same time the most romantic creature of female character the author has ever formed: and second, we suspect, to no crea-

* For the benefit of our fair readers, be it mentioned, that this word means, in anglo-Saxon (and very nearly in modern German), the hill of joy.

ture of female character whatever that is to be found in the whole annals either of poetry or of romance.

Wilfred of Ivanhoe is the son of Cedric of Rotherwood, one of the last of the Saxon nobles, who preserved, under all the oppressions of Norman tyranny, and in spite of all the attractions of Norman pomp, a faithful and religious reverence for the customs and manners of his own conquered nation. Wilfred, nevertheless, has departed from the prejudice of his father and his kindred—he has followed the banner of Cœur de Lion into the Holy Land,

“Where from Naphthaly’s desert to Galilee’s waves,
The sands of Semaar drank the blood of the brave”—

and he returns from thence covered with all the glory of Norman and Christian chivalry—exhibiting in his own person a specimen, without doubt historically true, of the manner in which—prejudices on both sides being softened by community of dangers, adventures, triumphs, and interests—the elements of Saxon and Norman nature, like those of Saxon and Norman speech, were gradually melted into *English* beneath the sway of the wiser Plantagenets. This young man, however, has been disinherited by his father Cedric; in consequence of what appears to the old Saxon, his wicked apostacy from the manners of his people. The love which he has conceived and expressed for Rowena, a princess of the blood of Alfred, has also given offence to his father; because it interfered with a plan which had been laid down for marrying this high-born lady to another scion of Saxon royalty, Athelstane, lord of Coningsburgh—which union, as had been fondly hoped, might have re-united the attachments of their scattered and depressed race, and so perhaps enabled their leaders to shake themselves free, by some bold effort, from the yoke of the Norman prince.—Ivanhoe, therefore, is in disgrace at home; and his fate is quite uncertain at the period when the story opens—for Richard, his favourite master, is a prisoner in Austria, and neither Cedric nor Rowena have heard any later intelligence in regard to the celebrated, but as yet unfortunate exile.

The story opens with a view of the old English forest which in those days covered the West Riding of Yorkshire, and in the midst of which the residence of Cedric the Saxon is situated. In one of the green and grassy glades of this forest, the Swineherd

and the Fool of the Saxon Franklin, are seen conversing together beneath the shadow of an oak, which might have grown there ever since the landing of Julius.—Both of these personages are described at great length, and it is fit they should be so—for much use is made of them in the sequel of the story. One trait—the concluding one—in the picture of Gurth the Swineherd, is too remarkable to be omitted.

“One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog’s collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport:—Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.”

This Born Thrall has some difficulty in getting together his herd, and asks the aid of “Wamba, the son of Witless, the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood”—for he too wears a collar, although it is of more delicate materials.

“‘Truly,’ said Wamba, without stirring from the spot, ‘I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion, that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs, would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bands of travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into Normans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort.’

“‘The swine turned Normans into my comfort!’ quoth Gurth; ‘expound that to me, Wamba, for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles.’

“‘Why, how call you these grunting brutes running about on their four legs?’ demanded Wamba.

“‘Swine, fool, swine,’ said the herd, ‘every fool knows that.’

“‘And swine is good Saxon,’ said the jester; ‘but how call you the sow when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?’

“‘Pork,’ answered the swineherd.

“‘I am very glad every fool knows that too,’ said Wamba, ‘and pork, I think, is good Norman French; and so when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the Castle-hall to feast among the nobles; what do’st thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?’

“‘It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool’s pate.’

“‘Nay, I can tell you more, said Wamba, in the same tone; ‘there is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet, while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calve, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment.’

“‘By St. Dunstan,’ answered Gurth, ‘thou speakest but sad truths; little is left to us but the air we breathe, and that appears to have been reserved, with much hesitation, clearly for the purpose of enabling us to endure the task they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest is for their board; the loveliest is for their couch; the best and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here who have either will or power to protect the unfortunate Saxon.’”

They are interrupted by a cavalcade passing through the wood, which we shall quote, because it at once introduces our readers to some of the principal characters of the story, and is, besides, one of the most beautifully executed things in the whole book.

“Their numbers amounted to ten men, of whom the two who rode foremost seemed to be persons of considerable importance, and the others their attendants. It was not difficult to ascertain the condition and character of one of these personages. He was obviously an ecclesiastic of high rank; his dress was that of a Cistercian Monk, but composed of materials much finer than those which the rule of that order admitted. His mantle and hood were of the best Flanders cloth, and fell in ample, and not ungraceful folds around a handsome though somewhat corpulent person. His

countenance bore as little the marks of self-denial, as his habit indicated contempt of worldly splendor. His features might have been called good, had there not lurked under the pent-house of his eye, that sly epicurean twinkle which indicates the cautious voluptuary. In other respects, his profession and situation had taught him a ready command over his countenance, which he could contract at pleasure into solemnity, although its natural expression was that of good-humoured social indulgence. In defiance of conventual rules, and the edicts of popes and councils, the sleeves of this dignitary were lined and turned up with rich furs, his mantle secured at the throat with a golden clasp, and the whole dress proper to his order as much refined upon and ornamented, as that of a quaker-beauty of the present day, who, while she retains the garb and costume of her sect, continues to give to its simplicity, by the choice of materials and the mode of disposing them, a certain air of coquettish attraction, savouring but too much of the vanities of the world.

“This worthy churchman rode upon a well-fed ambling mule, whose furniture was highly decorated, and whose bridle, according to the fashion of the day, was ornamented with silver bells. In his seat he had nothing of the awkwardness of the convent, but displayed the easy and habitual grace of a well-trained horseman. Indeed, it seemed that so humble a conveyance as a mule, in however good case, and however well broken to a pleasant and accommodating amble, was only used by the gallant monk for travelling on the road. A lay brother, one of those who followed in the train, had, for its use upon other occasions, one of the most handsome Spanish jennets ever bred in Andalusia, which merchants used at that time to import, with great trouble and risk, for the use of persons of wealth and distinction. The saddle and housings of this superb palfrey were covered by a long foot-cloth, which reached nearly to the ground, and on which were richly embroidered mitres, crosses, and other ecclesiastical emblems. Another lay brother led a sumpter mule, loaded probably with his superior's baggage; and two monks of his own order, of inferior station, rode together in the rear, laughing and conversing with each other, without taking much notice of the other members of the cavalcade.

“ The companion of the church dignitary was a man past forty, thin, strong, tall, and muscular; an athletic figure, which long fatigue and constant exercise seemed to have left none of the softer part of the human form, having reduced the whole to brawn, bones, and sinews, which had sustained a thousand toils, and were ready to dare a thousand more. His head was covered with a scarlet cap, faced with fur—of that kind which the French call *mortier*, from its resemblance to the shape of an inverted mortar. His countenance was therefore fully displayed, and its expression was calculated to impress a degree of awe, if not of fear, upon strangers.—High features, naturally strong, and powerfully expressive, had been burnt almost into negro blackness by constant exposure to the tropical sun, and might, in their ordinary state, be said to slumber after the storm of passion had passed away; but the projection of the veins of the forehead, the readiness with which the upper lip and its thick black moustaches quivered upon the slightest emotion, plainly intimated that the tempest might be again and easily awakened. His keen, piercing, dark eyes, told, in every glance, a history of difficulties subdued, and dangers dared, and seemed to challenge opposition to his wishes, for the pleasure of sweeping it from his road by a determined exertion of courage and of will; a deep scar on his brow gave additional sternness to his countenance, and a sinister expression to one of his eyes, which had been slightly injured upon the same occasion, and of which the vision, though perfect, was in a slight and partial degree distorted.

“ The upper dress of this personage resembled that of his companion in shape, being a long monastic mantle, but the colour being scarlet, showed that he did not belong to any of the four regular orders of monks. On the right shoulder of the mantle there was cut, in white cloth, a cross of a peculiar form. This upper robe concealed what at first view seemed rather inconsistent with its form, a shirt, namely, of linked mail, with sleeves and gloves of the same, curiously plaited and interwoven, as flexible to the body as those which are now wrought in the stocking loom, and of less obdurate materials. The fore-part of his thighs, where the folds of his mantle permitted them to be seen, were also covered with linked mail; the knees and feet were defended by

splints, or thin plates of steel, ingeniously joined upon each other; and mail hose reaching from the ankle to the knee, effectually protected the legs, and completed the rider's defensive armour. In his girdle he wore a long and double-edged dagger, which was the only offensive weapon about his person.

"He rode not a mule, like his companion, but a strong hackney for the road, to save his gallant war-horse, which a squire led behind, fully accoutred for battle, with a chamfron or plaited head-piece upon his head, having a short spike projecting from the front. On one side of the saddle hung a short battle-axe, richly inlaid with Damascene carving; on the other the rider's plumed head-piece and hood of mail, with a long two-handled sword, used by the chivalry of the period. A second squire held aloft his master's lance, from the extremity of which fluttered a small banderole, or streamer, bearing a cross of the same form with that embroidered upon his cloak. He also carried his small triangular shield, broad enough at the top to protect the breast, and from thence diminishing to a point. It was covered with a scarlet cloth, which prevented the device from being seen.

"These two squires were followed by two attendants, whose dark visages, white turbans, and the oriental form of their garments, showed them to be natives of some distant eastern country. The whole appearance of this warrior and his retinue was wild and outlandish; the dress of his squires was gorgeous, and his eastern attendants wore silver collars round their throats, and bracelets of the same metal upon their swarthy legs and arms, of which the former were naked from the elbow, and the latter from mid-leg to ankle. Silk and embroidery distinguished their dresses, and marked the wealth and importance of their master; forming, at the same time, a striking contrast with the martial simplicity of his own attire. They were armed with crooked sabres, having the hilt and baldrick inlaid with gold, and matched with Turkish daggers of yet more costly workmanship. Each of them bore at his saddle-bow a bundle of darts or javelins, about four feet in length, having sharp steel heads, a weapon much in use among the Saracens, and of which the memory is yet preserved in the martial exercise called *El Jerrid*, still practised in the eastern countries.

“ The singular appearance of this cavalcade not only attracted the curiosity of Wamba, but excited even that of his less volatile companion. The monk he instantly knew to be the Prior of Jorvaulx Abbey, well known for many miles around, as a lover of the chase, of the banquet, and, if fame did him not wrong, of other worldly pleasures still more inconsistent with his monastic vows.”

These personages are all on their way to a great *passage of arms* or tournament, about to be held by Prince John, the cruel and traitorous viceroy of his brother, at Ashby-de-la-Zouche. They choose to take up their quarters for the night at the abode of Cedric, where they arrive in spite of the wilful misdirection of Gurth and Wamba; and although not over welcome, are treated with all the abundant hospitality of the age. A strange group are assembled this evening in the hall of the old Franklin. In addition to the personages already noticed, there is the stately Saxon Princess Rowena, on the right hand of the master of the feast, and her train of damsels.—The retainers of the household occupy their places at the same table, but of course “ below the salt;” while around the hearth, at the nether extremity of the hall, are assembled some poorer way-farers, not admitted even to that measure of honour. Among these is an aged Jew, and apparently a very poor one, who, in the sequel, turns out to be a near kinsman to that celebrated Jew of York, that had so many teeth pulled out of his jaws by king John; he also is so far on his way to Ashby, there to seek his profit among the numerous actors or attendants of the approaching festival. Another lonely guest wears the scallop-shell and cloak of a Palmer. He is Ivanhoe, unknown and unregarded in the hall of his ancestors. At night, however, he is sent for by Rowena, whose questions concerning the holy shrines the Palmer has visited, betray the object on whom most of her imagination centre. The Palmer does not reveal himself—he too is on his way to the tournament, and hopes to have there some nobler opportunity of making himself known to his mistress and his kindred. The suspected wealth of the Jew, in the meantime, has excited the curiosity of the fierce Templar Bois-Guilbert, and his Moslem slaves have received secret orders, in an oriental tongue, of which, it is well for Isaac, the Palmer has acquired some knowledge. The Jew is informed of his danger, and assist-

ed and accompanied early in the morning in his escape by Ivanhoe, who takes Gurth also in his train. These three enter Ashby together, where the kindness and protection of the knight are repaid by the Jew's offer to equip him with horse and arms for the tourney.

The description of this tournament is by far the most elaborate—and certainly one of the most exquisite pieces of writing to be found in the whole of these novels. It possesses all the truth and graphic precision of Froissart—all the splendor and beauty of Ariosto—and some of its incidents are impregnated with a spirit of power and pathos, to which no one that ever before described such a scene was capable of conceiving any thing comparable.

But the extent to which the present description is carried, must prevent us from quoting it entire—and it would be quite useless to quote a part of that which produces its happiest effect only by reason of the skill with which things innumerable are made to bear all upon one point. Prince John presides at the lists—wanton—luxurious—insolent—mean—but still a prince and a Plantagenet. The lady, the queen of the day, is the beautiful Rowena—she owes that eminence to the election of the victorious knight, whose casque, being taken off at the conclusion of the jousting, exposes to her gaze and that of all that are present, the pale and blood-stained features of young Ivanhoe. This champion has been successful in all the single combats; but at the conclusion of the day, there has been a mingled onset, wherein, being opposed to overwhelming numbers, he must have been overcome, but for the timely assistance of a knight in black armour, bearing a fetterlock on his shield, who very singularly disappears immediately afterwards—thus leaving the prize and honours of the field to the disinherited son of Cedric, and the lover of Rowena. This knight, as the reader soon begins to suspect, is no other than Richard himself; and henceforth the whole incidents of the tale are made to bear upon the approaching resumption of his rights, by the too long captive monarch.

But although Rowena be the queen of the tourney, and acknowledged by all to be, both by station and beauty, worthy of her high place, there is one present on whom many eyes look with warmer admiration, and on whom the sympathies of the reader are soon

fixed with far intenser interest. This is Rebecca, the beautiful Jewess, the daughter of old Isaac, whom Ivanhoe protected on his journey to Ashby-de-la-Zouche.

“ Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a snow-white neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the loveliest of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps, which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.”

The appearance and behaviour of Ivanhoe, the protector of her father, makes an impression on this radiant creature not the less profound, that, even for this its beginning, her love is one of hopelessness. After the tourney is over, she has the wounded Ivanhoe conveyed to the house where her father and she are lodged, in order that she may have an opportunity of exerting, in his behalf, that medical skill which was at this period well nigh confined to those of her nation, and of which she was already celebrated, for possessing a far more than ordinary portion. Here she nurses him, during the night, with a mysterious tenderness, that makes her far more than his physician; and next day, when it is necessary that her father and she should return to York, she insists on taking him with them in a litter that his cure may not be left un-

finished. They travel in company with Cedric the Saxon, who little suspects that his son is the sick man in the litter. Their journey lies through another part of the same mighty forest—the scene at this period of innumerable acts of violence; and on their way, the party is surrounded by a set of bravos, clad like outlaws of the wood, who convey the whole of them to Torquillstone, an ancient Saxon castle, and in the possession of the Norman Baron Front-de-Bœuf. The appearance of the place to which they are carried, provokes a suspicion that their captors are not mere outlaws, stimulated by the ordinary desire of booty; nor is it long ere their suspicions are confirmed and darkened. The master of the band is no other than Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the fierce Templar. His object is not booty—but the Jewess, Rebecca, whose charms have filled the whole of his passionate soul ever since he saw her at the lists of Ashby. But he is furnished with the means of seizing her by Front-de-Bœuf, who is anxious to get hold of Isaac of York, that he may deal with him, as the Normans of these days thought it right to deal with Jews. Cedric, the sharer of their perils, the father, and the daughter, are conveyed to separate prisons, there to await their separate dooms—while the wounded and helpless Ivanhoe, and the rest of those that attended them, are flung into dungeons, there to abide the issue of the troubles of their supposed superiors. With the different scenes that occur in this castle, during the day these captives spend there, the whole of the second volume is filled—and it is in this part of the book perhaps, that the most striking delineation of the spirit of those tumultuous times is to be found.

While her father is in peril of rack and fire, unless he consents to purchase his freedom by giving up almost the whole of his wealth, the beautiful Jewess is threatened with a fate neither less dark nor less severe. The high and majestic spirit of the damsel, expressed in the style of her beauty and demeanor, forms the very charm that has fascinated and subdued the proud-souled Templar Bois-Guilbert; but he little suspects what a barrier the very element of his captivation is about to oppose against the fulfilment of his guilty wishes. An old Saxon hag, the worn-out harlot of Front-de-Bœuf, is displaced from her apartment at the summit of one of the towers of the castle to make room for Re-

becca—and it is here that she receives the first visit of her lover. “He woos her as the lion woos his bride.”

“The prisoner trembled, however, and changed colour, when a step was heard on the stair, and the door of the turret chamber slowly opened, and a tall man, dressed as one of those banditti to whom they owed their misfortune, slowly entered, and secured the door behind him; his cap, pulled down upon his brows, concealed the upper part of his face, and he held his mantle in such a manner as to muffle the rest. In this guise, as if prepared for the execution of some deed at the thought of which he was himself ashamed, he stood before the affrighted prisoner; yet, ruffian as his dress bespoke him, he seemed at a loss to express what purpose had brought him thither, so that Rebecca, making an effort upon herself, had time to anticipate his explanation. She had already unclasped two bracelets and a collar, which she hastened to proffer to the supposed outlaw, concluding naturally that to gratify his avarice was to bespeak his favour.

“‘Take these,’ she said, ‘good friend, and for God’s sake be merciful to me and to my aged father! These ornaments are of value, yet are they trifling to what he would bestow to obtain our dismissal from this castle, free and uninjured.’

“‘Fair flower of Palestine,’ replied the outlaw, ‘these pearls are orient, but yield in whiteness to your teeth; the diamonds are brilliant, but they cannot match your eyes; and ever since I have taken up this wild trade, I have made a vow to prefer beauty to wealth.’

“‘Do not do yourself such wrong,’ said Rebecca; ‘take ransom and have mercy! Gold will purchase you pleasure—to misuse us, could only bring thee remorse. My father will willingly satiate thy utmost wishes; and if thou wilt act wisely, thou may’st purchase with our spoils thy restoration to civil society—may’st obtain pardon for past errors, and be placed beyond the necessity of committing more.’

“‘It is well spoken,’ replied the outlaw in French, finding it difficult probably to sustain in Saxon a conversation which Rebecca had opened in that language; ‘but know, bright lily of the vale of Bacca! that thy father is already in the hands of a powerful alchemist, who knows how to convert into gold and silver

even the rusty bars of a dungeon grate. The venerable Isaac is subjected to an alembic, which will distil from him all he holds dear, without any assistance from my requests or thy entreaty. Thy ransom must be paid by love and beauty, and in no other coin will I accept it.'

" 'Thou art no outlaw,' said Rebecca, in the same language in which he addressed her; 'no outlaw had refused such offers. No outlaw in this land uses the dialect in which thou hast spoken. Thou art no outlaw, but a Norman—a Norman, noble perhaps in birth—O be so in thy actions, and cast off this fearful masque of outrage and violence.'

" 'And thou, who canst guess so truly,' said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, dropping the mantle from his face, 'art no true daughter of Israel, but in all, save youth and beauty, a very witch of Endor. I am not an outlaw, then, fair rose of Sharon. And I am one who will be more prompt to hang thy neck and arms with pearls and diamonds, which so well become them, than to deprive thee of those ornaments.'

" 'What would'st thou have of me,' said Rebecca, 'if not my wealth?—We can have nought in common between us—you are a Christian—I am a Jewess—Our union were contrary to the laws, alike of the Church, and the Synagogue.'

" 'It were so indeed,' replied the Templar, laughing; 'wed with a Jewess? *Despardieux!* Not if she were the queen of Sheba. And know, besides, sweet daughter of Zion, that were the most Christian king to offer me his most Christian daughter, with Languedoc for a dowry, I could not wed her. It is against my vow to love any maiden, otherwise than *par amour*, as I will love thee. I am a Templar. Behold the cross of my holy order.'

" 'Darest thou appeal to it,' said Rebecca, 'on an occasion like the present?'

" 'And if I do so,' said the Templar, 'it concerns not thee, who art no believer in the blessed sign of our salvation.'

" 'I believe as my fathers taught,' said Rebecca; 'and may God forgive my belief, if erroneous! But you, Sir Knight, what is *yours*, when you appeal, without scruple, to that which you deem most holy, even while you are about to transgress the most solemn of your vows as a knight, and as a man of religion?'

“‘It is gravely and well preached, O daughter of Sirach!’ answered the Templar; ‘but, gentle Ecclesiastica, thy narrow Jewish prejudices make thee blind to our high privilege. Marriage were an enduring crime on the part of a Templar; but what lesser folly I may practise, I shall speedily be absolved from at the next Preceptory of our Order. Not the wisest of monarchs, not his father, whose examples you must needs allow are weighty, claimed wider privileges than we poor soldiers of the Temple of Zion have won by our zeal in its defence. The protectors of Solomon’s Temple, may claim license by the example of Solomon.’

“‘If thou readest the Scriptures,’ said the Jewess, ‘and the lives of the Saints, only to justify thine own license and profligacy, thy crime is like that of him who extracts poison from the most healthful and necessary herbs.’

The eyes of the Templar flashed fire at this reproof—“‘Hearken,’ he said, ‘Rebecca; I have hitherto spoke mildly to thee, but now my language shall be that of a conqueror. Thou art the captive of my bow and spear—subject to my will by the law of all nations, nor will I abate an inch of my right, or abstain from taking by violence, what thou refusest to entreaty or necessity.’

“‘Stand back,’ said Rebecca, ‘stand back, and hear me ere thou offerest to commit a sin so deadly! My strength thou may’st, indeed, overpower, for God made women weak, and trusted their defence to man’s generosity. But I will proclaim thy villany, Templar, from one end of Europe to the other. I will owe to the superstition of thy brethren, what their compassion might refuse me. Each Preceptory—each Chapter of thy Order, shall learn, that, like a heretic, thou hast sinned with a Jewess. Those who tremble not at thy crime, will hold thee accursed, for having so far dishonoured the cross thou wearest, as to follow a daughter of my people.’

“‘Thou art keen-witted, Jewess,’ replied the Templar, well aware of the truth of what she spoke, and that the rules of his Order condemned, in the most positive manner, and under high penalties, such intrigues as he now prosecuted, and that, in some instances, even degradation had followed upon it—‘thou art

sharp-witted,' he said 'but loud must be thy voice of complaint, if it is heard beyond the iron walls of this castle; within these, murmurs, laments, appeals to justice, and screams for help, die alike silent away. One thing only can save thee, Rebecca. Submit to thy fate—embrace our religion, and thou shalt go forth in such state, that many a Norman lady shall yield, as well in pomp, as in beauty, to the favourite of the best lance among the defenders of the Temple.'

" 'Submit to my fate!' said Rebecca, 'and sacred Heaven! to what fate?—embrace thy religion! and what religion can it be, that harbors such a villain? *thou* the best lance of the Templars! craven Knight! forsworn Priest! I spit at thee, and I defy thee. The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even from this abyss of infamy.'

" As she spoke, she threw open the latticed window which led to the bartizan, and in an instant after, stood on the very verge of the parapet, with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois-Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed, 'remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice advance;—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice; my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that court-yard, ere it becomes the victim of thy brutality.'

" As she spoke this, she clasped her hands and extended them towards Heaven, as if imploring mercy on her soul before she made the final plunge. The Templar hesitated, and a resolution, which had never yielded to pity or distress, gave way to his admiration of her fortitude. 'Come down,' he said, 'rash girl! I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence.'

" 'I will not trust thee, Templar,' said Rebecca; 'thou hast taught me better how to estimate the virtues of thine Order. The next Preceptory would grant thee absolution for an oath, the keeping of which concerned nought but the honour or the dishonour of a miserable Jewish maiden.'

" 'You do me injustice,' said the Templar; 'I swear to you by the name which I bear—by the cross on my bosom—by the

sword on my side—by the ancient crest of my fathers do I swear, I will do thee no injury whatsoever. If not for thyself, yet for thy father's sake forbear. I will be his friend, and in this castle he will need a powerful one.'

" 'Alas!' said Rebecca, 'I know it but too well—dare I trust thee?'

" 'May my arms be reversed, and my name dishonoured,' said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, 'if thou shalt have reason to complain of me! Many a law, many a commandment have I broken, but my word never.'

" 'I will then trust thee,' said Rebecca, 'thus far,' and she descended from the verge of the battlement, but remained standing close by one of the embrasures, or *machicolles*, as they were then called. 'Here,' she said, 'I take my stand. Remain where thou art, and if thou shalt attempt to diminish by one step, the distance now between us, thou shalt see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God, than her honour to the Templar.'

" While Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to her looks, air, and manner, a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Her glance quailed not, her cheek blanched not, for the fear of a fate so instant, and so horrible; on the contrary, the thought that she had her fate at her command, and could escape at will from infamy to death, gave a yet deeper colour of carnation to her complexion, and a yet more brilliant fire to her eye. Bois-Guilbert, proud himself, and high-spirited, thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and so commanding.

" 'Let there be peace between us, Rebecca,' he said.

" 'Peace, if thou wilt,' answered Rebecca—'Peace—but with this space between.'

" 'Thou needest no longer fear me,' said Bois-Guilbert.

" 'I fear thee not,' replied she; 'thanks to him that reared this dizzy tower so high, that nought could fall from it and live—thanks to him, and to the God of Israel! I fear thee not.' "

We can with difficulty imagine any thing finer than the mixture of northern and oriental sublimities in the high-wrought passions

of the persons of this scene; and yet of both there are still more striking specimens behind. In the meantime, however, the author has collected a formidable, though at first a despised force, for the rescue of Rebecca, of Cedric, and his other captives. The Saxon peasantry of the neighbourhood have trooped together in aid of their Franklin—the outlaws of the forest have joined them, eager to have an opportunity of revenging their many quarrels against Front-de-Bœuf and those Norman oppressors, whose tyranny has been, in most instances, the cause of banishing them from the bounds of society,—a bold, a skilful, and withal a generous band, having at their head a dauntless hero of the Greenwood, who in due time turns out to be no less a man than Robin Hood. This array of archers and ill-armed peasants, however, would have been of little avail against the proud Norman castle of Front-de-Bœuf, had they not been fortunate enough to secure the assistance and guidance of one well skilled in every variety of military enterprise. This is the knight of the Fetterlock, or, in other words, king Richard himself, who, in passing through the forest, has already formed an acquaintance with some of the merry men of Robin Hood, and who has come, a willing ally, to assist, by his personal conduct and prowess, in the deliverance of Ivanhoe, and his other captive subjects, from the hands of a set of lawless ruffians, whose hostility to his own just sway has been not less than their cruelty towards the Saxons of his kingdom. The description of the siege of the castle by these forces, forms another most vivid and splendid piece of painting, in every line of which it is easy to recognise the fiery touch of the poet of Marmion. After many unsuccessful attacks, the outer gate of the castle is at last gained by the strength of the single arm of the king, who beats the postern-gate into fragments with his far-famed battle-axe. The giant Front-de-Bœuf, receives from his hand a wound which entirely disables him from continuing in arms. The Templar, Bois-Guilbert, is laid prostrate by the same force; but being desired to ask his life or perish, he refuses to make any submission to an unknown enemy. Richard whispers a word in the Templar's ear, which immediately produces the most submissive and reverent demeanor on his part. The monarch knows Brian well; he desires him to fly from English ground, and be thankful

for unmerited mercy. The Templar flies—but the thoughts of Rebecca are still uppermost in his mind, and he contrives, in the midst of the tumult, to place her on his saddle before him, ere he takes his departure.

Front-de-Bœuf, meantime, is extended on his helpless couch in the main tower or keep of the castle, the only part of the fort which has not fallen into the hands of the assailants. A terrible end is reserved for this ferocious and blood-stained noble. The castle he possesses, as may be gathered from its name (Torquillstone,) is not one of Norman foundation, but the hereditary mansion of a Saxon noble, which had fallen after the battle of Hastings, into the hands of this baron's father. Torquill and all his sons were slain, it appears, in defence of the castle; and the only one of the family that survived, was a beautiful daughter of the Saxon lord, reserved by the victor for the purposes of his own violent and merciless gratifications. Dark hints are dropped of yet darker deeds that have stained the castle while this unhappy woman has remained with its two successive masters; of murder and of worse than murder; but they are only hints even in the Romance. The Saxon lady, however, is now old and neglected, and she seizes the opportunity of this time of terror, to avenge, by one terrible blow, the whole of her life of injuries on the head of the fierce and heartless tyrant, who has been guilty towards her of every thing that can make woman hate man.

In his agony, the Baron has been crying aloud, that he fain would pray but *dare not*.

“Lives Reginald Front-de-Bœuf,” said a broken and shrill voice close by his bedside, “to say there is that which he dares not!”

‘The evil conscience and the shaken nerves of Front-de-Bœuf heard, in this strange interruption to his soliloquy, the voice of one of those demons, who, as the superstition of the times believed, beset the beds of dying men, to distract their thoughts, and turn them from the meditations which concerned their eternal welfare. He shuddered and drew himself together; but, instantly summoning up his wonted resolution, he exclaimed, “Who is there?—what art thou, that dardest to echo my words in a tone like

that of the night-raven?—Come before my couch that I may see thee."

"I am thine evil angel, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," replied the voice.

"Let me behold thee then in thy bodily shape, if thou beest indeed a fiend," replied the dying knight; "think not that I will blench from thee!—By the eternal dungeon, could I but grapple with these horrors that hover round me as I have done with mortal dangers, heaven nor hell should say that I shrunk from the conflict!"

"Think on thy sins, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf—on rebellion, on rapine, on murder!—Who stirred up the licentious John to war against his grey-headed father—against his generous brother?"

"Be thou fiend, priest, or devil," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "thou liest in thy throat!—Not I stirred John to rebellion—not I alone—there were fifty knights and barons, the flower of the midland counties—better men never laid lance in rest—And must I answer for the fault done by fifty?—False fiend, I defy thee! Depart, and haunt my couch no more—let me die in peace if thou be mortal—if thou be a demon, thy time is not yet come."

"In peace thou shalt nor die," repeated the voice; "even in death shalt thou think on thy murders—on the groans which this castle has echoed—on the blood that is ingrained in its floors!"

"Thou canst not shake me by thy petty malice," answered Front-de-Bœuf with a ghastly and constrained laugh. "The infidel Jew—it was merit with heaven to deal with him as I did, else wherefore are men canonized who dip their hands in the blood of Saracens?—The Saxon porkers, whom I have slain, they were the foes of my country, and of my lineage, and of my liege lord.—Ho! ho! thou see'st there is no crevice in my coat of plate—Art thou fled?—art thou silenced?"

"No, foul parricide!" replied the voice; "think of thy father!—think of his death!—think of his banquet-room, flooded with his gore, and by the hand of a son!"

"Ha!" answered the Baron, after a long pause, "an thou knowest that, thou art indeed the author of evil, and as omniscient as the monks call thee!—That secret I deemed locked in my own breast, and in that of one beside—the temptress, the partaker of

my guilt.—Go, leave me, fiend! and seek the Saxon witch Ulrica, who alone could tell thee what she and I alone witnessed—Go, I say, to her, who washed the wounds, and straightened the corpse, and gave to the slain man the outward show of one parted in time and in the course of nature—Go to her—she was my temptress, the foul provoker, the more foul rewarder of the deed—let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate hell!”

“She already tastes them,” said Ulrica, stepping before the couch of Front-de-Bœuf; “she hath long drunken of this cup, and its bitterness is sweetened to see that thou dost partake it.—Grind not thy teeth, Front-de-Bœuf—roll not thine eyes—clench not thy hand, nor shake it at me with that gesture of menace!—The hand which, like that of thy renowned ancestor who gained thy name, could have broken with one stroke the skull of a mountain-bull, is now unnerved and powerless as mine own!”

“Vile murderous hag!” replied Front-de-Bœuf, “detestable screech-owl! is it then thou who art come to exult over the ruins thou hast assisted to lay low?”

“Ay, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf,” answered she, “It is Ulrica!—it is the daughter of the murdered Torquil Wolfganger!—it is the sister of his slaughtered sons!—it is she who demands of thee, and of thy father’s house, father and kindred, name and fame—all that she has lost by the name of Front-de-Bœuf!—Think of my wrongs, Front-de-Bœuf, and answer me if I speak not truth. Thou hast been my evil angel, and I will be thine—I will dog thee till the very instant of dissolution.”

“Detestable fury!” answered Front-de-Bœuf, “that moment shalt thou never witness—Ho! Giles, Clement, and Eustace! Saint Maur and Stephen! seize this damned witch, and hurl her from the battlements headlong—she has betrayed us to the Saxon.—Ho! Saint Maur! Clement! false-hearted knaves, where tarry ye?”

“Call on them again, valiant Baron,” said the hag, with a smile of grisly mockery; “summon thy vassals around thee, doom them that loiter to the scourge and the dungeon—But know, mighty chief,” she continued, suddenly changing her tone, “thou shalt have neither answer, nor aid, nor obedience at their hands. Listen to these horrid sounds,” for the din of the recommenced

assault and defence now rung fearfully loud from the battlements of the castle; "in that war-cry is the downfall of thy house—The blood-cemented fabric of Front-de-Bœuf's power totters to the foundation, and before the foes he most despised!—The Saxon, Reginald!—the scorned Saxon assails thy walls!—Why liest thou here, like a worn-out hind, when the Saxon storms thy place of strength?"

"Gods and fiends!" exclaimed the wounded knight; "O for one moment's strength, to drag myself to the mellay, and perish as becomes my name!"

"Think not of it, valiant warrior!" replied she; "thou shalt die no soldier's death, but perish like the fox in his den, when the peasants have set fire to the cover around it."

"Hateful hag! thou liest," exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf; "my followers bear them bravely—my walls are strong and high—my comrades in arms fear not a whole host of Saxons, were they headed by Hengist and Horsa!—The war-cry of the Templar and of the Free Companions rises high over the conflict! And by mine honour, when we kindle the blazing beacon, for joy of our defence, it shall consume thee, body and bones; and I shall live to hear thou art gone from earthly fires to those of that hell, which never sent forth an incarnate fiend more utterly diabolical!"

"Hold thy belief," replied Ulrica, "till the proof reach thee—But, no!" she said, interrupting herself, "thou shalt know, even now, the doom, which all thy power, strength, and courage is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for thee by this feeble hand.—Markest thou the smouldering and suffocating vapour which already eddies in sable folds through the chamber?—Diddst thou think it was but the darkening of thy bursting eyes—the difficulty of thy cumbered breathing?—No! Front-de-Bœuf, there is another cause—Rememberest thou the magazine of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments?"

"Woman!" he exclaimed with fury, "thou hast not set fire to it!—By heaven thou hast, and the castle is in flames!"

"They are fast rising, at least," said Ulrica, with frightful composure; "and a signal shall soon wave to warn the besiegers to press hard upon those who would extinguish them.—Farewell, Front-de-Bœuf!—May Mista, Skogula, and Zernebock, gods of

the ancient Saxons—fiends, as the priests now call them—supply the place of comforters at your dying bed, which Ulrica now relinquishes!—But know, if it will give thee comfort to know it, that Ulrica is bound to the same dark coast with thyself, the companion of thy punishment as the companion of thy guilt.—And now, parricide, farewell for ever!—May each stone of this vaulted roof find a tongue to echo that title into thine ear!”

‘So saying, she left the apartment; and Front-de-Bœuf could hear the crash of the ponderous key as she locked and double-locked the door behind her, thus cutting off the most slender chance of escape. In the extremity of agony he shouted upon his servants and allies—“Stephen and Saint Maur!—Clement and Giles!—I burn here unaided!—To the rescue—to the rescue, brave Bois-Guilbert, valiant De Bracy—it is Front-de-Bœuf who calls!—It is your master, ye traitor squires!—Your ally—your brother in arms, ye perjured and faithless knights!—all the curses due to traitors upon your recreant heads, do you abandon me to perish thus miserably!—They hear me not—they cannot hear me—my voice is lost in the din of battle.—The smoke rolls thicker and thicker—the fire has caught upon the floor below—O for one draught of the air of heaven, were it to be purchased by instant annihilation!” And in the mad frenzy of despair, the wretch now shouted with the shouts of the fighters, now muttered curses on himself, on mankind, and on Heaven itself.—“The red fire flashes through the thick smoke!” he exclaimed, “The demon marches against me under the banner of his own element—Foul spirit, avoid!—I go not with thee without my comrades—all, all are thine, that garrison these walls—Thinkest thou, Front-de-Bœuf will be singled out to go alone?—No—the infidel Templar—the licentious De Bracy—Ulrica, the foul murdering strumpet—the men who aided my enterprises—the dog Saxons and accursed Jews, who are my prisoners—all, all shall attend me—a goodly fellowship as ever took the downward road—Ha, ha, ha!” and he laughed in his frenzy till the vaulted roof rung again. “Who laughed there?” exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, in altered mood, for the noise of the conflict did not prevent the echoes of his own frenzied laughter from returning upon his ear—“Who laughed there?—Ulrica, was it thou?—Speak, witch, and I for-

give thee—for, only thou or the fiend of hell himself could have laughed at such a moment. Avaunt—avaunt!”——

‘But it were impious to trace any farther the picture of the blasphemer and parricide’s death-bed.”

While such are the sufferings of *Front-de-Bœuf* in the interior of the keep, *Ulrica* has climbed to the battlement, there, on its summit, to await, in a wild triumphant bitterness of spirit the issue of her deed. “Her long dishevelled gray hair flies back from her uncovered head, and the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contends in her eye with the fire of insanity;” and she sings a northern hymn of death and slaughter, than which nothing in the whole relics of Norse minstrelsy is more terrific. It is perhaps in this point of the author’s representation, that the enmity between the Saxon and Norman race is set forth with the highest effect of tragical dignity. This is the last stanza of the hymn.

‘All must perish!

The sword cleaveth the helmet;

The strong armour is pierced by the lance;

Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes,

Engines break down the fences of the battle.

All must perish!

The race of *Hengist* is gone—

The name of *Horsa* is no more!

Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the sword!

Let your blades drink blood like wine;

Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,

By the light of the blazing halls!

Strong be your swords while your blood is warm,

And spare neither for pity nor fear,

For vengeance hath but an hour;

Strong hate itself shall expire!

I also must perish.

‘The towering flames had now surmounted every obstruction, and rose to the evening skies one huge and burning beacon, seen far and wide through the adjacent country. Tower after tower crashed down, with blazing roof and rafter; and the combatants were driven from the court-yard. The vanquished of whom very

few remained, scattered and escaped into the neighbouring wood. The victors, assembling in large bands, gazed with wonder, not unmixed with fear, upon the flames, in which their own ranks and arms glanced dusky red. The maniac figure of the Saxon Ulrica was for a long time visible on the lofty stand she had chosen, tossing her arms abroad with wild exultation, as if she reigned empress of the conflagration which she had raised. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole turret gave way, and she perished in the flames which had consumed her tyrant. An awful pause of horror silenced each murmur of the armed spectators, who, for the space of several minutes, stirred not a finger, save to sign the cross.'

But the interest of the tale, as we have said, is all with Rebecca. Her fierce lover has lodged her safely in the Preceptory of Templestowe, and looks forward to the near fulfilment of his designs, when an unexpected instrument of present protection from the guilty will of Bois-Guilbert is raised up for her in the presence of the grand master of the Templars, Lucas de Beaumanoir, who arrives from France to raise contributions for the war of Palestine, and to reform abuses among the degenerate and luxurious brethren of his order. Beaumanoir is a character drawn with great truth and skill, and admirably contrasted with those among whom he is called upon to mingle—grave, severe, bigoted, proud—but sincere, earnest, devout, adhering in word and deed to the old ascetic observances of the Temple, with a firm and sorrowful constancy, which produces a very pathetic effect. We wish we durst quote some of the descriptions of his person, or some part of his conversations with his dissolute brethren; but this is impossible. The circumstance of a young and beautiful female being lodged in a house of the order, by a religious knight of such eminence as Brian de Bois-Guilbert, appears to this old man to be a scandal of the deepest dye—and the Templar is preserved from instant punishment, only by the suggestion, easily listened to by his superstitious superior, that witchcraft had been exerted against his virtue as well as womanly beauty. Rebecca, in brief, is believed to be a sorceress, and the report of her medical skill adds much confirmation to the absurd belief. She must be tried for

her imaginary crime; and unless she can prove her innocence, she must die the death of the faggot, in presence of the relentless Beaumanoir. While, however, she is yet standing before this merciless judge, a slip of paper is put into her hands. It comes from Bois-Guilbert, and in obedience to its suggestion, the damsel demands leave to defend her innocence within three days by a champion. It had been the intention of Bois-Guilbert himself to appear in disguise, and act this part on the day of trial for Rebecca; but this plan is broken by the grand-master, who appoints Bois-Guilbert to be on that day the champion, not of Rebecca, but of the Temple; and the artful interference of some other brethren of the order prevents the fiery lover from being able to refuse this hateful part.

At night, nevertheless, when the Preceptory is still, the Templar gains access, through darkness and silence, to the cell of Rebecca; and one of the most touching scenes in the romance is the interview which takes place between them. Before he enters, the voice of the damsel is heard singing, in her solitude, a hymn of oriental sublimity, and full also of female gentleness, in which the dignity of her old and chosen race is loftily and mournfully contrasted with the present forlorn condition of her kindred and herself. The Templar bursts in and throws himself at her feet; he is willing, even now after all that has passed, to sacrifice every thing for her sake, so she but requite his love, and be willing to share the fate which he would wilfully render degraded.

“I weigh not these evils,” said Rebecca, afraid to provoke the wild knight, yet equally determined neither to endure his passion, nor even feign to endure it. “Be aman, be a Christian! If indeed thy faith recommends that mercy which rather your tongues than your actions pretend, save me from this dreadful death, without seeking a requital which would change thy magnanimity into base barter.”

“No, damsel!” said the proud Templar, springing up, “thou shalt not thus impose on me—if I renounce present fame and future ambition, I renounce it for thy sake, and we will escape in company. Listen to me, Rebecca,” he said, again softening his tone; “England, Europe,—is not the world. There are spheres in which we may act, ample enough even for my ambition. We

will go to Palestine, where Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, is my friend—a friend free as myself from the doting scruples which fetter our free-born reason—rather with Saladin will we league ourselves, than endure the scorn of the bigots whom we condemn.—I will form new paths to greatness,” he continued, again traversing the room with hasty strides—“Europe shall hear the loud step of him she has driven from her sons!—Not the millions whom her crusaders send to slaughter, can do so much to defend Palestine—not the sabres of the thousands and ten thousands of Saracens can hew their way so deep into that land for which nations are striving, as the strength and policy of me and those brethren, who, in despite of yonder old bigot, will adhere to me in good and evil. Thou shalt be a queen, Rebecca—on Mount Carmel shall we pitch the throne which my valour will gain for you, and I will exchange my long desired baton for a sceptre.”

“A dream,” said Rebecca; “an empty vision of the night, which, were it a waking reality, affects me not—enough that the power which thou mightest acquire, I will never share; nor hold I so light of country or religious faith, as to esteem him who is willing to barter these ties, and cast away the bonds of the Order of which he is a sworn member, in order to gratify an unruly passion for the daughter of another people.—Put not a price on my deliverance, Sir Knight—sell not a deed of generosity—protect the oppressed for the sake of charity, and not for a selfish advantage—Go to the throne of England, Richard will listen to my appeal from these cruel men.”

“Never, Rebecca,” said the Templar, fiercely. “If I renounce my Order, for thee alone will I renounce it—Ambition shall remain mine, if thou refuse my love; I will not be fooled on all hands.—Stoop my crest to Richard?—ask a boon of that heart of pride?—Never, Rebecca, will I place the Order of the Temple at his feet in my person. I may forsake the Order, I never will degrade or betray it.”

“Now God be gracious to me,” said Rebecca, “for the succour of man is well nigh hopeless!”

“It is indeed,” said the Templar; “for proud as thou art, thou hast in me found thy match. If I enter the lists with my spear in rest, think not any human consideration shall prevent my put-

ting forth my strength; and think then upon thine own fate—to die the dreadful death of the worst of criminals—to be consumed upon a blazing pile—dispersed to the elements of which our strange forms are so mystically composed—not a relique left of that graceful frame, from which we could say this lived and moved!—Rebecca, it is not in woman to sustain this prospect—thou wilt yield to my suit.”

“Bois-Guilbert,” answered the Jewess, “thou knowest not the heart of woman, or hast only conversed with those who are lost to her best feelings. I tell thee, proud Templar, that not in thy fiercest battles hast thou displayed more of thy vaunted courage, than has been shown by woman when called upon to suffer by affection or duty. I am myself a woman, tenderly nurtured, naturally fearful of danger, and impatient of pain—yet, when we enter those fatal lists, thou to fight and I to suffer, I feel the strong assurance within me, that my courage shall mount higher than thine. Farewell—I waste no more words on thee; the time that remains on earth to the daughter of Jacob must be otherwise spent—she must seek the Comforter, who may hide his face from his people, but who ever opens his ear to the cry of those who seek him in sincerity and in truth.”

“We part then thus,” said the Templar, after a short pause; “would to Heaven that we had never met, or that thou hadst been noble in birth and Christian in faith!—Nay, by Heaven! when I gaze on thee, and think when and how we are next to meet, I could even wish myself one of thine own degraded nation; my hand conversant with ingots and shekels, instead of spear and shield; my head bent down before each petty noble, and my look only terrible to the shivering and bankrupt debtor—this could I wish, Rebecca, to be near to thee in life, and to escape the fearful share I must have in thy death.”

“Thou hast spoken the Jew,” said Rebecca, “as the persecution of such as thou art has made him. Heaven in ire has driven him from his country, but industry has opened to him the only road to power and to influence, which oppression has left unbarred. Read the ancient history of the people of God, and tell me if those, by whom Jehovah wrought such marvels among the nations, were then a people of misers and of usurers!—And

know, proud knight, we number names amongst us to which your boasted northern nobility is as the gourd compared with the cedar—names that ascend far back to those high times when the Divine Presence shook the mercy seat between the cherubim, and which derive their splendor from no earthly prince, but from the awful Voice, which bade their fathers be nearest of the congregation to the Vision—Such were the princes of the House of Jacob.”

‘ Rebecca’s colour rose as she boasted the ancient glories of her race, but faded as she added, with a sigh, “ Such *were* the princes of Judah, now such no more!—They are trampled down like the shorn grass, and mixed with the mire of the ways. Yet are there those among them who shame not such high descent, and of such shall be the daughter of Isaac the son of Adonikam! Farewell!—I envy not thy blood-won honours—I envy not thy barbarous descent from northern heathens—I envy thee not thy faith, which is ever in thy mouth, but never in thy heart nor in thy practice.”

“ “ There is a spell on me, by Heaven!” said Bois-Guilbert. “ I well nigh think yon besotted skeleton spoke truth, and that the reluctance with which I part from thee hath something in it more than is natural.—Fair creature!” he said, approaching near her, but with great respect,—“ so young, so beautiful, so fearless of death! and yet doomed to die, and with infamy and agony. Who would not weep for thee?—The tear, that has been a stranger to these eye-lids for twenty years, moistens them as I gaze on thee. But it must be—nothing may now save thy life. Thou and I are but the blind instruments of some irresistible fatality, that hurries us along, like goodly vessels driving before the storm, which are dashing against each other, and so perish. Forgive me, then, and let us part at least as friends part. I have assailed thy resolution in vain, and mine own is fixed as the adamant decrees of fate.”

“ “ Thus,” said Rebecca, “ do men throw on fate the issue of their own wild passions. But I do forgive thee, Bois-Guilbert, though the author of my early death. There are noble things which cross over thy powerful mind; but it is the garden of the

sluggard, and the weeds have rushed up, and conspired to choke the fair and wholesome blossom."

"Yet," said the Templar, "I am, Rebecca, as thou hast spoken me, untaught, untamed—and proud, that, amidst a shoal of empty fools and crafty bigots, I have retained the preeminent fortitude that places me above them. I have been a child of battle from my youth upward, high in my views, steady and inflexible in pursuing them. Such must I remain—proud, inflexible, and unchanging; and of this the world shall have proof.—But thou forgivest me, Rebecca?"

"As freely as ever victim forgave her executioner."

"Farewell, then," said the Templar, and left the apartment."

The appointed day arrives, and no succour has yet been heard of for the beautiful Jewess. The lists are prepared for the combat, on whose issue her fate depends; but hour follows hour in silence; and the immense multitude assembled are at length convinced that no Christian knight has deemed the quarrel of an unbelieving maiden fit occasion for the exhibition of his valour. But Isaac, the old father of Rebecca, has had intelligence of his daughter's situation; and his endeavours to secure her a champion have not been unavailing. The shadows are beginning to fall from west eastward, the signal that the time of tarrying was near its close. Rebecca, in this hour of her extremity, "folds her arms, and looking up towards heaven, seems to expect that aid from above which she can scarce promise herself from man." Bois-Guilbert approaches her, and whispers once more in her ear, that if she will spring on his courser behind him and fly, all may yet be well; but the maiden turns her from the tempter, and prepares to die. At this moment the sound of a horn is heard; a knight rides full speed into the lists, and demands to combat on the side of the Jewess.

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is good Knight, and of honourable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the Knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravade."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre—remember the Passage of Arms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Willfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honour thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe—in every Preceptory of thine Order—unless thou do battle without farther delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what you have challenged," said the Grand Master, "providing the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honourably met with."

"Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God—to his keeping I commend myself.—Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "doest thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said—"I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce; "I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are uncured—Meet not that proud man—why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued, during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

• The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice—*Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers*. After the third cry, he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed, that none, on peril of instant death, should dare by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laisser aller*.

• The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had expected; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

• Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

• “Slay him not, Sir Knight,” cried the Grand Master, “unshriven and unabsolved—kill not body and soul. We allow him vanquished.”

• He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened—but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

• “This is indeed the judgment of God,” said the Grand Master, looking upwards—“*Fiat voluntas tua!*”

Immediately after the death of Bois-Guilbert, king Richard arrives at the Preceptory; for he too has heard of the danger of Rebecca, and believing Ivanhoe to be still disabled by his wounds, has come himself to break a spear in her cause. Amidst the tu-

mult of the royal arrival, and amidst the still greater tumult of her own emotions, the maiden prays her father to remove her, for she is afraid of many things; most of all she is afraid that she might say too much were she to trust herself to speak with her deliverer.

On his way to Templestowe, king Richard has been beset by a party of assassins, the instruments of his brother's meanness, and has escaped from them chiefly by means of Robin Hood and his archers, who happened to be near them in the wood. It is attended by these outlaws as his body-guard, that Cœur de Lion re-assumes the state and title of his birth-right; and one of his first acts is to reward his faithful friend and follower, Ivanhoe, by restoring him to the good graces of his father, and celebrating his marriage with the lady Rowena. But we cannot enter upon the minor parts of the romance. The eye of the reader still follows Rebecca.

‘It was upon the second morning after this happy bridal, that the Lady Rowena was made acquainted by her hand-maid Elgitha, that a damsel desired admission to her presence, and solicited that their parley might be without witness. Rowena wondered, hesitated, became curious, and ended by commanding the damsel to be admitted, and her attendants to withdraw.

‘She entered—a noble and commanding figure, the long white veil, in which she was shrouded, overshadowing rather than concealing the elegance and majesty of her shape. Her demeanor was that of respect, unmingled by the least shade either of fear, or of a wish to propitiate favour. Rowena was ever ready to acknowledge the claims, and attend to the feelings, of others. She arose, and would have conducted the lovely stranger to a seat; but she looked at Elgitha, and again intimated a wish to discourse with the Lady Rowena alone. Elgitha had no sooner retired with unwilling steps, than, to the surprise of the Lady of Ivanhoe, her fair visitant knelt on one knee, pressed her hands to her forehead, and bending her head to the ground, in spite of Rowena's resistance, kissed the embroidered hem of her tunic.

“What means this?” said the surprised bride; “or why do you offer to me a deference so unusual?”

“Because to you, Lady of Ivanhoe,” said Rebecca, rising up and resuming the usual quiet dignity of her manner, “I may lawfully, and without rebuke, pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I am—forgive the boldness which has offered to you the homage of my country—I am the unhappy Jewess, for whom your husband hazarded his life against such fearful odds in the tilt-yard of Templestowe.”

“Damsel,” said Rowena, “Wilfred of Ivanhoe on that day rendered back but in slight measure your unceasing charity towards him in his wounds and misfortunes. Speak;—is there aught remains in which he and I can serve thee?”

“Nothing,” said Rebecca, calmly, “unless you will transmit to him my grateful farewell.”

“You leave England, then,” said Rowena, scarce recovering the surprise of this extraordinary visit.

“I leave it, lady, ere this moon again changes. My father hath a brother high in favour with Mohammed Boabdil, King of Grenada—thither we go, secure of peace and protection, for the payment of such ransom as the Moslem exact from our people.”

“And are you not then as well protected in England?” said Rowena. “My husband has favour with the King—the King himself is just and generous.”

“Lady,” said Rebecca, “I doubt it not—but the people of England are a fierce race, quarrelling ever with their neighbours or among themselves, and ready to plunge the sword into the bowels of each other. Such is no safe abode for the children of my people. Ephraim is an heartless dove—Issachar an over-laboured drudge, which stoops between two burthens. Not in a land of war and blood; surrounded by hostile neighbours, and distracted by internal factions, can Israel hope to rest during her wanderings.”

“But you, maiden,” said Rowena, “you surely can have nothing to fear. She who nursed the sick bed of Ivanhoe,” she continued, rising with enthusiasm—“she can have nothing to fear in England, where Saxon and Norman will contend who shall do her most honour.”

“Thy speech is fair, lady,” said Rebecca, “and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be—there is a gulf betwixt us. Our breed-

ing, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell—yet, ere I go, indulge me one request. The bridal-veil hangs over thy face;—raise it, and let me see the features of which fame speaks so highly.”

“They are scarce worthy of being looked upon,” said Rowena; “but, expecting the same from my visitant, I remove the veil.”

‘She took it off accordingly, and, partly from the consciousness of beauty, partly from bashfulness, she blushed so intensely, that cheek, brow, neck, and bosom, were suffused with crimson. Rebecca blushed also; but it was a momentary feeling, and, mastered by higher emotions, passed slowly from her features, like the crimson cloud, which changes colour when the sun sinks beneath the horizon.

“Lady,” she said, “the countenance you have deigned to show me will long dwell in my remembrance. There reigns in it gentleness and goodness; and if a tinge of the world’s pride or vanities may mix with an expression so lovely, how may we chide that which is of earth for bearing some colour of its original? Long, long will I remember your features, and bless God that I leave my noble deliverer united with”——

‘She stopped short—her eyes filled with tears. She hastily wiped them, and answered to the anxious inquiries of Rowena—“I am well, lady—well. But my heart swells when I think of Torquilstone and the lists of Templestowe.—Farewell. One, the most trifling part of my duty, remains undischarged. Accept this casket—startle not at its contents.”

‘Rowena opened the small silver-chased casket, and perceived a carcanet, or necklace, with ear-jewels, of diamonds, which were visibly of immense value.

“It is impossible,” she said, tendering back the casket. “I dare not accept a gift of such consequence.”

“Yet keep it, lady,” returned Rebecca.—“You have power, rank, command, influence; we have wealth, the source both of our strength and weakness; the value of these toys, ten times multiplied, would not influence half so much as your slightest wish. To you, therefore, the gift is of little value—and to me, what I part with is of much less. Let me not think you deem so wretch-

edly ill of my nation as your commons believe. Think ye that I prize these sparkling fragments of stone above my liberty? or that my father values them in comparison to the honour of his only child? Accept them, lady—to me they are valueless. I will never wear jewels more.”

“You are then unhappy,” said Rowena, struck with the manner in which Rebecca uttered the last words. “O, remain with us—the counsel of holy men will wean you from your unhappy law, and I will be a sister to you.”

“No, lady,” answered Rebecca, the same calm melancholy reigning in her soft voice and beautiful features—“that may not be. I may not change the faith of my fathers like a garment unsuited to the climate in which I seek to dwell, and unhappy, lady, I will not be. He, to whom I dedicate my future life, will be my comforter, if I do his will.”

“Have you then convents, to one of which you mean to retire?” asked Rowena.

“No, lady,” said the Jewess; “but among our people, since the time of Abraham downward, have been women who have devoted their thoughts to Heaven, and their actions to works of kindness to men, tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Among these will Rebecca be numbered. Say this to thy lord, should he inquire after the fate of her whose life he saved.

“There was an involuntary tremor in Rebecca’s voice, and a tenderness of accent, which perhaps betrayed more than she would willingly have expressed. She hastened to bid Rowena adieu.

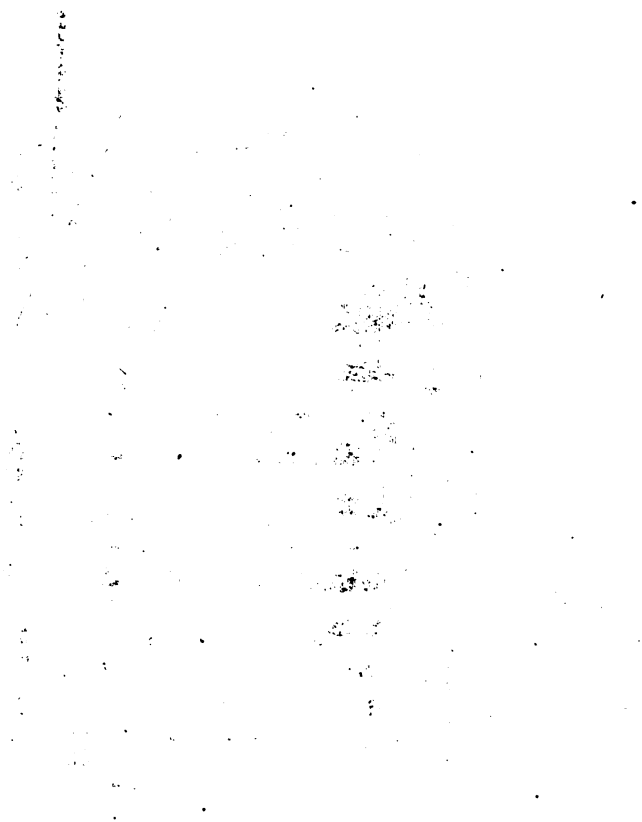
“Farewell,” she said. “May He, who made both Jew and Christian, shower down on you his choicest blessings! The bark that wafts us hence will be under weigh ere we can reach the port.”

Such is the main thread of the story of *Ivanhoe*. It is intermingled with many beautiful accompaniments both of a serious and a ludicrous nature—woven with it and each other somewhat after the wild fantastic manner of Ariosto—all admirable in themselves, but for the present forbidden ground to us. The style in

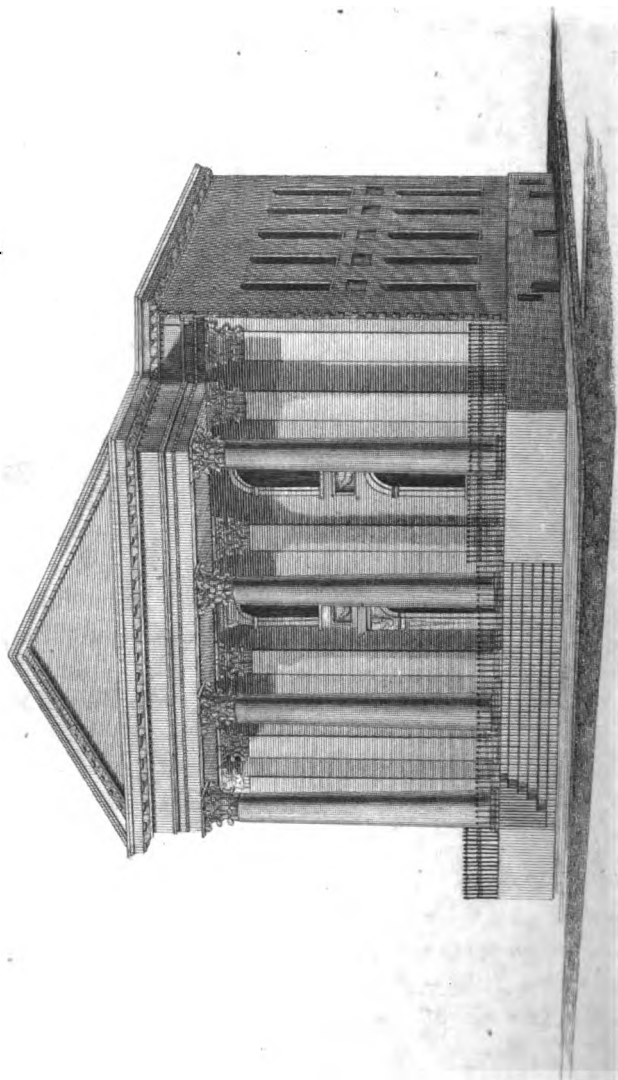
which the adventures of so many different individuals are all brought down together *pari passu*, may appear to many as a defect—for in these days all readers have formed a taste for having their feelings excited in the strongest possible manner. And for this purpose, it is necessary that their attention and interest should throughout be directed and attached to one predominating hero. But the style we think has, in this instance, been wisely chosen, for nothing could have given the reader so powerfully the idea of a period full of bustle and tumult—wherein the interest depended so much upon collisions of external strength, and the disarray of conflicting passions.

One word only before we close, concerning the humorous parts of this novel, in which it will at once be seen our author has followed a new mode of composition. Not being able, as in former instances, to paint from existing nature, and to delight the reader with a faithful delineation of what was, in some measure, already known to him, he is obliged more frequently to resort to a play of fancy in his humorous dialogue, which generally flows in a truly jovial and free-hearted style, worthy of merry England. Nor is the flagon or the pasty on any occasion spared; for otherwise it would be difficult to conceive how his stalwart friars, archers, and other able-bodied characters, could go through the fatigues ascribed to them, or sustain such a genial vein of pleasantness on all occasions—in the midst of the knocks and blows which are throughout distributed on all hands, with an English fulness both as to quality and quantity. This mixture of cuffs and good cheer, so characteristic of the age, seems to have kept up their animal spirits, and rendered them fit to move lightly and happily in that stormy sphere of action where force was law.

As we hinted at the beginning of this paper, we should not be surprised to find the generality of readers disappointed a little at first; but their eyes will soon become accustomed to the new and beautiful light through which the face of NATURE is now submitted to them, and confess that the great Magician has not diminished the power of his spell by extending his circle.



THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AND ADONIS, AT PAPHOS, CYPRUS.



FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. V.—*The Monastery. A Romance. By the author of Waverly, &c. In two volumes.* Philadelphia, M. Carey & Son. 1820.

We have seldom experienced a more provoking disappointment than has been inflicted upon us by the perusal of this alleged production of the author of *Waverly*. It was not a little surprising that the publication of *Ivanhoe* should be followed by another work from the same pen, in a few short weeks; and we were somewhat apprehensive that the temptation of gain might have seduced our great author to issue, prematurely, from his mint, literary coin of inferior value. But we knew that this coin would still bear the impress of his powerful genius. The faintest efforts of such a man in the line of writing which he has appropriated to himself, must far surpass any attempts of others to follow his track. When, therefore, we saw this new work announced, "*by the author of Waverly*;" when we saw it arrayed in the usual garb, and cast our eyes over the preparatory letters, we trimmed up all our faculties to enjoy a literary treat of the highest order. Memory, still lingering on the delicious pictures of *Ivanhoe*, wandered, in anticipation of the masterly descriptions and deep interests of the residents of some ancient monastery, and of the knights and maidens of its romantic neighbourhood. But we had scarcely commenced before we saw that if it was indeed a genuine production, it was of an inferior grade; we sighed, when we reflected that dotage must have commenced so soon, and that like Charles the Fifth, this monarch of novelists had buried the imperial sceptre in the vaults of a monastery. From this sorrowful conclusion we were relieved by a suspicion that the book was no other than one of those literary impositions which have been so frequent in modern times; and that no trace of the real author of *Waverly* and *Ivanhoe* would eventually be found, except in the title page. And when at last we discovered the writer resorting to the stale and antiquated artifice of a ghost or white lady who appears in a misty wreath and chants rhyme; whose supernatural powers are called forth to tumble monks from their horses, and to set

(most lamentable lack of invention!) two fierce heroes to fighting by giving one of them a bodkin; when we have the marvellous account of a man pierced through the body with a sword and his wound miraculously healed; of a grave dug by metaphysical hands, and filled up, not to inhumate a body but to furnish out pages of dull dialogue and interjections of wonder; when the talent of writing is so far drained to its less that a pedantic coxcomb, whose character consists only in employing unusual words, is made the hero of the tale; when, in fine, the whole is a series of confused description, ill-drawn and uninteresting character, unmeaning incident and feeble language, it is sufficiently plain that it is altogether the work of other hands: hands far too weak to draw the bow of Ulysses.

The novels of Scott, for to him these works are now very generally attributed, although he has distinctly and openly disavowed them, are to our age, what the writings of Homer and Shakspeare were to theirs. Productions of a similar kind and in some respects equal in point of genius existed prior to them all, but taken as a whole they stood and still stand unrivalled. Such works supercede and obliterate almost all former creations of the same species. The genius of the writer of these novels, like that of Shakspeare and Homer, has made history, nature and human life tributary to him: and, like them, copiously learned in all the productions of their day, he has invaded and appropriated to his own use much that lay scattered in the writings of his predecessors and cotemporaries. Besides a wonderful fund of learning in the classics, in poetry, in antiquities, in topography and in minute history of his own land, the author of *Waverly* shows that he has penetrated into literary fields not so generally searched by his countrymen. By giving to the hero of the *Antiquary* the name of *Brown*, and to one of the principal personages that of *Arthur Mervyn, Esq.*, while he pays a flattering compliment to the memory of our deceased townsman, he evinces that he has read, studied and admired the productions of American literature. Nor is it surprising after such a compliment, from such a writer, to behold the British Magazines, of late, rendering the just tribute of praise to the novels of *Charles Brown*, and awarding to an American writer the meed which his admiring countrymen have long since bestowed on them.

ART. VI.—*An Essay upon the Principles of Historical Composition, with an application of those Principles to the writings of Tacitus.* By John Hill, M. A. F. R. S. &c.

Few literary exertions put the author's abilities to a severer test than the composition of history. The poet may create a subject for himself, or he may adopt one that is but imperfectly known. In the composition of an epic poem, he instructs and pleases by exhibiting such a train of actions as might have taken place, and, unless he violates probability, his invention may bid defiance to restraint. If his work be imperfect, he has himself to blame, as those very powers which give the form to his subject, gave it first its existence.

The orator, again, is more closely circumscribed. Not only is his subject known to have existed, but its circumstances, if not witnessed by his hearers, may, for certain, become matters of proof. In spite of every prejudice on the part of his audience, he professedly takes a side. He is allowed to suppose, that his opponents either are ignorant of certain facts, or are viewing them in a false light. He applies the address of eloquence to their fancy, and the force of argument to their reason, and reckons every stratagem fair by which he can correct the errors that are involuntary, and confute those that are seen.

The historian is in a situation more trying, in certain respects, than either the poet or the orator. He must unite industry with genius, as by labour alone, he has to learn what his subject is. He must make the most of a train of facts too well established to be altered, and the sources of his intelligence are generally open to his readers. Having no prejudice to combat, and no side to support, he can hardly make the weakness of his reader the tool of his address. In the style of his narration, he must exhibit a variety that will suit the meanest, as well as the most splendid action. Though he is not allowed to fabricate, yet he is required to embellish. His ornaments, by being the genuine, though the best dress of his materials, must fix the reader's attention, without misleading his judgment.

From the perception of truth with which historical narration is accompanied, it is of all kinds of writing the most instructive.

Men listen more seriously to what they believe, than to the most exquisite fable which fancy can devise. The tale pleases by a temporary conviction of its truth; but though the moral drawn from it be just, yet the impression left behind is easily effaced.

History, then, is not only a nice but a dignified subject of criticism. It presents to the race which exists, monuments of the wisdom and the weakness of its forefathers. It demands no reverence for its precepts, that is not founded upon a conviction of their propriety. It imparts wisdom, without exposing men to those evils which are its ordinary price: and upon every rock that proved fatal to early adventurers, it leaves a beacon for the security of others.

In order to establish a canon for judging of the merit of every historical work, we shall try to delineate those qualities which should predominate in the historian's character. Let us view his mind then in respect to *Feeling*, to *Imagination*, and to *Judgment*; and consider them as the leading powers to which subordinate ones are to be referred. The due union and the due extent of these constitutes that mental temperament, which, by making beauty the vehicle of instruction, must, at once, please the taste and inform the understanding.

It may be thought, perhaps, that, as the three powers mentioned, cannot be supposed requisite in the historian alone, so no analysis referring to them can be held truly descriptive of his character. All the fine arts, however, are closely allied. "Habent quodam commune vinculum (says Cicero), et quasi cognatione quodam inter se continentur." Though the constituents of eminence be the same in the whole, yet these are highly diversified by the applications and the balance required in each. A slight difference in the leading powers of mind forms all the variety which genius in the different arts exhibits. If those principles then that are, at any time, adopted to form a standard for just execution in any one of them be not, in some degree, general, it may be held as certain that they are not sound.

By feeling, is to be understood that nice sensibility which catches even the slightest impression, and in which there subsists a due proportion between the emotion and the cause of its excitement. Those characters of feeling that are adverse to just

execution in the works of taste arise both from its deficiency and its excess. In the one case, nature has done too little, in the other she has done too much. That callousness which proceeds from the want of feeling excludes impressions of which others are conscious, and those false irritations which proceed from its excess suggest emotions which, by the sober, are deemed unnatural, because they were never felt by them. It is in that just medium, which is equally removed from the extremes mentioned, that feeling becomes the instrument of genius. The masterly execution of an able writer pleases and even improves that taste, in which the balance is not delicate; and the enjoyment of the reader is jointly proportioned to the absolute justness of the author's feelings, and to the correspondence between them and his own.

By perceptions thus delicate, the historian's character must be highly improved. His descriptions must be tender, as being founded on those nice circumstances that escape an ordinary eye; and though his sensibility must multiply the grounds of description, yet the correctness of his feeling leads him to such only as are just. Historical narration is more frequently faulty from that bluntness of perception, by which the minute qualities of objects are concealed, than from that defect in judgment, by which the least proper are selected. The detail often becomes prolix from the dulness of the writer. One of true feeling, adopts a concise energy, which reaches both the heart and the understanding. He permits his reader to pass little that is worthy of his notice, and he withholds it from that only which is really beneath it.

From a historian of this description, a delicate sense of what he owes to himself and to his reader is expected. If the strain of his narration ceases, at any time, to be dignified, it is to remove, by variety, what would otherwise become tiresome. Quaint ornaments in his style he rejects as deformities. To the approbation of the judicious, he cannot be supposed indifferent: but he scorns those condescensions with which the herd of readers is pleased.* A remark that is obvious and common finds no place in his narration; and, from a sense of personal dignity,

* *Intelliges actum hoc, ut tu scires quid illi placeret, non ut ille placeret tibi. Sen. Ep. 100.*

he would rather leave the more ignorant uninformed than disgust the discerning. His sensibility to every moral sentiment, not only detects the least symptom of what is good or bad in human conduct, but is accompanied with an immediate approbation of the one and abhorrence of the other. He records the truth as he finds it, without magnifying the virtues of his friend, or extenuating those of his enemy.

Though Polybius repeatedly compares that history in which a due regard has not been paid to truth, to an animal without eyes, yet the comparison does, in reality, suggest less than may be affirmed.* An historian without fidelity is worse than useless; he is injurious to mankind. Upon the credit of his narration, the happiness of future generations may rest. By an error in point of fact, every philosopher may be mortified with circumstances, which, by confuting his theory, limit his usefulness, and impair his fame. In such cases, however, the evil is personal. If society remains unenlightened, it remains also unhurt; while, by an error in the history of men, oppressive establishments may be formed, and the happiness of nations destroyed.

Just feeling, then, in the mind of an historian, is the basis of many excellencies. By means of it, his descriptions become delicate, his narration interesting, his manner dignified, and his fidelity unquestionable.

But, besides an acute and judicious sense of things that exist, a lively apprehension of such as are ideal is required of an historian. The intimations of feeling carry along with them a belief of the reality of their objects, while the suggestions of fancy are accompanied with no such sentiment. If judgment is required to correct that sensibility which would otherwise become feverish, it is fully as needful, to correct that vigour of imagination, which would end in extravagance.

From the severity of those attentions to truth, which no good historian can sacrifice, it may be understood, perhaps, that imagination is a power, which he ought rarely, if at all, to exert. This, however, is not the case. Imagination may be a dangerous

* Οτι καθάπερ ἐμφύχῳ σωματός των ὀφθαλμοῦν ἐξαιρεθείσων ἀχρησταί το ὅλον, ὕτω ἐξ ἱστορίας εἰαι ἀχρηστὴν τὴν ἀληθείαν, τὸ κατὰ λυπομένην αὐτῆς ἀναφύει γέννημα δεινόν.

instrument in the hands of the unwary, but it is a powerful one in the hands of the judicious. He who relates those great transactions, in which the passions of men have been interested, must enter into the scenes which he describes, and must speak the language of those who bore a part in them.

A cold narrative, that is literally true, would often be a false picture. Expression besides, is as susceptible of modifications as the sentiment to which it gives vent. During the influence of passion, figurative language indicates the degree of emotion excited in the speaker, and stimulates the hearer's feelings till they accord with his own. Even the illiterate suffer no delusion by that play of fancy which gives energy to speech. They, as well as the learned, instinctively strip the animated conception of what is adventitious, and interpret meaning with the most precise exactness. Although the historian, by the exertions of his fancy, may often introduce ornament with advantage, yet he must beware of employing it to excess. An impertinent profusion of beauties tallies not with that dignity of manner which he should assume and maintain. It is either the sign of that flip-pant character, which is beneath him, or it is the resource of one, conscious of his own coldness, and borrowing from art the signs of that animation which nature has denied him.

But imagination is of use to the historian, not only when he is heated with his subject, and thereby led to adopt figurative language, but also when he means to describe. The vivacity of those conceptions which he is able to excite in others may equal, but will never surpass the vivacity of his own. By means of fancy, he can seize the circumstance most characteristic of each object. From a just consciousness of the laws of association in his own mind, he discovers what these should be in those of others who have an equally correct taste. By laying hold of one or a few circumstances wisely, he may produce a very powerful effect. He may give existence to animated description, instead of a lifeless, because a verbose detail. This double use of imagination in the composition of history is perfectly consistent with the definition at first given of that power. There is always reality in the emotions excited by figurative language; but, at some times, there is none in the subject of it; and, at other times,

the qualities of that subject are not perceived precisely as they exist. A description, too, if rigidly interpreted according to the letter, would be virtually destroyed. Principles strictly logical are not to be applied to terms denoting an exertion of fancy; because they carry along with them more or less latitude, according to the intention of the speaker at the time. The aggregate of these terms suggests somewhat different from that which it naturally excites. It only begins the picture which the fancy of the hearer must complete, and leaves that task to be performed by this delicate faculty, for which the powers of expression simply are unfit.

By a fine imagination, then, the historian's language acquires energy, and his descriptions liveliness. The power may improve his expression (we have found) without adulterating his matter. It may, in some instances, be too strong, and, in others, too weak. In either case, the feelings of the writer and the reader may be in unison, without hitting their due pitch; and the high purposes of language, as the instrument of nice interpretation, must be thereby defeated.

In the account already given of the powers of feeling and imagination, a reference has been made to another one, whose province it is to control the excesses of both. When the two former are feeble, the person in whom this is the case, must, however, keep the rank which nature has assigned him. No provision is made for multiplying the avenues by which perceptions can enter his mind, nor for increasing his power of forming ideal combinations of such as ^{ad}do. By means of judgment, however, luxuriance may be corrected, though deficiency cannot be supplied; and such a balance may be established among the different powers, as will constitute the perfection of each.

Judgment stands opposed to feeling, as the operations of the latter are prior in the order of nature; the one passing sentence upon perceptions, which the other has previously furnished. It stands opposed to imagination, as there is belief in the reality both of the subject and the decision. Different, nay, opposite judgments may be formed of one thing; but, if simple apprehensions be different, their subject cannot be the same. True judgment enables men to discern both the truth of propositions fairly stated.

and the propriety of sentiment and conduct in every particular instance. As the historian's judgment is proved not only by his reflections on the conduct of others, but by what he does himself; so the first indication of the degree in which he possesses this power is to be seen in his choice of a subject. The rule in Horace is alike applicable to writers of every kind.

———— Versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri. De art. Poët. v. 39.

Real abilities are generally accompanied with a just notion of their extent. This consciousness, at the same time, renders neither the possessor presumptuous, nor the observer jealous. True discernment destroys every thing like arrogance in the former, and, where there is a clear superiority, men repine not at that subordination in talents which nature herself has established.

Although the highest abilities will make the most of all historical subjects, yet among these, there is such a difference, as to give room for a judicious choice. Ordinary genius would be foiled where the most distinguished can best show itself. The difficulty of historical subjects depends upon the state of the facts to be recorded. When these are of very ancient, or of very recent date, it tries the historian's judgment, upon the one hand, to distinguish the spurious from the genuine, and to make the most of information that is perhaps but scanty; and, upon the other, to shun the odium of parties, without neglecting what he owes to himself. Tu tamen jam nunc cogita, quæ potissimum tempora aggrediar vetera et scripta aliis? parata inquisitio sed onerosa collatio: Intacta et nova? graves offensæ, levis gratia. Nam præter id, quod in tantis vitiis hominum plura culpanda sunt, quam laudanda, tum si laudaveris, parcus: si culpaveris, nimius fuisse dicaris: Quamvis illud plenissime, hoc restrictissime feceris.—*Plin. lib. 5. ep. 8.* He must possess the subtilty of the politician, whose transactions he relates, so as to perceive the intricacies of his character, and the most latent motives of his conduct. If he does, he will draw the picture with exactness; if he does not, he must mislead posterity, for whose benefit chiefly he professes to write.

The judgment exhibited in the choice of a subject may be held a security for the distinct arrangement of all its parts.

—— Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

When the historian exhibits events that took place nearly at the same time in different places, the distinctness of his detail must become manifest, as these multiply, and the difficulty of maintaining a due unity in his subject is thereby increased. The disjointed record of a journalist deserves not the appellation of history. That unity mentioned, too, is alike necessary, whether the subject be a single transaction in one state, (such as Catiline's conspiracy), or the continued transactions of a nation.

Though the censure of Dionysius of Halicarnassus upon Thucydides be severe, it is not without foundation. In the opinion of that great critic, the attention of the historian cannot be too much turned to this, το τεχνηματικὸν μέρος, the nice economy and division of this subject. For the want of due order, no compensation can be made, and every arrangement that breaks the detail improperly, defeats the purpose of all arrangement, which is perspicuity. The train of events recorded should be precisely that which took place; and the connection between causes and effects as discernible in the history as it before was in the scenes to which it refers. An historian's business, according to Lucian, is to relate things as they were done: τὰ δὲ συνέβησαν ἱστορεῖν, ὡς ἐγένετο αὐτῶν. The reader's experience is thus increased, as if he had been actually engaged in the affairs which he contemplates, and he becomes prepared for occurrences by which he would have been otherwise embarrassed. Occasiones autem redeunt in orbem, et quod olim erat commodum rursus adhiberi et prodesse potest. Bacon de Aug. Scient. lib. 2. ch. 13.

The historian's impartiality, which is a quality of the highest importance, is always proportioned to the strength of his judgment. Fidelity and impartiality are sometimes confounded, though the one is an attribute of the heart, and the other of the understanding. An historian of fidelity never means to deceive; an historian that is impartial is not apt to be deceived, by circumstances that relate either remotely or immediately to himself. In the relations of the former, we look for what is strictly true; in those of the latter, for such a state of facts as exhibits no prejudices into which we and others are unable to enter. We con-

demonstrate the want of fidelity, as leading to a designed violation of truth; but we pity the weakness that would mislead involuntarily, and is biassed by circumstances that are purely personal. Lucian requires of the historian to divest himself of every possible ground of partiality. "To have the indifference of a stranger in judging of his own works; to be of no state; to form his own laws; to acknowledge no king; and to speak the truth without regard to the opinion of parties."

But judgment not only divests the historian of any unjustifiable attachment to what concerns himself, but enables him to see even indifferent objects in their true light. By means of this, he is disposed neither to depreciate what is really important, nor to overrate what is really mean. In examining the probability of dubious events, he is not so credulous as to acquiesce in slight evidence, nor does he stubbornly reject such as should convince him. His mind, like a faithful mirror, reflects every thing precisely as it is seen. As his facts are genuine, so his observations will be pertinent. Knowing, also, that men refuse the praise that is too eagerly courted, he will introduce his own remarks with caution, and will choose rather to surprise with depth in the body of his detail than to disappoint expectations that he had formally summoned. My Lord Bacon's observation upon this part of the character of an historian is judicious and happily expressed: "*Licet enim historia quæque prudentior politicis præceptis et monitis veluti impregnata sit, tamen scriptor ipse sibi obstetricari non debet.*" Bacon de Aug. Scient. l. 2. c. 10. Judgment, then, in the mind of an historian, besides giving the other powers their due value, is itself the foundation of many capital qualities. It enables him to choose and to arrange his subject, so as to do most justice to his own abilities, and to give most instruction to his reader. It secures the fairness of his decisions in spite of those personal connections with which most men are blinded. It suppresses sagacity in his opinions as to past things that are doubtful, and future things that are contingent. While it makes him view objects as they are, and secures his reader against the impertinent observations that are either trifling or misplaced, it represses the weak vanity that lessens the merit which it means to exaggerate.

To one or other of the three powers, of feeling, of imagination, or of judgment, (it should seem), all the qualities of a great historian are to be referred. Industry and preliminary information have been allowed to be necessary; but these tend only to do justice to those primary powers. Nothing has been said as to the principle of taste; because according to the observation of the ingenious author of "*The Essay upon the Sublime and Beautiful*," this is in reality, no distinct power, but is the result of the whole of the powers specified when combined. The characters of the author's style, too, are fixed by those of his mind. It is delicate, lively and accurate, according to his sensibility, his fancy, and his judgment; and its comparative excellence is determined by the absolute strength of each power, and the general balance that subsists among the whole.

After attempting to establish a standard by which the merit of any historical work is to be tried, I mean now to apply it particularly to the writings of Tacitus. In doing so, I propose to give examples that will indicate the strength of the three powers stated, taken separately, and in the order in which they have been defined. After contemplating certain instances in which our author's superiority, with respect to each will be evident, others may perhaps be suggested, in which his greatest admirers cannot free him from censure.

Though it is difficult to determine which of the three powers mentioned predominated in the mind of Tacitus; yet from the nature of his subjects, his sensibility was often exercised in an uncommon degree. Instances of this are so numerous, that we must select a few only of the most striking. Let us take that of the death of Germanicus, and of the state of his widow Agrippina, in the end of the second and beginning of the third book of the *Annals*.

The situation of Germanicus, just before his death, (it must be remembered), was singular. He had long been the favourite of the Romans, on account of the agreeableness of his manners, and the high military character that he had acquired at a very early period of life. He was the adopted son of Tiberius, who having become jealous of his popularity, had called him from the conquest of Germany, which he had nearly completed. He was

dismissed from Rome, under pretence of settling certain differences in the east. His conduct there was invidiously watched by Piso, the governor of Syria, who was in the emperor's confidence. He was certain, when upon his death-bed, that he had been poisoned by Piso; and, while he complains of the hardness of his fate, he conjures the friends who stood around him, to avenge his injuries. "Non hoc præcipuum amicorum munus est, prosequi defunctum ignavo questu; sed quæ voluerit meminisse, quæ mandaverit exsequi. Flebeun Germanicum etiam ignoti. Vindicabitis vos, si me potius quam fortunam meam fovebatis. Ostendite populo Romano Divi Augusti neptem, eandemque conjugem meam: numerate sex liberos. Misericordia cum accusan. bus erit: Fingentibusque scelestâ mandata, aut non credent homines, aut non ignoscent."

Our author's description is not less delicate in the case of Agrippina going on board a ship for Rome, surrounded with her children, and carrying the ashes of her husband. The sight of this seems to have affected the spectators deeply, and the description is not less moving than the spectacle. "Miserantibus cunctis quod femina nobilitate princeps pulcherrimo modo matrimonio inter venerantis gratantis que aspici solita, tunc feralis reliquias sinu ferret, incerta ultionis, anxia sui et infelici fecunditate fortunæ toties obnoxia." This last circumstance is very happily laid hold of. The number of Agrippina's children, which was once a blessing, had now become a curse. It only enlarged the mark at which the father of her husband was to direct his malice.

Upon her approach to the coast of Italy, another scene presents itself equally affecting, from the unfeigned sympathy of the spectators, and the deep grief of Agrippina herself. "Atque ubi primum ex alto visa classis, complentur non modo portus et proxima maris, sed mœnia, ac tecta, quaque longissime prospectari poterat, mœrentium turba, et rogitantium inter se, "Silentione an voce aliqua egredientem exciperent." Neque satis constabat quid pro tempore foret: cum classis paulatim successit, non alacri ut adsolet remigio; sed cunctis ad tristitiam compositis. Postquam duobus cum liberis feralem urnam tenens egressa navi, defixit oculos; idem omnium gemitus, neque discerneres proximos, alie-

nos, virorum feminarumve planctus: Nisi quod comitatum *ÆNE-
PINÆ* longo mœrore fessum, obvii et recentes in dolore anteibant.”

The death of *OTHO*, in the 48th chapter of the second book of the history, presents another scene, in which the delicacy of our author's feelings is manifest.

In both cases, by a previous narration, in which the art of the writer is judiciously concealed, he prepares the reader completely for those strokes in which his genius is to break forth. *OTHO*, after the defeat of his army, is represented as despairing of future success, and as having formed the resolution of putting an end to his existence. He announces his resolution to his friends, with such art, as at once to maintain his own dignity, and to move their compassion. He reproves his nephew *SALVIUS COCCEIANUS* for dreading the vengeance of *VITELLIUS*, upon whose generosity (he thought) he might throw himself with confidence; and finishes his advice thus: *Proinde erecto animo capesseret vitam, neu patrum sibi OTHONEM fuisse, aut oblivisceretur unquam, aut nimium meminisset.*”

The exhortation of *ÆNEAS* to his son *ASCANIUS* has been much admired.

Et te animo repentum exempla tuorum,
Et pater *ÆNEAS* et avunculus excitet *HECTOR*.*

In point of delicacy, in a similar situation, however, the historian has got beyond the poet. By the use of the adverb *nimium*, *OTHO* not only suggests to *COCCEIANUS* what the world would expect from him as his relation, but delicately insinuates, that the remembrance of the uncle's virtues would furnish no apology for the nephew's defects.

The strength of feeling exhibited by *TACITUS* always keeps pace with the trying circumstances in which his characters are placed. Of this we have a striking example in the account given of the trial of *SORANUS* and his daughter *SERVILIA* in the 30th chapter of the 16th book of the annals. During the many unjust prosecutions under *NERO*, *SORANUS* was accused of intimacy with *RUBELLIUS PLAUTUS*, who had been banished, and also of misbehaviour as a pro-consul. His daughter, from strong affection to

* *Virg. Æn. xii. 439.*

her injured father, had sold her clothes and jewels in order to consult the magicians as to the event of his trial. On this account, she, too, was ordered to appear before the senate. "Igitur accita est in senatum, steterunque diversi ante tribunal consulum, grandis ævo parens; contra filia intra vicesimum ætatis annum, nuper marito ANNIO POLLIONE in exilium pulso, viduata desolataque: ac ne patrem quidem intuens, cujus onerasse pericula videbatur. Tum interrogante accusatore, an cultus dotales, an detractum cervici monile venum dedisset quo pecuniam faciendis magicis sacris contraheret? Primum strata humi, longoque fletu et silentio, post altaria et aram complexa; "Nullos, inquit, impios deos, nullas devotiones, nec aliud infelicibus precibus invocari, quam ut hunc optimum patrem tu CÆSAR, et vos Patres Servaretis incolumem. Sic gemmas et vestes et dignitatis insignia dedi, quomodo si sanguinem et vitam poposcissent. Viderint isti, antehac mihi ignoti, quo nomine sint quas artis exerceant. ~~Nulla~~ mihi principis mentio, nisi inter numina fuit. Nescit tamen miserrimus pater: Et si crimen est, sola deliqui." Loquentis adhuc verba excipit SORANUS proclamatque, "Non illam in provinciam secum profectam, non PLAUTO per ætatem nosci potuisse; non criminibus mariti connexam, nimis tantum pietatis ream, separarent a se quamcunque sortem subiret." Simul in amplexus occurrentis filię ruebat, nisi interjecti lictores utrisque obstitissent."

A beautiful contest is here presented between the strongest parental and filial attachments. The description is the language of nature throughout. Every circumstance is carried its due length, without bordering upon extravagance. No tragic poet, whose fancy is allowed a latitude which is denied the historian, could exhibit even the scene he had created with more exquisite delicacy than TACITUS describes this that had actually taken place.

But the fine feeling of our author is apparent, not only upon such gloomy and such trying occasions as those mentioned, but in the more ordinary transactions of life. When HORTALUS, a descendant of the great HORTENSIVUS, applied to the senate, as mentioned in the 38th chapter of the 2nd book of the Annals, for an allowance to enable him to rear that family, which, at the command of AUGUSTUS, he had procreated, even the servile senators

were shocked with **TIBERIUS's** refusal. The emperor, perceiving this, agreed to give a paltry donative to his male children. Some of the senators indeed expressed their thankfulness; but **HORTALUS** was silent. "*Egere alii grates; siluit HORTALUS, pavore, an avitæ nobilitatis etiam inter augustias fortunæ retinens.*" This last conjecture, as to the cause of **HORTALUS's** silence, could be formed only by a person delicately sensible of what was due to himself. More than sufficient violence had been done to the feelings of **HORTALUS**, when he confessed his poverty and begged relief. The niggardly behaviour of **TIBERIUS** gave him a right to insult the emperor, and, by an expressive silence, to tell him, in the face of his senate, that though he had been forced to implore his bounty, yet he despised his character.

That **TACITUS** was a strictly moral writer, and expressed, at all times, the strongest love of virtue and detestation of vice, is evident throughout his works. A sense of his duty as an historian seems often to have forced him to relate what he would have wished to conceal. He appears to feel for those miseries of others, which, as a rigid moralist, he allows to be the just consequence of their vices. In the 6th chapter of the 6th book of his *Annals*, he describes **TIBERIUS** as completely wretched, and agrees with **SOCRATES** as to the cause of this unhappiness. "*Neque frustra prætantissimus sapientiæ firmare solitus est, si recludantur tyrannorum mentes, posse aspici laniatus et ictus; quando ut corpora verberibus, ita sævitia, libidine, malis consultis animus dilaceretur. Quippe TIBERIUM, non fortuna, non solitudines protegebant, quin tormenta pectoris suasque ipse pœnas fateretur.*"

The high independence of spirit possessed by **TACITUS**, may be inferred from what he says both of himself and of others. In the 63d chapter of the 2nd book of the *Annals*, he condemns **MAROBODUUS** for continuing in existence as the prisoner of **TIBERIUS**. "*Consenuitque multum imminuta claritate, ob nimiam vivendi cupidinem.*"

This same independent spirit is sometimes seen conjoined with his love of truth. As the reign of **NERO** was not very distant from the times in which he wrote, of course, by attacking the servility of the senate, he must have offended many people of the first rank. Their displeasure, however, he despised, when put in

competition with his own honour and veracity. "*Neque tamen silebimus, si quod senatusconsultum adulatione novum aut patientia extremum fuit.*" *Ann. l. 4. c. 64.*

From the instances quoted, it appears, that *TACITUS* possessed in no ordinary degree, those qualities of an historian, that are dependent upon feeling. Few circumstances, from their minuteness, could escape his observation. He felt strongly the finest emotions, which the most trying situations of his characters could excite. He was, at all times, the friend of virtue. A regard for posterity seems chiefly to have prompted him to exert his powers as an historian; and, from the same benevolent principle, he is always scrupulously careful, not to affirm with certainty when there could be the least reason for doubt.

The power of imagination, as we observed, enables the historian to write with energy, by the proper use of figurative language, and to select those figures that are the fittest for description. Upon examining the style of *TACITUS* attentively, it will appear, that he uses figures more sparingly than is commonly imagined. Though the general train of his narrative be nervous, yet few parts of it are highly embellished. The figures that he employs are used more frequently with a design to explain his idea, than to announce the strength of his emotion; and even when he has this last purpose in view, he often employs interrogations, and such other modes of speech, as are the ordinary language of passion.

From the justness of *TACITUS*'s discernment, his similes are remarkably happy. They are, indeed, rarely, but they are always judiciously introduced. It is, in every instance, clear, that he had perceived the resemblance strongly and distinctly himself; and, by making the allusion, some good purpose is completely served. Thus, to give a lively idea of the torpid indolence of *VRTELLIUS*, in the 36th chapter of the 3d book of his history, he compares him to those lazy animals, which, when the calls of nature are satisfied, have no other object of desire. "*Sed umbraculis hortorum abditus, ut ignava animalia, quibus si cibum suggeras jacent torpentque; præterita, instantia, futura pari oblivione dimiserat.*" The expression in the end of this sentence is both bold and happy. The term *dimiserat* intimates a kind of activity even in the indol-

gence of sloth; and the term *oblivio*, applied to the present and the future, insinuates, that both perception and foresight were extinguished, like the impressions of memory when effaced.

One of the boldest, and, at the same time, one of the happiest figures to be found in *TACITUS*, is that at the end of his life of *AGRICOLA*. It is, at once, an instance of the *prosopopeia* and the *apostrophe*, as it supposes life in his father-in-law who was dead, and gives presence to a person who was absent. The high respect entertained for the memory, and the deep grief felt for the death of *AGRICOLA*, justified the use of these bold figures; and, as they are introduced with propriety, so they are supported with the utmost art. “*Tu vero felix AGRICOLA non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis. Ut perhibent qui interfuerunt novissimis sermonibus tuis, constans et libens fatum excepisti, tanquam pro virili portione innocentiam principi donares. Sed mihi filiæque præter acerbitem parentis erepti, auget mæstitiam, quod assidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu non contigit. Excepissemus certe mandata vocesque, quas penitus animo figeremus. Noster hic dolor, nostrum vulnus: Nobis tam longæ absentiæ conditione ante quadriennium amissus es. Omnia sine dubio, optime parentum, assidente amantissima uxore, superfuere honori tuo. Paucioribus tamem, lacrymis compositus es, et novissima in luce disideravere aliquid oculi tui.*”

The delicacy, joined to the strength of painting, which is discernible in the passage now quoted, shows sufficiently, that though *TACITUS* employs figures seldom, yet his doing so arises from no defect in his power. The frequent use of these is, in fact, a stratagem to which writers of ordinary genius feel themselves driven. They wish to borrow a device from art, to conquer a barrier established by nature. For a device of this kind, *Tacitus* had no occasion. The ordinary train of his narration is sufficiently animated to summon and to retain his reader's attention; and, when he chooses to leave this train, he knows perfectly how to rise with propriety, and to descend without falling.

The instances of fine description are so numerous in *Tacitus*, that it is not easy to determine which ought to be selected. In all his attempts to describe, brevity is studied. When he de-

scribes the plague at Rome, in the 18th chapter of the 16th book of his *Annals*, he employs a few sentences, but each sentence is full of meaning. "Omne mortalium genus vis pestilentiae depopulabatur, nulla cœli intemperie quæ occurreret oculis. Sed domus corporibus exanimis, itinera funeribus complebantur. Non sexus, non ætas periculo vacua. Servitia perinde ac ingenua plebes raptum extingui, inter conjugum et liberorum lamenta, qui dum assident, dum deflent, sæpe eodem rogo cremabantur. Equitum senatorumque interitus, quamvis promiscui, minus flebiles erant, tanquam communi mortalitate, sævitiam principis prævenirent."

This description we must own to be inferior to that of the plague at Athens by *THUCYDIDES*. But the Greek historian (it must be remembered) had suffered from the disease himself; had seen its direful effects, combined with those of war; and had resolved to enumerate its symptoms, for the benefit of posterity, in the course of six chapters. *TAORITUS* means to relate only what he had heard. He does not seem to have copied *THUCYDIDES*; though he, too, mentions, that numbers of carcases lay neglected in private houses, upon the streets, at the sides of fountains, and in temples. "Ὁ φθὸς ἐγγίγντο ἑδνὶ κασμῶ, ἀλλὰ καὶ νεκροὶ ἐκ ἀλλήλοις ἀποθνήσκουσιν ἐκίρτο. Καὶ ἐν ταῖς ὁδοῖς ἐκυλινδούτο καὶ περὶ τὰς κρήνας ἀπάσας ἰμῆθις τῇ, τῷ ὕδατος ἐπιθυμία. Τὰ τε ἴσα ἐν οἷς ἐσκήνητο νεκρῶν πλῆθ' ἢ, αὐτὴ ἐναποθνήσκουσιν."

Θουκυδ. το διυτ. κισφ. νί.

LUCRETIUS, in the description he gives of the plague at the end of his sixth book, has copied *THUCYDIDES* closely, but seems to have come short of the simplicity and masterly elegance of the historian.

The situation of *OCTAVIA*, after her divorce from *NERO*, forms one of the most highly finished descriptions in the writings of *TAORITUS*. After the tyrant had espoused *POPPÆA*, under the appearance of gratifying the wishes of his people, whose resentment he in fact dreaded, he took back his injured wife. By the arts of *POPPÆA*, however, which were skilfully directed against his weaknesses, he dismissed *OCTAVIA* again, and bribed one of his minions, to screen his injustice, by declaring that she had been guilty with him. Upon this, the innocent *OCTAVIA* was banished to the

island of Pandateria, and the sentiments of the spectators upon this undeserved severity, are the ground of the description mentioned. "Non alia exsul visentium oculos majore misericordia affecit. Meminerant adhuc quidam AGRIPPINÆ, a TIBERIO, recentior JULIÆ memoria obversabatur, a CLAUDIO pulsæ. Sed illis robur ætatis affuerat. Læta aliqua viderant, et præsentem sævitiam melioris olim fortunæ recordatione allevabant. Huic primus nuptiarum dies loco funeris fuit, deductæ in domum, in qua nihil nisi luctuosum haberet; erepto per venenum patre et statim fratre. Tum ancilla domina validior. Et POPPÆA non nisi in perniciem uxoris nupta. Postremi crimen omni exitio gravius." Ann. l. 14. c. 63. This description is as artful in fact, as it is artless in appearance. The circumstances said to move the compassion of the spectators, are marked with wonderful judgment; and the beautiful climax exhibited in the arrangement of them, produces a very uncommon effect. Their feelings first rest upon the difference between the situation of OCTAVIA, and that of other women of distinction who had been subjected to the like fate. They next rest upon her personal disgrace, as an empress, becoming subject to a servant; next upon the immediate destruction threatened her by this marriage of POPPÆA; and last of all, upon the false accusation of having been unfaithful to her husband, and guilty with a miscreant, which no form of destruction could equal. The conditions upon which the fancy operates successfully are here fulfilled. It has full room to work, and its exertions are not clogged by an unmeaning verboseness.

From fulfilling the conditions now mentioned, THUCYDIDES has acquired immortal honour by his description of the retreat of the Athenian army, in the 7th book of his History. The barbarity of the conquerors and the distress of the vanquished appear incredible, though a few circumstances only are employed to suggest these. During the passage of the Athenians over the river Assinarus, from the extremity of fatigue and of thirst, they seem driven to a kind of frantic despair. Though the stream in which they then stood was polluted with mud, and with the blood of their countrymen, yet they are represented as fighting about the water in this corrupted state. "και το ὕδωρ εὐθὺς διεφθάρη. ἀλλ' ἔδει ἵστον ἐπιπλεῖν τε ὁμοῦ τῇ πηλῷ ἰματωμένοι καὶ περιμαχῆσθαι ἢ τοῖς πολλοῖς.

Θουκυδ. το ιβ'. κεφ. πδ.

TACITUS paints, in the most lively colours, the distress of VITELLIUS upon the success of the Flavian party, and the distracted state of his mind upon returning to his palace, which he had before left, and then found deserted. “Dein mobilitate ingenii, et quæ natura pavorus est, cum omina metuenti præsentia maxime displicerent, in palatium regreditur, vastum desertumque; dilapsis etiam infimis servitiorum, aut occursum ejus declinantibus. Terret solitudo et tacentes loci; tentat clausa; inhorrescit vacuis: Fessusque misero errore, et pudenda latebra semet occultans, ab JULIO PLACIDO tribuno cohortis, protrahitur. Vincæ pone tergum manus, laniata veste, foedum spectaculum ducebatur, multis increpantibus, nullo illacrymante. Deformitas exitus misericordiam abstulerat. Hist. l. 3. c. 85.

But the uncommon talent for description possessed by TACITUS, is often manifest from his judicious selection of a single anecdote, as explanatory of character. Of this we have a remarkable instance in the 35th chapter of the 1st book of the History. When the old emperor GALBA was still sitting in his palace, and hearing expressions of loyalty, which, after the success of OTHO, he suspected to be insincere, one JULIUS ATTICUS comes up to him declaring that he had slain the usurper with the bloody dagger which he then held in his hand. The emperor's reply was such as could hardly be expected. “Commilito, inquit, quis jussit.” This single anecdote is so completely characteristic, as almost to supercede the necessity of the judicious comment that follows: “Insigni animo ad coercendam militarem licentiam, minantibus intrepidus, adversus blandientes incorruptus.”

In point of imagination, then, the genius of TACITUS is by no means deficient. Though he uses figurative language sparingly, yet he is highly successful when he does. Many of his descriptions may be held perfect in their kind, and will bear a comparison with those of the most distinguished historians of Greece. In all of them brevity is studied, and striking circumstances judiciously seized. These are held forth to the reader with such art, as neither to check the operations of his fancy by suggesting too extensive a subject, nor to stop those operations completely, by suggesting one that is too narrow.

In the sequel of this paper, I shall introduce some proofs of that soundness of judgment in TAORTUS, which is the distinguishing quality of a great historian. I shall afterwards point out his supposed faults, in certain respects, by an application of that criterion which may have evinced his merits in others; and shall try to mark particular deviations in his style, from that pure standard which was exhibited during the Augustan age.

ART. VII.—FRANKLINIANA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR—After a lapse of two years, I am happy that leisure once more enables me to continue my extracts [vide P. F. January, 1817.] from the marginal notes of Dr. Franklin, on a pamphlet, published in London in 1770, and entitled "*Reflections Moral and Political on Great Britain and her Colonies.*"—I do it, because I know that every thing from the pen of that illustrious patriot, must be interesting to his countrymen, and because these observations display the character of the man and are curious in themselves.

G. W.

Text.—As they (the Americans) have little distinction among them except what arise from wealth, *learning* and *politeness* of manners, must not be expected.

Note by Dr. Franklin.—As learned and polite and more so, than any part of Britain for their numbers.—These boors think all the learning and politeness of the world are confined to themselves.

Text.—From hence the character of a gentleman is rare to be met with in these provinces.*

Note.—No gentleman that knew the country would say this—and it is of no consequence what scamps may say.

Text.—They (the two Carolinas, and Georgia) cannot flatter themselves as to their safety, but by the assistance of G. B.

* It would seem that this kind of language has been very early taught in England; for we find it repeated by almost every British traveller in the U. S.

G. W.

Note.—When did Great Britain ever afford any assistance to Carolina? Never were any English troops there before the last war.

Text.—It is the *terror* of the *European strength*, which keeps the *slaves* from rising.

Note.—The poor creatures know no more of the existence of such strength than of a strength in the moon.

Text.—Great Britain *alone* (in the event of the Parliament giving way to the pretensions of the Americans) would become *responsible for the national debt*.

Note.—Is it not already so? would it be responsible for more? Does it desire to be responsible for the Irish and Colony debts also? How benevolent!

Text.—The colonists themselves would not long *enjoy their independence*.

Note.—You need not be concerned for them, you are too good.

Text.—The Dutch and Swiss republics subsist because they are small, but the continent of North America is extended from N. E. to S. W. so that almost every province differs from its neighbours in its *productions* and interests.

Note.—Strange! that differing in *productions*, should be a reason of their not being capable of agreeing in Government.

Text.—All *equality and independence* being by the law of nature *strictly forbidden*.

Note.—I do not find this strange law among those of nature; I doubt it is forged, and not in the book.

Text.—The foundation of all my reasoning, obliges me to pronounce, that the sole *determination of that right rests with the superior*.

Note.—That is, he that is strongest may do what he pleases with those that are weaker. A most equitable law of nature indeed!

Text.—If you can *forgive yourself*, all men shall forgive you.

Note.—How so?

Text.—From an inattention to those *great commands* have arisen all the disorders in government.

Note.—No wonder these commands were not attended to, as perhaps they never were before heard of.

Text.—I pass over the labourers, the farmers and even the copy-holders of land who have no vote in choosing those who impose taxes upon them.

Note.—Why have not the copy-holders a vote? As to those who hold no land, they in fact never pay any taxes in reality, but in appearance only. You may, if you please, make a law that all the taxes necessary for the service of the state shall be paid by the labourer only. This would not affect the labourers. Suppose by such a law each labourer who receives but 12*d* a day should be taxed 5*l*. The effect would only be that he must thenceforth have 5*l* 1*s* for a day's labour paid by his employer. Taxes must be paid out of the produce of the land. *There is no other possible fund*; therefore, the consent of land-holders is only necessary—*Merchants, Manufacturers, &c.* pay no taxes *really*, but only apparently, for they rate their goods in proportion to the consumers.

Text.—There is the *Grand Seignior*, *virtual representative* of all the people of Turkey, and in a most parliamentary manner, levies what taxes he pleases upon them, by their *own consent*.

Note.—If the Grand Seignior is sole landlord he pays all taxes out of his rents, for the greater the tax the less he can otherwise receive of his tenants. Since the produce of the earth is the only source of revenue, so is it by his own consent he taxes himself.

Text.—The notion of people consenting to their own taxation *is contrary to the nature of government*.

Note.—A most impudent assertion.

Text.—I have shown that the notion of the legislative power acting by virtue of representation, *is no principle in the British constitution*.

Note.—How comes it then, that the commons *only*, who are chosen by the people, grant monies and lay taxes?

Text.—I have finished by showing that the words *virtual representation* mean nothing at all.

Note.—They would at once have us Americans satisfied with this notion of *virtual representation*; but having made them ashamed of it, they now tell us there is no such thing in the British constitution as representation at all.

ART. VIII. *Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esq.* With Memoirs of his Life and Writings, composed by himself: illustrated from his Letters, with occasional Notes and Narrative. By John Lord Sheffield. Three vols. 4to. With a Portrait of Mr. Gibbon. 2l. 8s. Boards. Murray. 1815.

IF other authors have equalled or surpassed Mr. G. in the variety of their attainments, few deserve equal credit for attentive habits of reading, and for a steady adherence, year after year, to the department which formed the proper object of his labours. It very seldom happens, that we are furnished with such copious means of tracing the progress of a man of letters; the volumes now printed forming materials for a complete history of his studies. We have, therefore, laid the three quartos before us, and have endeavoured to collect from the whole all that seemed likely to be useful towards exhibiting a view of the early pursuits, the fluctuating projects, and the eventual success of this distinguished candidate for historical fame. All this we shall endeavour to embody into a brief account of his life; trespassing very little, we hope, with repetitions of particulars which we had formerly stated; introducing from the fragments and essays now published such extracts as may conduce to the illustration of the narrative; and reserving a critical notice of them for a separate and subsequent article.

In point of inheritance, Mr. Gibbon had that kind of middle prospect which would have justified the choice of a genteel profession, without enabling him to dispense with an addition to his patrimonial income. He was an only son, and was educated partly at a public school, partly at home in consequence of the delicate state of his health. His memoirs (vol. i.) record a number of amusing but trivial particulars respecting his boy-hood; and it appears that, although too much indulged at that age to go through the severe study necessary for the acquisition of languages, he passed even in his early years much of his time in reading; which, though it was as desultory as we might expect from a youth who was abandoned to his own guidance, was chiefly directed towards history. When he was entered a gentleman commoner of Mag-

Magdalen College, Oxford, he complained that the laxity of that seminary in those days left him as much to his own management as paternal indulgence had done at home. Thus situated, his reading, when pointed towards divinity, took a singular direction, (as the world has long since been informed,) and had the effect of making him, at the age of seventeen, a proselyte to the Catholic faith. His father consequently sent him to Lausanne, to the house of M. Pavillard, a Protestant clergyman; with a communication of the young man's strange conduct, and explicit directions to keep a strict watch over his future studies. Of this change the historian himself says, "Instead of a splendid residence in Magdalen College, I found myself in a small room, an old house, and a gloomy street; the most unfrequented part of an unhand-some town."

The assiduity of his application, however, was much promoted by this exclusion from scenes of amusement, and by his want of command of money: the French language, in particular, he cultivated with success; using it not only as the channel of conversation, but as the medium for committing to paper his notes and observations on English and Latin authors. He made no progress in such exercises as riding or fencing, having little turn for bodily activity, in consequence of constitutional delicacy. A few years sufficed to open his eyes with regard to his religious aberration, and to enable him to redeem the time lost in the outset of his pursuits. In studying French and Latin, he adopted a method which he strongly recommends; viz. that of making choice of a classic writer, such as Cicero, translating one of his epistles into French, letting it lie some time till the original was forgotten, and then re-translating it from French into Latin. Middleton's *Life of Cicero* pleased him more in his youth than subsequently: but he speaks of the works of the Roman orator and Xenophon as most eligible books for a liberal scholar, both for their style and for their matter. Cicero's epistles afford, in his opinion, the models of every kind of correspondence, and his productions may be said to form a library of eloquence and reason.—He read much of Latin at Lausanne, and furnished a striking example that a youth, who has been idle in the bustle of a college, may become assiduous in retirement. It was his rule never to allow a difficult or

corrupt passage to escape him; to consult a number of commentators; to make repeated abstracts, and even to let them branch out into essays. He thus read, three times, Terence, Virgil, Horace, and Tacitus; and he soon became eager to peruse the Greek models of these celebrated writers. It was now that he regretted the waste of his early years, when he might have conquered the more irksome part of the study of Greek: on the present occasion, he made a certain progress in that language: but, being without the stimulus of emulation, he withdrew from the barren task of searching words in a lexicon, to the free and familiar conversation of Latin authors. At a subsequent period, he resumed Greek, and carried his knowledge in it to a considerable proficiency. Logic he studied with great care and advantage: but in mathematics he went only to a limited extent, and never regretted that he desisted from that pursuit before his mind was "hardened by the habit of demonstration so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence, which must however determine the actions and opinions of our lives." He proceeded to read Grotius and Puffendorf, and liked their commentator Barbeyrac: he studied also Locke, and adopted his plan of a common place-book. He read a great part of Bayle's Dictionary: but his attention was at this time more particularly given to Pascal's *Provencal Letters*, "which teach the management of the weapon of grave and temperate irony on serious subjects;" to *De la Bletterie's Life of Julian*; and to *Gianoni's Civil History of Naples*, which "displays the abuse of sacerdotal power and the revolutions of Italy in the dark ages."

His attentive habit of keeping notes of the substance of his reading, and of the reflections produced by it, has enabled the noble editor of the present volume to exhibit specimens of Mr. Gibbon's composition at this early period of life. The principal of these are,

1. "Observations on Sallust, Cæsar, Cornelius Nepos, and Livy," written in Mr. G.'s 19th year. The principal remarks relate to Livy, and discover a mind already keenly alive to the loss of that author's invaluable *Decades*. Mr. G. had been at this time little more than twelve months in a French house, and had not acquired the habit of writing that language with accuracy, as

we perceive from such expressions as "*Des autres veulent*" instead of *d'autres veulent*; "*quelques de qualités*" for *quelques unes des qualités*, &c.: but, even in these juvenile efforts, we see marks of a habit of arrangement and of a pains-taking course of study.

2. "The remarkable Epochs of the History of Greece and Egypt considered in reference to the Chronology of Sir Isaac Newton," written in Mr. G.'s 20th year, and in French also. This essay consists of a comparison of the Newtonian chronology with that of other writers, concerning such points as the æras of Sesostris, Dido, Æneas, &c.

3. "Dissertation on the Weights, Measures, and Monies of the Ancients, with a few Tables constructed on these Principles," in his 21st year. The principal authorities for this compilation were Freret, Arbuthnot, Bishop Hooper, Greaves, and a German author named Eisenchidt. It is followed by a correspondent Dissertation on the Weights, Measures, and Monies in use during the time of the Lower Empire, not only in Greece and Italy, but in France, Germany, Spain, and such parts of Europe as possessed any thing like a regular government. These tracts exceed seventy 4to. pages, and, however imperfectly finished, must be considered as very useful accompaniments to the study of history.

In 1758, Mr. G. returned to England, and was kindly received by his father; the flattering report of Pavillard, and his own progress, sufficing to efface the remembrance of his early trespass. He was now of an age to be introduced to the society of his father's friends, and particularly to Mallet, by whose advice he was directed to study the style of Swift and Addison. He speaks in his Memoirs with approbation of this advice; yet, as we have formerly observed, it would be difficult to find, in the whole range of our classics, a greater contrast than his own style made with that of these standards of simplicity and purity. Mr. G.'s father had a numerous acquaintance in London: but the reserved manners of his son led him to pass many solitary hours with his books, and to be thankful for an evening-call from Mr. Elmsley, the bookseller, or other unassuming friends. In the country, he had it less in his power to avoid being present in the mixed parties

at his father's house; and he regularly regretted the full moon as the season of these un instructive assemblages. Amid these interruptions, his great gratification was the receipt of a newly purchased book from London; and his plan was, after having satisfied the first impulse of curiosity by inspecting the title-page and the contents, to meditate, in a solitary walk, on all that he as yet knew in connection with the subject treated in his new acquisition. His favourite works were the English authors since the Revolution; and his attention was eagerly directed to the lately published histories of Hume and Robertson. "I was not," he says, "without hopes of one day imitating the well turned periods of Robertson; but the calm philosophy, the careless, inimitable beauties of his friend, often forced me to close the volume with mixed sensations of delight and despair."

The principal result of his studies at this period of his career was the composition of "An Essay on the Empire of the Medes, by Way of Supplement to the Dissertations of Messrs. Freret and De Bougainville;" composed, probably, in his 24th year. This is a work of very considerable labour and extent, occupying sixty 4to. pages, and finished with considerable attention to style. At this early period, he had acquired no small share of the clearness and vivacity of the best French authors, without falling into that inflated tone which has been so much regretted in his subsequent compositions. The "Essay" is dry, but this fault arises from the nature of the subject rather than from the inexperience of the writer, who gives proof of attentive research, and conveys his meaning in short perspicuous sentences. The young writer felt the inexpediency of offering such an Essay to the public, and was contented to leave it among his MSS., whence it has been extracted for the first time for the volume before us. Gibbon, indeed, though sufficiently conscious of his attainments, had many scruples about making his appearance as an author, and was induced to print his first publication, "*Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature*," less by a desire of literary reputation than as a specimen of his familiarity with the French language, and of his fitness to act the part of secretary to any of our diplomatists abroad. The subject was suggested by an anxiety to recommend that which was not common in France, the classics being

neglected in that country; and the *Académie des Inscriptions*, the guardian of classical studies, ranking only third in the Royal Societies of Paris. He submitted the manuscript to the revision of Dr. Maty; who, though born in Holland, might be called a Frenchman, and who was settled in London. Dr. M. had been the editor and in a great measure the writer of eighteen volumes of the *Journal Britannique*, published from January 1750 to December 1755; and, "far different from his angry son, he handled," says Mr. G., the rod of criticism with the kindness and reluctance of a parent."

Of this juvenile composition, (printed in 1761,) Mr. G. distributed a number of copies among his friends, and received of course a great many compliments. With the public, it succeeded on the Continent, but not in England. The chief fault of the essay, as the author acknowledged afterward, consisted in an obscurity and abruptness which always fatigue and may often elude the attention of the reader; and which must be admitted to have been, in most cases, the consequence of affectation, or of the desire of expressing a common idea with sententious or oracular brevity. Such, says Mr. G., was the consequence of imitating Montesquieu. To this fault must be added a total want of method or connection:—but what could be expected from a writer at the age of twenty-two? Still, when Mr. G. looked back, in his advanced years, to this essay, he could not help feeling, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, that his improvement in a long interval had fallen much short of what he had conceived it to have been.

The war with France having led to the establishment of the militia on a scale of considerable extent, Mr. G. and his father took their shares in this new kind of military duty. His service lasted several years, and proved a considerable interruption to his literary pursuits: but it had the effect of rubbing off the rust of the closet, and of giving him a practical knowledge of life; while the attention which it led him to give to the study of tactics, and particularly to the "*Mémoires Militaires*" of Guischart, was not without its use in the subsequent labours of his celebrated history. Before the time came for disembodied the militia, Mr. G. had risen from the rank of a Captain of grenadiers in

the Hampshire regiment to that of Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant.

In January 1763, Mr. G. undertook a continental journey. He passed several months at Paris, and dedicated his morning-hours to the inspection of churches and palaces, of royal manufactures, and of collections of books and pictures; in which he declares Paris to be as much superior to London as the country and country-seats of France are beneath those of England. The causes of the magnificence of the French capital are the wealth of the church, and the unauthorized application of public money by the sovereign.—Mr. G. had taken various introductions to French literati, but found them in a great measure unnecessary, one acquaintance leading to another; so that he became known to a wider circle in Paris in three months than he had formed in London in three years. He could not help making the remark that the authors and artists of Paris, when he conversed with them alone in a morning-visit, were much less vain and more reasonable than he observed them to be in a large circle.

He next revisited Lausanne, after an absence of five years, and found little alteration among the friends of his youth. He lived here, not with his preceptor, Pavillard, but at a boarding-house kept by a man of rank, M. de Meseray, whose manners were such as to give him the appearance of a nobleman spending his fortune in entertaining his friends. It was at this house and at this time that Mr. G. became acquainted with Mr. Holroyd, afterward lord Sheffield, and began an intimacy which lasted thirty years. He now prepared for a tour to Italy, by studying the travels of Nardini, Donatus, and others, with the fourth volume of the *Roman Antiquities* of Grævius; and he afterward dissected the *Italia Antiqua* of Cluverius, who examined on foot almost every scene noticed by ancient writers. Mr. G. also read descriptions of Italy by Strabo, Pliny, and Pomponius Mela; D'Anville's *Mesures Itinéraires*; Bergier's *Histoire des grands Chemins de l'Empire Romain*; and the works of Addison and Spanheim. He then proceeded on his tour, with all the benefits of thorough preparation. He passed four months in Rome, under the guidance of Byers, the antiquary; and, though exposed to occasional embarrassment from not speaking the language, he reaped, on the whole, a rich

harvest of information from his travels in Italy. The result of his previous study is given in the volume now published under the title of "*Nomina Genteque antiquæ Italiæ*," a geographical and historical composition in French, divided into sixteen sections, treating of nearly as many portions of the Italian peninsula. This comprehensive abstract occupies above a hundred pages, and is, perhaps, the most complete monument of his attentive and careful habits that is contained in his miscellaneous works. We have heard it recommended as a fit object for a separate publication, for the use of the more advanced boys in our schools, and as a substitute for the accurate but dull geographical work of Dr. Adam. Mr. G. has interspersed his local notices by liberal quotations from the classics, which would relieve, to a youthful mind, the tedium of topographical description: but, to fit his work for the purpose just mentioned, an index and a translation either into English or Latin would be necessary.

Mr. G. returned home in 1765, and lived, as before, with his father, from whom he received the most affectionate treatment: but he was on the whole uncomfortable at finding himself drawing to his thirtieth year without having embraced a profession, or given a settled aim to his pursuits. He now, therefore, determined to turn his thoughts to a publication on some historical topic. His attention was for some time fixed on the life of Sir Walter Raleigh; and, on relinquishing this plan, he devoted himself with considerable ardor to an historical composition on the early part of the history of Switzerland. He had formed, when at Lausanne, a close intimacy with a Swiss gentleman named Deyverdun, who was now in England; and the imagination of both these young candidates for fame kindled at the hope of delineating, in animated colouring, the dawn of Swiss liberty. They continued more or less occupied with this subject during two years, and made a considerable progress in their task; the result of which is now given to the public in an historical tract occupying nearly sixty pages, which is not, like most of the materials in these volumes, a series of memoranda, but a composition prepared and finished, as far as it went, for the public eye. Mr. Hume, to whom Gibbon submitted the manuscript, was justified in remarking that the style was too lofty for English readers, and bore too

evident marks of an imitation of French models: but, on comparing it with the subsequent productions of Mr. G., it will be found marked by fewer of those deviations from simplicity than his far-famed history. Among the passages most deserving of attention in this fragment of Swiss history, is the account (p. 113.) of the conspiracy formed by three spirited citizens in 1307 for the independence of their country; and of the memorable conflict at Morgarten in 1315, in which a band of intrepid peasants, favoured by localities of no common kind, succeeded in repelling and routing the army of the duke of Austria.

The plan of a history of Switzerland was abandoned by Mr. Gibbon and his coadjutor, partly in consequence of their unacquaintance with German, the language in which most of the materials were to be sought, but more, we apprehend, on account of the limited interest of the subject. Without believing *à la lettre* that Mr. G. conceived the design of writing the history of Rome when contemplating the capitol, we can readily imagine that he aimed from an early period at sending forth a work which might attract towards him the attention of the men of letters not only in England but in Europe. Much time and intermediate labour, however, were necessary to prepare himself for such a task; and a part of this interval was filled up by his contributions during two years to the *Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande Bretagne*, a periodical work in French, planned by himself and his friend Deyverdun, with the view of keeping foreigners apprized of the state and progress of English literature. The first volume came out in 1767, and contained a review by Gibbon of lord Lyttleton's Henry II., "a work in which sense and information are not illustrated by a single ray of genius." The second volume was published in 1768, and had among other papers a reply by Hume to "Walpole's Historic Doubts." The materials for the third volume were almost completed, when Deyverdun was enabled to change his situation for the better by going abroad to travel with a young pupil, and the undertaking was relinquished.

Mr. Gibbon's next publication was a disquisition in opposition to the hypothesis maintained by Warburton respecting the sixth book of the *Æneid*. He dwelt with pleasure on topics connected

with a composition which he justly termed the "most pleasing and perfect of Latin poetry:" but, his antagonist being silent, the pamphlet attracted little notice, although it was praised by Heyne, by Hayley, and lately by Dr. Parr. "Warburton's book," says Mr. G., (*Memoirs*, p. 139.) "has lost much of its first fame: its chief merit consists in the episodes on the Greek philosophy, the hieroglyphics of Egypt, &c. which are intitled to the praise of learning, imagination, and discernment."

At last, Mr. Gibbon bade adieu to minor essays, and directed his attention to the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." He was already familiar with the classics, down to Tacitus and Juvenal; and he now investigated, with the pen almost always in his hand, the original records, both Greek and Latin, down to Ammianus Marcellinus, from the reign of Trajan to the last emperors of Rome. Together with these he studied medals, and inscriptions of geography and chronology, and he found great advantage in fixing and arranging his scattered materials by the collections of Tillemont, a writer of character and accuracy. For the middle ages he studied Muratori, Sigonius, Maffei, Baronius, and Pagi. The Theodosian code, with the commentary of Godefroy, was highly useful to him in an historical light: it may be called, in fact, a full and capacious repository of the political state of the empire during the fourth and fifth centuries. This course of study began in 1771, but was for a long time mixed with collateral occupations. Mr. G. continued to read again and again the classics in Latin, French, Italian, and in some measure in Greek. He prepared in manuscript an essay on the *Cyropædia*, perused Blackstone three times, and made a copious and critical abstract of his work. After his father's death in 1770, he was obliged to occupy two years in finally retiring from a country life, and making a clear arrangement of his patrimony. He was never affluent, but considered himself as possessing the happy medium; being inclined to think that it would not have been his lot to become an historian had he been either richer or poorer. From the year 1772, he lived in London, and increased his library as well as the number of his connections, being chosen a member of several literary clubs.

It was now that he undertook in earnest to prepare his first volume for the press, and laboured in particular to form his style. He wrote his first chapter three times, always in quest of a middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation. He soon became tired of the practice of reading a manuscript to friends, under the conviction that an author is the best judge of his own performance; although he was still satisfied of the utility of occasional advice from such a veteran in literature as Hume.

The publication of the first volume took place in 1776. It was offered to Elmsley: but, that cautious disciple of the old school having declined the adventure, it was undertaken by Messrs. Strahan and Cadell. Mr. G. intended at first to publish only 500 copies, but this number was doubled by the "prophetic taste" of Mr. Strahan. The printed sheets discovered many blemishes of style which had been invisible in the manuscript; but the author was soon amply repaid for all his solicitude. The book attracted great notice, and the edition was sold, not indeed, as Mr. G. insinuates in his *Memoirs*, in a few days, but in the course of a few months: the magnitude of the subject, the novelty of the style, and the extent of research displayed, all concurring to excite the public attention. Numerous letters were written on this occasion to the author. It is true that such addresses are often little more than complimentary effusions, and are sometimes found at variance (as in the case of Horace Walpole's epistolary panegyric on Dr. Robertson) with the real sentiments of the writer as eventually disclosed: but a notable exception from this train of flattery is afforded by the following manly letters:

‘ MR. WHITAKER TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

‘ Dear Sir,

Manchester, April 21st, 1776.

‘ I have just finished your history: and I sit down to thank you for it a second time. You have laid open the interior principles of the Roman Constitution with great learning, and shown their operation on the general body of the Empire with great judgment. Your work therefore will do you high honour. You never speak feebly, except when you come upon British ground, and never weakly, except when you attack Christianity. In the former case, you seem to me to want information. And, in the latter, you plainly want the common candour of a citizen of the world for the religious system of your country. Pardon me, Sir,

but, much as I admire your abilities, greatly as I respect your friendship, I cannot bear without indignation your sarcastic slyness upon Christianity, and cannot see without pity your determined hostility to the Gospel.'—

‘MR. WHITAKER TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

‘Dear Sir,

Manchester, May 11th, 1776.

‘You have received my animadversions upon your History with candor. I was particularly pointed, I believe, in what I said concerning the religious part of it. I wrote from my feelings at the time; and was perhaps the less inclined to suppress those feelings from friendliness, because I had two favours to beg of you. I hope I shall ever be attached, with every power of my judgment and my affection, to that glorious system of truth, which is the vital principle of happiness to my soul in time and in eternity. And in this I act not from any “restraints of profession.” I should despise myself, if I did. I act from the fullest conviction of a mind, that has been a good deal exercised in inquiries into truth, and that has shown (I fancy) a strong spirit of rational scepticism in rejecting and refuting a variety of opinions, which have passed current for ages in our national history.

‘With regard to what I said concerning your British accounts, I meant not to blame you, either for not saying all that you knew concerning our Island, or for not bringing in the intimations of Richard on Ossian. I blamed you only for not noticing some particulars, that made a necessary part of your narration, and are mentioned by the best authorities. And I remember particularly, that in your description of the Empire about the time of Severus, and in your short intimations concerning the state of the towns within it, you specify only London and York as remarkable towns in Britain, though Tacitus and Dio give us such an account of Camulodunum, and though Chester appears from an inscription and a coin to have been then a colony. And in the description of those two which you mention you take no notice, I think, of the sweet and pleasant situation of London, so strikingly marked by Tacitus, and of the Temple of Bellona, and of the Palatium or Domus Palatina, in York, so expressly specified by Spartian.—

“These were some of the remarks that forced themselves upon my mind, as I read your work. Others also arose of a different nature and inferior importance, as that the native language of Gaul and Britian was driven by the Romans to the hills and mountains; that the Druids borrowed money upon bonds payable in the other world, &c.—

“These, however, if never so true, are but trifles light as air in my estimation, when they are compared with what I think the great blot of your work. You have there exhibited Deism in a new shape, and in one that is more likely to effect the un instructed million, than the reasoning form which she has usually worn.

You seem to me like another Tacitus, revived with all his animosity against Christianity, his strong philosophical spirit of sentiment, and more than his superiority to the absurdities of heathenism. And you will have the dishonour (pardon me, Sir,) of being ranked by the folly of scepticism, that is working so powerfully at present, among the most distinguished deists of the age. I have long suspected the tendency of your opinions. I once took the liberty of hinting my suspicions. But I did not think the poison had spread so universally through your frame. And I can only deplore the misfortune, and a very great one I consider it, to the highest and dearest interests of man among all your readers.

"These must be very numerous. I see you are getting a second edition already. I give you joy of it. And I remain, with an equal mixture of regret and regard,

"Your obliged Friend and Servant, J. WHITAKER.

A correspondence of a less amicable nature soon took place between Mr. G. and one of those indignant antagonists, who had been roused to reply to the passages in which the historian attempts to account for the progress of Christianity without the intervention of any other than human aid.

"EDWARD GIBBON, Esq. to the REV. DR. CHELSUM.

"Sir, *Bentinck-street, Feb. 20th, 1778.*"

"The officious readiness of offering any printed criticism to the notice of a stranger, who is himself the object of it, must be received either as a compliment or an insult. When Dr. Watson, the Divinity Professor of Cambridge, was so obliging as to send me his candid and ingenious apology, I thought it incumbent on me to acknowledge his politeness, and, with suitable expressions of regard, to solicit the pleasure of his acquaintance. A different mode of controversy calls for a different behaviour; and I should deem myself wanting in a just sense of my own honor, if I did not immediately return into the hands of Mr. Batt your most extraordinary present of a book, of which almost every page is stained with the epithets, I shall take leave to say the undeserved epithets, of *ungenerous, unmanly, indecent, illiberal, partial*, and in which your adversary is repeatedly charged with being *deficient in common candor; with studiously concealing the truth, violating the faith of history, &c.* This consideration will not however prevent me from procuring a copy of your Remarks, with the intention of correcting any involuntary mistakes, (and I cannot be conscious of any other,) which in so large a subject your industry, or that of your colleagues, may very possibly have observed. But I must not suffer myself to be diverted from the prosecution of an important work, by the invidious task of controversy and re- crimination. Whatever faults in your performance I might fairly

impute to want of attention, or excess of zeal, be assured, Sir, that they shall sleep in peace; and you may safely inform your readers, that Suidas was a heathen four centuries after the heathenism of the Greeks had ceased to exist in the world.

'I am, Sir, your obedient humble Servant, E. GIBBON.'

"THE REV. DR. CHELSUM TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

"Sir,

Oxford, March 6th, 1778.

"Permit me to assure you, with the utmost sincerity, that no insult, such as, I collect from your letter, you attribute to me, was ever intended by me.

"I had reason to think, from several circumstances, that my not having sent my remarks to you in their first form, had been considered by you as a want of attention, and I was very ready to pay what others gave me reason to expect would be received as a mark of civility. I do not mean here to refer to Mr. Batt.

"My determination was the result of a deference to the opinions of others; and it arose in no degree from an "*officious readiness*," to which you attribute it. I may be accused of an error in judgment, but I cannot justly be accused of any greater offence.

"Concerned as I am at my mistake, I am most of all concerned that so esteemed a friend as Mr. Batt should have been employed in a very unpleasant mediation between us.

"As it is the sole object of this letter to give you every possible assurance of my having intended a compliment in what has unfortunately been received as an insult, I should have concluded here, but that I am anxious to do myself the justice of pointing out to you, that you have unwarily imputed to me one expression (as I apprehend) wholly without foundation.

"On the most diligent recollection I cannot remember that I have any where said (and I am sure I never intended to say) that you have "*studiously*" concealed the truth.

"I am, Sir, your obedient humble Servant, J. CHELSUM."

It was fashionable with the courtly part of the clergy to say that they had not read the offensive parts, and the admirers of sincerity must be not a little mortified on being obliged to class Dr. Robertson in this inglorious assemblage: "Had I been aware," says Gibbon with all imaginable composure, (*Memoirs*, p. 153.) of the *attachment of the majority of my readers to Christianity*, I would have softened the obnoxious chapters." He made, however, no replies except to Mr. Davies of Oxford, who attacked his sincerity. His rejoinder to that gentleman was printed with the first part of his *Miscellaneous Works*, and was much praised for its erudition, but blamed for its diffuseness.

In 1776, after having published his book, Gibbon made an excursion to Paris. He was wonderfully caressed by the literati there, yet found means to consult at considerable leisure the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, and that of the Abbey of St. Germain. He had now become fully aware of the value of time, and was less eager in making new acquaintances:—"the society of men of letters," he says, "I neither courted nor declined." Two years nearly elapsed between the appearance of his first volume and his beginning to prepare the second for the press. This long interval was passed partly in parliamentary attendance, Mr. G. having become a member of the House of Commons, and partly in researches connected with his history. He was the writer of the "*Mémoire Justificatif*" circulated by our ministry in 1778, in answer to the manifesto issued by the court of France on taking part in the American war; and he speaks with no little self-complacency on this diplomatic performance, which was evidently too long and diffuse for an official document. He was afterwards made a commissioner of the Board of Trade, a place affording a clear annual salary of 750*l.*, which appointment he owed chiefly to the friendship of Lord Loughborough, and which he enjoyed about three years. Burke ridiculed the perpetual vacation of this Board, and the Opposition blamed Mr. G. for taking the place; but he says expressly in his *Memoirs* that he "never was connected with the Opposition." He was not, however, though it was currently reported, the writer of a pamphlet in 1779, intitled "*The History of Opposition*;" that production having proceeded from the pen of Macpherson.

On resuming, in 1778, the task of historical composition, Mr. G. found it much easier than at the outset; he wrote more in the course of the day; and, which was equally important, he did not cancel so much. On publishing the second and third volumes, also, he excited less disapprobation, his comments on religious subjects being more guarded, and protestant clergymen being less alive to the characters and controversies of the fourth and fifth centuries. He was attacked, however, by Archdeacon Travis in a vehement style; and Porson's famous answer was considered by Gibbon as the most acute and accurate piece of criticism since the days of Bentley. A very general sentiment prevailed with

the public that these two volumes were inferior to the first; an impression ascribed in the outset by Mr. G. to the want of novelty, and to the circumstance that "an author who cannot ascend will always appear to sink:" but he confessed eventually that the second and third volumes are more prolix and less entertaining than the first. Meantime, his parliamentary career had experienced some interruption, it having been found necessary that he should not resume his seat at the general election of 1780. He was subsequently returned for Lymington, but Lord North's administration now drew to its close, and with it fell (in 1782) the appointments of the Board of Trade."

Gibbon, now unemployed in a public capacity, and arrived at a pausing point in the composition of his history, passed some time in the enjoyment of literary relaxation, and returned to the perusal of Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and the tragic poets. Yet "in the luxury of freedom he began to wish for the daily task, the active pursuit which gave a value to every book and an object to every inquiry." He determined, therefore, to recommence his historical engagement: but, feeling the inadequacy of his income to the support of the style of indulgence, or, as he called it, comfort, to which he had been accustomed, he made some attempts to be employed as secretary in the negotiation about to take place with France.

"MR. GIBBON TO LORD THURLOW.

"My Lord,

"Without presuming to inquire into the state of public measures, which must be secret in order to be successful, I cannot but observe and congratulate, with the rest of my countrymen, the fair prospect of peace, or at least of negotiation, which seems to be opening upon us.

"I find it generally understood that the principal conduct of this important event will be entrusted to a minister whose eminent abilities have been long tried and distinguished. But a scene of business so various and extensive must afford several collateral and subordinate lines of negotiation. If in any of these I should be thought qualified for public trust, I am ready to devote my time and my best industry to the service of my country, and shall think myself happy if I can discharge, in any degree, my debt of gratitude to his majesty's government.

"Your Lordship's experience of mankind has undoubtedly taught you to distrust and dislike ostentatious professions; yet I

may affirm with the confidence of truth that if I consulted only my private interest and inclination, I should not be lightly tempted to interrupt the tranquillity and leisure, which I now enjoy, and in which I am never busy, and never idle.

"The grateful recollection of your Lordship's indulgence on a former occasion has strongly solicited me to make this offer of my services. I should deem it no vulgar honour if they could ever deserve the approbation of a wise and intrepid statesman, who, in a divided country, has commanded the esteem and applause of the most hostile parties.

"I am, with great respect, my Lord, &c.

"E. GIBBON.

"The Lord Chancellor."

"LORD THURLOW to MR. GIBBON."

"Dear Sir,

"I shall certainly avail myself of your permission, not to tender your services to the Minister, but, whenever an occasion sufficiently considerable shall offer, to suggest a name which possesses so many titles to the public confidence. And in that strange and distant scene (of foreign politics) it is almost the only suggestion I can make with perfect confidence.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"THURLOW."

He now resumed his history in earnest, and worked at it with so much vigour as to make a very considerable progress with the fourth volume in the course of twelve months. His doubtful prospect with regard to a place under government made him think seriously of living at Lausanne; where an annual income of 600*l.* would procure for him the same degree of comfort which double the amount would command in our expensive metropolis. Some of his friends, particularly Lord Sheffield, urged him to abandon the idea, in the hope of Lord North being enabled on returning to office to give him a permanent place as a commissioner of customs or excise; but he was by this time cured of sanguine expectations; and he felt that such an appointment, if obtained, would cause a very serious inroad on his hours. In addressing, therefore, his cordial friend Lord Loughborough, he seems rather to have intimated a determination to go abroad than to have asked an opinion of his chance in the event of remaining in England. We extract his Lordship's answer:

"LORD LOUGHBOROUGH TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ."

"My dear Sir, *Bedford-Square, Sept 11th, 1783.*

"This is not literally but not far from it, the first time since I have attempted to write; when you did me the favour to call, I was less able to speak.—

"Your letter was a real addition to my complaints at the time I received it, and I cannot yet bring myself to look at it with a healthy eye. Many selfish considerations mingle themselves with my judgment upon it, and, no doubt, bias my opinion. I extremely regret the loss of your society, which in a more settled state than the late times have afforded, I hoped to have enjoyed more frequently. I am confident that not only Lord North, but some other friends of yours, who, if any thing is permanent, would have found their consequence increase, never would have lost sight of your object. Absence delays and slackens the most active pursuits of one's friends, and though some of us will miss you too often to forget, we shall want to conjure you back again to remind others.

"I shall beg the favour of Lord Sheffield to do nothing about your seat without apprizing me. My state of health drives me as fast as I can to Buxton, and the moment I feel myself reestablished, a thousand cares will bring me back to London. I do not propose to be gone above a month, and I trust you will not have taken your departure before the 10th of next month, when I hope to see you.

"I ever am, my dear Sir,

"Yours most sincerely,

"LOUGHBOROUGH."

Mr. G. had paved the way for going abroad by corresponding with the friend of his youth, Deyverdun; and the letters that passed on this occasion, which were published in the first part of the *Miscellaneous Works*, (p. 570. *et seqq.*) deserve the attention of all who, under the present circumstances of renewed tranquillity, speculate on the plan of living on the Continent. Deyverdun apprizes his friend that in Switzerland, as in France, a person is perfectly at liberty to choose his own mode of life; going into society or withdrawing from it, in exact accordance with the circumstances of the individual. On the part of Gibbon, the chief difficulty was the conveyance of his library, and a doubt of obtaining access to the public collections of Geneva, Berne, and Basil. He felt little reluctance in exchanging the political and literary society of London for the unlettered cheerfulness of Lauzanne: conversation was with him rather an amusement than a

school; and, as far as vivacity and candor went, he had reason to be confident that he should not be disappointed in his new associates, particularly the females: who in that region, and in France, have not only more pleasing manners but more taste and knowledge than the other sex. The distance from England seemed at first formidable: but, in two journees subsequently made by Mr. G. (in 1787 and 1793) it proved that, ill fitted as he was for undergoing bodily fatigue, he arrived in London before he thought it was possible that he could have travelled six hundred miles.

Having settled himself at Lausanne in a commodious house beautifully situated, and occupied by him jointly with Deyverdun, he arranged his time on the plan of rising early, breakfasting alone, receiving no morning visits, dining at two o'clock, and giving the evening to conversation or cards. In this manner he lived very happily, and experienced no inconvenience, except from the place being too much frequented by strangers in consequence of the attractions of its beautiful neighbourhood, the vicinity of the Alps, and the medical reputation of Tissot: a number of English being in the habit of spending their winters at Nice and their summers in the Pays de Vaud. In this situation, Mr. G. proceeded to prepare for the press the last three volumes of his work. Dr. Robertson had already expressed himself in sanguine terms on the magnitude and interest of the subject. "You have," he says, "three or four events as great, splendid, and singular as the heart of a historian could wish to delineate: the cotemporary writers will give you the necessary facts; to adorn them as elegant writers, or to account for them as philosophers, never entered into their heads."

The historian had now to relate the incursions of the various tribes of barbarians, who shook and eventually overturned the Roman empire. Having carefully considered the manner of disposing of his materials, he determined "to group his picture by nations;" the seeming neglect of chronological order being compensated by the superior interest and perspicuity: but it is to be regretted that he did not adopt a hint of Lord Hardwicke, and give a map of the native seats and progressive advance of the northern hordes.—He now proceeded in his labour without the

interruptions attendant on a residence in a great city, and was enabled to complete his engagement in the course of three years. Living, at the time, so much in French society, he suspects that there may be a mixture of French idioms in the last volumes; and the concluding part was written, perhaps, too hastily, in order to meet the urgency of the bookseller. On finishing the MS. he went to London in August 1787, and passed the winter in correcting the proof-sheets, which were struck off with extraordinary rapidity, to avoid losing the publishing season: yet the printing of the whole lasted seven months; an interval in which Mr. G. found time to make the necessary references to various authorities in London which he had not had an opportunity of consulting on the Continent. The impression consisted of three thousand copies; an extent to which the bookseller ventured in the hope, which was fortunately realized, that the possessors of the former volumes would complete their sets. This was independent of the sale on the Continent, which was, in a great measure, monopolized by a cheap edition printed at Basil. Mr. G. complained greatly of the inferiority of the French translation of his book, and regretted the deficiency of critical journals in that language; a blank which still continues, the public on the French side of the Channel having scarcely any other medium of judging of new books than by a short notice in a newspaper.

The completion of this great work produced several complimentary addresses from his friends; and, among others, from Dr. Robertson, who observed: "I know of no example of such a vast body of valuable and elegant information being communicated to the world by any individual. Since your career, I can pretend no longer to be the most industrious historian of the age. Your style appears to me improved—by habit you now write with greater ease. I am sorry we do not agree on the effects of the Crusades, a point which I considered with great care."

Mr. Gibbon's work being one of the most comprehensive in the range of historical labours, it may not be uninteresting to calculate the length of time which it required. He appears to have been occupied with it, more or less, during twenty years, beginning at the age of thirty. He had previously laid in a considerable stock of reading, productive not only of general knowledge,

but of such as was applicable to the specific object of his history: he had travelled over Italy; and he had, by repeated perusals, become familiar with the Latin classics. Many deductions, however, must be made from the apparent period of twenty years:— he had his father's affairs to settle; he attended during eight sessions in parliament; and he gave to mixed society that portion of time which can scarcely be saved by a man in public life residing in a metropolis. We may add that, even when out of London, whether at Lausanne or in the country in England, his labour was not resumed after the hour of dinner; though in order to keep up to his engagement with the bookseller, he wrote in one year (1786) during the evenings; an industry which he never practised before, and to which he hoped never again to be reduced." We shall, therefore, be not far from the truth in computing that the time bestowed on his history was equal to half the apparent period; and that he might have accomplished his task in ten years of steady, uninterrupted application. He has been greatly praised for the extent of his research; a point in which, if the truth must be spoken, it is not difficult to rival his two historical contemporaries. In analyzing, however, the nature of Mr. Gibbon's research, we shall find it rather careful than extensive. The want of printing during the ages described by him, and the loss of many of the manuscript-vouchers, necessarily prevented the existence of that enormous quantity of materials which, in the case of recent history, is so alarming to the candidate for fame. He had, therefore, less occasion to dissect a mass, than to make a careful appropriation of the stock of documents before him,—a stock which, after every deduction, we allow to have been extensive,—and to have prosecuted a labour which he is admitted to have performed with an uncommon degree of attention and accuracy.

Our readers cannot fail to have remarked the successive fluctuations of Mr. Gibbon in an attempt to fix on a subject of historical composition. We have noticed his undertaking and relinquishing a life of Sir Walter Raleigh, and a history of Switzerland: but we might have swelled the list by a number of additions, such as a projected narrative of the government of the House of Medicis at Florence: the expedition of Charles VIII.

into Italy; the life of Henry V.; and even the wars of the Barons against John and Henry III. We advert to this subject in order that young candidates for literary reputation may have, amid their doubts and difficulties, the satisfaction of knowing that their embarrassment is not peculiar, and that our most successful writers have experienced disappointment in their earlier undertakings. The case of Hume was still less encouraging, for he had not only his changes but his reiterated failures. Our practical conclusion should be that, whatever may be for a time the difficulties of a man of talents and industry; these qualities will at last make an appropriate selection, and raise their possessor to merited reputation. Those who are distrustful of the comfort of a literary life, and enamoured of pursuits which bring them into contact with public characters, will do well to cast their eye over a paragraph in Mr. G.'s letter to Lord Sheffield, of the 14th November 1783, (*Memoirs*, vol. i.) in which he draws a contrast between his own situation at Lausanne and that of his noble friend in parliament, and concludes by asking, significantly "who has the better bargain?"

Mr. Gibbon passed the time of his stay in England partly in London and partly at Lord Sheffield's seat. He had now the satisfaction of seeing his country in the enjoyment of peace and commercial prosperity; and he was gratified at a visible abatement of the party-spirit that had raged so vehemently during the American contest. He paid, when his leisure permitted, an occasional visit to Westminster-hall, and was much delighted with the first display of Mr. Sheridan's eloquence at Mr. Hastings' trial. On another occasion, he stole an interview to visit Lord North in the country, and found him a happy man, notwithstanding the loss of power and of eye-sight. The preface to the last three volumes of the "*Decline and Fall*" had contained the following passage:

"Were I ambitious of any other patron than the public, I would inscribe this work to a Statesman, who, in a long, a stormy, and at length an unfortunate administration, had many political opponents, almost without a personal enemy; who has retained in his fall from power many faithful and disinterested friends, and who, under the pressure of severe infirmity, enjoys the lively vigour of his mind, and the felicity of his incomparable temper.

Lord North will permit me to express the feelings of friendship in the language of truth, but even truth and friendship should be silent if he still dispensed the favours of the crown."

This flattering notice was not expected by the retired minister, and produced a warm expression of gratitude:

" LORD NORTH TO EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.

" Dear Sir,

Grosvenor-street, May 1st, 1788.

" Upon the receipt of your books, and the perusal of your preface, my heart was too full to give you an immediate answer: so kind and honourable a testimony of your friendship and esteem would have afforded me the greatest pleasure in the moment of my highest health and political prosperity; judge then what I must feel upon receiving it in my retirement, while labouring under a calamity which would be severe, were it not for the goodness of my friends. I have it, thank God, in my power to return your kindness in the manner which will be most agreeable to you, by assuring you sincerely that nothing could have given me more real comfort and satisfaction than the notice that you have taken of me.

" I am, Dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

" NORTH."

As Mr. Gibbon felt no disposition to take up his residence in England, he made arrangements for returning to Lausanne when he had finished the publication of his work, and completed some fresh purchases of books. These additions carried the amount of his library to six or seven thousand volumes; and, as he was now disengaged from the task of composition, he indulged largely on returning to Lausanne in the luxury of miscellaneous reading, took a full repast on Homer, Aristophanes, and Plato, and continued to devote the latter part of the day to society. On surveying the circumstances of his situation, (*Memoirs*, p. 182.) he was disposed to consider himself as very happy, and to look forwards with pleasant expectation to that old age which Fontenelle declared to be the most agreeable part of life. As to money, he had become affluent by succeeding (in 1791) to the property of an aunt; and, though he was subject to attacks of gout, yet, when indisposed, he was visited by a number of friends of both sexes, " who entered with a smile and vanished at a nod." Various events, however, occurred unexpectedly to mar his prospect of comfort: he had the misfortune to lose his friend Deyverdun; he

found the tranquillity of his residence interrupted by the storm of the French Revolution; he was now painfully reminded of the danger of scoffing at religion; and he looked back with sorrow and regret on the imprudence of his former publications. "I have repeatedly thought," he says, "of writing a dialogue in which Lucian, Erasmus, and Voltaire, should be the speakers, and should mutually acknowledge the danger of exposing an established system of belief to the doubts of the multitude."

Madame Necker lived at this time in his neighbourhood, and was deservedly reckoned among his most agreeable friends: indeed, this amiable lady (the mother of Madame de Stael) had been known to him from his youth. We cannot stop here to extract the ingenuous though unfeeling passage in his *Memoirs* which contain an account of the impression made on his heart by Mademoiselle Curchod, the daughter of a Protestant clergyman, who lived in a village in the mountains which separate the Pays de Vaud from the province of Burgundy, and had leisure which enabled him to give a liberal and even a learned education to his daughter, whose beauty was likewise the object of admiration. Her parents were disposed to encourage the offers of Mr. Gibbon, who was then very young: but, on his return to England, his father would not hear of an alliance so disproportioned in point of property. "I sighed," says Mr. G., "as a lover; I obeyed as a son; my love subsided into friendship and esteem." Rousseau, being acquainted with the family of the young lady, lost all patience on hearing that Gibbon could reason so coolly on a question of the heart, and exclaimed; "He that does not know her value is unworthy of her: he who knows it and can relinquish her is a man to be despised." The lady, however, viewed Mr. G.'s conduct through a different medium, and continued to behave to him as an affectionate sister after her marriage with M. Necker had made a surprising alteration in her circumstances. The third volume contains several interesting letters from her, beginning at the time of her husband's first resignation of office, and continued till 1791, 1792, and 1793, by which time he had finally retired. We shall translate some extracts from them, which will show our timid bachelors that they need not be in terror of a learned wife, or

dread that her affection will be impaired by the consciousness of a few foibles on the part of her "lord."

" *Paris, 29th July.*

"I have unfortunately too good an excuse for my deficient punctuality in writing. M. Necker has been long indisposed, in consequence not of his resignation, but of the circumstances which obliged him to take that step. The disquietude which I have experienced on account of his health has taught me to appreciate the effect of distress on the mind, and to estimate lightly in comparison the sufferings of a different nature. The public appear to regret his retirement, and he has received thanks and blessings from all quarters. You write to me in a complimentary style respecting the document published by him under the title of "*Compte Rendu*." I am glad you are pleased with it, but I was not instrumental in its publication; on the contrary, it appeared against my wish. I had long enjoyed, in silence, the pleasure of making my husband happy; and that feeling could receive no increase from the diffusion of his reputation as a minister. Perhaps, then, the publication in question proceeded from a weakness on his side. But weaknesses, in the mind of a superior man, may be regarded in the light of a kindness on the part of nature to his wife and his friends. A perfect being would have no wants; and we must have both faults and weaknesses in order to become sensible of the consolations and the enjoyment afforded by the affection of others.

"You cannot doubt that the success of your history afforded me great delight; I will not presume to give you advice; I could allude only to your opinions, and these are not to be changed by the effusions of a friend."

" *Paris, 30th Sept. 1776.*

"You have a just claim to all the fame that your work is about to procure for you: but I must still refuse to your chapters on religion the enthusiastic approbation that I give to the rest of your book. How is it possible that a man of talents, alive to all the charms of hope, should allow himself to be instrumental in endeavoring to undermine the comfort of those who place their happiness in the hopes inspired by religion?

"I have invited lord and lady Lucan oftener than Mrs. Montague, both because they are your friends, and because I give a preference to unassuming people. Not but that we are all ready to bear testimony to the politeness and to the talents of Mrs. Montague. It is curious to observe her wonderful efforts to express herself in French; and her conversation brings to my recollection the torture which I underwent in London, where I could neither understand others nor make myself understood."

" *Copet, near Geneva, March, 1792.*

"Your works have afforded me a most agreeable occupation. I have never told you the comfort which I have received from

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their perusal; for, during the two years of the troubled administration of M. Necker, I had not an hour of composure or of liberty.

“I was looking forwards with much pleasure to the time of our visit to you, and it is with great regret that I am obliged to postpone it. You were always dear to me: but your late attention to M. Necker has created for you a double place in my heart. Yet I am angry with my husband for my present disappointment; he has given way to some reasons which he will himself explain to you: but I cannot help remarking that it does not fall to the lot of many to possess, like you, the advantages of genius without its drawbacks. M. Necker's projects are sometimes surrounded by a troop of light horse, who skirmish all along his route so that one can never foresee the result of the conflict. He is distressed at the postponement of our visit: but, in his letter to you, he has not, in my opinion, told you enough of our gratitude, nor of the consoling effect produced on us by your unexampled kindness at this dreadful period of our career.”

Copet, 15th June, 1792.

“We often reflect with pleasure on the delightful days passed with you at Geneva. I there enjoyed a revival of the pure affection of my youth, in conjunction with that which arises from my settled lot, and makes me so truly an object of envy. This coincidence, together with the charms of your unrivalled conversation, formed an enchanted scene to me. Why will you not come here and renew it? Copet is in all its beauty: but I must confess that you would find us very solitary, the state of public affairs preventing our Genevese neighbours from leaving home. One of them, M. de Germani, has chosen to marry a second time. Beware, I entreat you, of forming one of these late connections; the marriage that confers happiness in advanced years is that which is contracted in youth; then only can the union be complete, the feelings freely communicated, or the intellectual faculties mutually improved. In such a case, life becomes, in a manner, doubled, and may be called a prolongation of youth; the impressions on the mind create an illusion to the eye, and beauty preserves its influence after it has ceased to exist. You, arrived as you are at the fulness of reputation and knowledge, could not, without a miracle, find a suitable companion; consider yourself, then, as linked in the conjugal tie with fame; your friends will not be jealous of such a bond; for they will feel that its lustre is reflected on themselves.”

Rolle, 2d Jan. 1793.

“I beg you to write a line to say how you are. I am very uneasy about you, under the apprehension that you are either indisposed or plunged in grief at the distressing scenes now passing in Paris. The king's trial keeps us in a state of cruel suspense. M. Necker dares not indulge a hope. Louis XVI. is not to him

what he is to the rest of the world; all the labours of my husband, for twenty years back, point to that unfortunate monarch as to a centre."

" *Copied*, 12th July, 1793.

" M. Necker endeavors to seek relief in agricultural pursuits. We try to amuse him, at one time as a child, at another as a superior being, since in truth he partakes of the qualities of both: but nothing can afford him effectual relief under the distressing impressions perpetually renewed in his susceptible heart. We must have ourselves felt affection to conceive anguish caused by ingratitude. He was too mild to be acceptable to Frenchmen of the present day; they have driven out the dove and let in the vulture.

" I hope you found lord Sheffield in a state of composure, and that your kindness will perfect the work of his own reflection. How often have M. Necker and I felt the soothing effects of your friendship; and how delightful is it for me to redouble my attachment to you by that with which you have inspired my husband!"

The clouds on the political horizon, and the apprehension of a visit from French troops, had made Mr. Gibbon begin to question the expediency of remaining at Lausanne, when the occurrence of a severe calamity to his most intimate friend (to which Madame Necker alludes in the preceding letter) determined him to set out, as soon as possible, for London. This was the death of lady Sheffield, which took place in April 1793, and affected Mr. G. so much that, immediately on hearing of it, he began with a promptitude by no means natural to him to make arrangements for an immediate visit to the distressed widower. He departed in May; and, though by this time his inactivity had begun to approach to infirmity, he found the journey by no means difficult or fatiguing. When arrived in England, he lived chiefly with lord S., and became, by his captivating conversation, the charm of the circles of Sheffield-place. " No man," says his lordship, " ever divided time more fairly between labour and social enjoyment." His great misfortune was an aversion to exercise, and a reluctance to acknowledge the impaired state of his constitution: but unfortunately in November 1793 his complaints began to wear a serious aspect. The particulars are explained in the supplement to his *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 292, 293, 294; and we shall here merely remark that they took their rise not in late hours, and still less in any trespass of intemperance, but in a relaxation of that vigilance and activity

which alone can carry a frame, originally delicate, to an advanced period of life. The following letter from Madame Necker shows the sensation caused among his friends at Lausanne by the news of his dangerous state.

“ *Lausanne, 9th Dec. 1793.*

“ I cannot describe to you our distress at the unexpected intelligence received of you. It was in vain for your friend to present alleviating considerations, to dwell on your courage, your cheerfulness, and your composure; these qualities only tend to aggravate the pressure on my heart. Truly may I say that the twilight of our life is beset with clouds, since even that friendship, under which my husband and I took refuge, is now the cause of a sorrow which I feel pervading my whole frame. I will not enlarge on this subject; my weakness would ill accord with your heroism. We have taken up our residence at Lausanne, where we regret your absence every hour of the day: but we have the consolation of being on the spot on which we can receive the latest intelligence from you.”

This letter reached Mr. Gibbon at a time when the performance of a surgical operation seemed to remove the more immediate cause of his debility; but the appearances were deceitful; he soon relapsed; and on the 16th of January 1794 he expired, in his 57th year. He was interred in lord Sheffield's family burial-place at Fletching in Sussex, and on his tomb is inscribed the following epitaph from the pen of Dr. Parr.

“ *Edvardus Gibbon*
Criticus acri ingenio et multiplici doctrina ornatus
Idemque historicorum qui fortunam
Imperii Romani
Vel labentis et inclinati vel eversi et funditus deleti
Litteris mandaverint
Omnium facile princeps
Cujus in moribus erat moderatio animi
Cum liberali quadam specie conjuncta
In sermone
Multa gravitati comitas suaviter adpersa
In scriptis
Copiosum splendidum
Concinnum orbe verborum
Et summo artificio distinctum
Orationis genus
Reconditæ exquisitæque sententiæ
Et in monumentis rerum politicarum observandis
Acuta et perspicax prudentia
Vixit annos lvi mens. vii dies xxviii.”

ART. IX.—*Extracts from the Correspondence of a Traveller visiting Italy.*

[These letters were not written with the intention of being published, which is one of their recommendations. They contain the natural expression of the feelings and observations of a well informed traveller on a most interesting *route*, and appeared to the friend to whom they were addressed to contain both information and entertainment, which would be acceptable to others.]

Geneva, 29th September 1817.

I write to you from *Les Balances*, the best inn of this deservedly celebrated place. I arrived here yesterday at half past five in the afternoon, on the ninth day of my journey, having left Paris on the 20th, at eight A. M. I had to wait two hours in the street that morning in consequence of the stupidity of a Sicilian, who had not got his passport, and the laziness of Pasta and his wife, (who sang at the Opera House in London lately,) and in consequence of the toilet business of some of the ladies, my fellow travellers. We were to have started at six. My journey hither has been, upon the whole, pleasant enough. Domenico Cervelli (the *voiturier*) is very complaisant and attentive; a big, very robust, and formidable looking, good natured Roman, between forty and fifty. I have been extremely fortunate in procuring the services of an Italian domestic of a mature age, (about fifty,) who has been in service with a number of very respectable people, and who has a most excellent character for sobriety, honesty, good-nature, attention, and economy. He has been in England, Spain, Portugal, and the West Indies, and has travelled through France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, several times, with his different masters. The *Vetturino* is hard enough work for me, although certainly preferable, in most respects, to the Diligence. I rise every morning at four, *at the latest*, because we go on but slowly, and it is necessary to set off very early every day, in order to accomplish the set distance before night-fall, as the *vetturino* does not travel during the night. I have been thrice roused at three in the morning, the other times at four. We generally reached our Auberge for the night about seven or eight in the

evening; however, I do not feel knocked up at all, and hope to stand out to the end. I shall not at present enter into particulars about my journey from Paris to Morez, fourteen and a half leagues from Geneva, but shall endeavour to give you some faint idea of what I saw yesterday; a day on which I received impressions never to be effaced. We left Morez at four o'clock in the morning, and passed through it on foot, the moon shining brightly upon the dark wooded rocks and hills that surround this town. We continued to walk on about two miles to save the horses during a steep ascent; the moon disappearing gradually behind the hills, while from the east "stepped forth the morning," truly the *ροδodάκτυλος ἡδς*. The equal diffusion of a fine crimson colour on the clear sky of the mountainous horizon, foretold a delightful day, and it was so,—warm, pure, and bright. We passed the custom-house at *Les Rousses*, without being searched, our passports only were demanded;—beautiful scenery all the way;—our road wound along the sides of the mountain, and overhung beautiful valleys, from the sides of which shot up tall fir-trees, their tops level with our mountain path;—the road in many places narrow, and bordering on the most giddy precipices;—the bottoms of the valleys seen at a most profound depth, with a few small houses scattered here and there. About ten o'clock Vincenzo (my servant) came to the door of the *vetturino*, and desired me to alight, and come with him. I did so, and he led me to the summit of a little hill which rose by the side of the road, between the barrier hills, through which we were passing; we were in the department of *Lain*. Pointing towards what I conceived (without a glass) to be an immense assemblage of dark clouds, with white edges, on the distant horizon, he uttered the electrical words, "*Voilà Mont Blanc!*" On looking through my glass, I beheld a scene that produced a thrilling impression which I cannot describe. The sudden view of this stupendous mountain, and his gigantic Alpine brethren, with the beautiful dark blue lake of Geneva reposing at their feet, amidst a richly cultivated valley, produced a strange and overpowering emotion of mingled awe, wonder, and pleasure. The eternal snows that crown this lofty region of silence, and solitude, and majesty, appeared at first view to be white clouds; but they were motionless masses shining

in pure whiteness under a cloudless morning sun. The higher and more distant summits were enveloped in a thin vapour. These enormous masses of rock stretched to the right and to the left, until the eye lost the extremities of the line behind the mountains of Savoy, and of the cantons of Vaud and Freyberg. No sound disturbed me in the contemplation of this magnificent picture, excepting the faint tinkling of distant bells carried by some cattle feeding on the hills of l'Aix. The sight has wrought deeply upon me. It is most truly "the monarch of mountains," as Byron emphatically terms it. What a magnificent theatre for the appalling action of thunder and lightning, and all the cloudy majesty of storms! The day was clear and beautiful; and from the heights of Mount Jura I drank some drops of heightened, though indescribable, feeling. There was a scene before me such as no pencil could paint, no language describe—it was a glimpse of the land of magic and lofty wonders!

About 12 o'clock we reached Gex, after a long and fatiguing alternation of ascents and descents, dangerous enough for heavy carriages and unruly horses, as our horses are on account of their entireness. They are hot-blooded, and restive, but small and slender compared with the English carriage horses. Our passports were examined here. I am now (half past 12) sitting at the vine-encompassed window of our Auberge, at Gex, from which I have a view of Mont Blanc, presenting his elevated and impassive snows, to the sultry beams of the noonday sun. The still blue waters of the lake of Geneva are sleeping quietly in its fertile valley, so richly variegated with vines, and trees, and hedges, and green spots of meadow ground, and brown shorn fields, of which the harvest has been gathered. On the left, part of the lake is concealed by a gently sloping hill, on which are cultivated fields, and a few houses half hidden by trees. On the right, the extremity of the lake is visible, and seems to stretch almost to the feet of the hills of Savoy. A thin bluish vapour has overspread some of the Alpine summits that were visible in the morning. I am sitting in a vine arbour in the garden, with my back to the lake Lemane; behind the Auberge rises that range of hills called Mont Jura, from which we descended into the valley; to the right rises the village church, with its short white

steeple; the bell is at this moment ringing for prayers; the people here ought to be devout—Mont Blanc would inspire devotion in an atheist.

Milan, 7th October.

I am now in the land of wonders and far-famed beauty, Italy! We arrived here yesterday about 7 o'clock in the afternoon, and shall remain till to-morrow morning. We have had hard work of it in passing the Alps by the Simplon, the weather was so exceedingly bad; heavy and constant rain and thick mist clothing the mountain from top to bottom. On leaving Glyss (near Brieg, at the end of the Vallais) we took guides, and three additional horses to each voiture. Cervelli was very unwilling to set out, on account of the dangers arising from continued rain and impenetrable mist; but the love of money got the better of his fears, and he resolved at last to venture rather than pay expenses at Glyss. Off we set before day break, (about half-past 2 in the morning,) and began to ascend the celebrated road by the Simplon, one of the most lasting and stupendous monuments of Bonaparte's enterprising spirit. I can give you no idea of the wildness and horrible sublimity of the scenery. After sunrise the mist began to clear away partially, although the rain continued, and we had occasional glimpses of the high and barren mountains, and deep and solitary valleys among which we passed. The road winds along the side of the Simplon, (in Italian *Sempione*,) a very high mountain, on the top of which are six glaciers. The road borders on the most hideous precipices, and you hear below you, at an immense depth, the rushing of a stream, that passes through the middle of the valley. This stream is seldom visible, on account of the frequent mists that overspread these "regions of thick ribbed ice." About 10 o'clock in the morning we reached the village of the Simplon, the highest point of the road, and rested there for an hour or two at one of the houses of refuge, built for the accommodation of travellers. We had some poor fare by way of breakfast, and warmed our benumbed limbs by the side of a wood fire that blazed on the hearth. The air extremely chill. Set off again and began to descend on the other side, having left the three additional horses and our guide before we reached the barrier near the village of Simplon. We passed

innumerable bridges, and several long excavations, or tunnels, cut through the solid rock. These dark hideous passages are among the most extraordinary works of this singular road. One of them is about 300 feet in length, and cut through the eternal ice of a glacier! But it is needless to attempt a description of the route,—to know what it is, you must see it. You would imagine it the result of the labours of Aladdin's genie, not of human beings. It was completed in three years, at an immense expense, and by the daily and nightly efforts of a vast number of workmen. We reached Domo d'Ossola when it was quite dark, so could see nothing of the place. We left it at 3 o'clock next morning, and arrived at Gravelona, beside the Lago Maggiore, about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Mist and rain hindered us from seeing the beauties of the scenery at this place. Weather excessively cold. Rested two hours, and set off for Sesto Calende, where we were to sleep. The mist cleared away a little, and allowed us (in passing along the side of Lago Maggiore) to see the beautiful Borromean Islands in the lake. One of them is covered with beautiful Italian buildings, and rich trees and shrubs, and is the occasional residence of the family to whom these islands belong, and from whom they take their name. Near Arona there is an immense colossal statue of the famous Charles Borromeo, upon the summit of a hill on the left side of the road going to Sesto Calende. This statue is of bronze, and is 66 feet in height, exclusive of the pedestal, which is 46 feet; it rises most majestically out of the trees that cover the hill, and is seen a great way off. It is reckoned a very fine work of art. There is a stair-case inside, by which you ascend to the head. An Italian author says that a man (not very big) may sit down conveniently in the nose of this colossus. We reached Sesto Calende about 8, crossing the Tesino on a raft. Evening dreadfully bad; piercingly cold, and dense mist, and heavy rains. The sides of the road from Gravelona to the ferry, embellished with the most beautiful plantations of vines; the vines supported by rude wooden frames, and the huge thick clusters of ripe purple and white grapes hanging down from the top, ready for the hand of any one who entered into these luxuriant labyrinths. One of my fellow travellers ventured to alight and pull some of the grapes, but

was seized in the act by a most singular figure of an Argus, who rushed out of a thicket of vines from the opposite side of the road, and presented an old musket to the thief's head,—the matter was accommodated after a horrible squabble in good Italian, bad Italian, and indifferent French. This guardian had *half* of an old sabre sticking out in the most grotesque manner imaginable, and was altogether a perfect caricature of armed humanity. We started at six from Sesto Calende and reached Milan about seven. The road was not particularly interesting, and the weather execrable; a number of houses by the way were adorned with paintings of Madonnas and scriptural subjects in fresco upon the plastered walls; some of the paintings very good, but all injured by time and weather.

Florence, 15th Oct.

I am at last safely lodged at Schneider's Hotel, in the midst of this beautiful city, and its still more beautiful environs. The Arno flows within a few yards of the door,—it is the boundary of one side of the street. I arrived here this morning at half-past nine, having passed two days and a half among the Appenines, being half a day longer than we took to pass the Alps. On both occasions exceedingly bad weather. It is now very cold,—much colder than I expected to find it, in this garden of Italy, as Tuscany is commonly called. My usual winter flannels are all put in requisition. I am just as well pleased now that I did not go on to Naples, as I once intended. This journey has been quite enough for me,—upon the whole hard work;—latterly roused at half-past two or three o'clock in the morning, after three or four hours' sleep. This was a revolution with a vengeance in my habits of life,—then miserable fare not eatable, to support the system under this extraordinary exertion.

This house of Schneider's is the most superb thing of the kind I have ever seen, and is at present filled with English people. My man, Vincenzo, has been more useful to me than I can possibly tell you,—he has, among other things, saved me a great deal of money during the journey; for the imposition upon travellers, who have nobody to fight their battles, and to know what is right and proper, and to give no more than is just, are *enormous*, and rascally to a degree that you have no idea of at home. Many

a dreadful engagement he has had for me on the way, and much has his throat suffered in the cause within my astonished hearing. I should have been utterly pillaged if he had not been with me; I could not have had a morsel of any thing, without paying ten prices for it;—the *vetturino* would not interfere, because he always takes care to keep on the best terms with the *Aubergistes*. As it is, my journey has cost me 17 Louis to the *vetturino*,—28 francs to his postilions,—and about 250 francs for breakfasts, luncheons, wine, (drinkable wine,) and other little things. The 17 Louis is about one-half of the usual fare, but Cervelli was *returning* home, and wanted to get back as fast as he could. Robberies are now very frequent again on the road between Rome and Naples. I say *again*, because the French, when they had possession of the country, kept these vagabonds in complete order. Cervelli was stopped on that road, and his crew of passengers, together with himself and servants, plundered of every article they had,—he lost 25 $\frac{1}{2}$. The reappearance of these dangerous vagabonds, is owing to the number of disbanded soldiers, and the too gentle exercise of that power which ought to crush them:—they come two or three at a time, (according to their intelligence of the strength of the party they mean to rob,) and demand the money and goods of the travellers, and if any resistance is attempted, they give the signal to a body of thirty or forty at a little distance, which advances in a twinkling, and the whole travellers are murdered on the spot.

I am now in danger of becoming perfectly solitary in the midst of thousands of human beings. Vincenzo, who came from Paris with me, and has been so singularly kind and attentive to me, is obliged to go after his own affairs, and I fear will leave me altogether, for he talks of going back to his family (in Paris) in a very short time. This man is an admirable specimen of the Tuscan character,—were they all as good, they would not do for this world. I shall be exceedingly ill off without him, but necessity overrules every thing—even the wishes of a good heart. I wish you knew this man. I have never seen any thing like him in the lower walks of life.

In passing through Milan, I visited the celebrated cathedral there. It is a most superb edifice of marble, of amazing extent

and richness, but *unfinished* for want of money, or activity, or both. There are upwards of 4000 fine statues disposed on the outside of this building, besides a great number of figures in *relievo*. I think it is *too* rich,—such a vast profusion of ornaments, so many projections of the walls, and so many spires shooting up from these projections, and crowned with statues lost to the eye by their great elevation, seem to me not very well designed,—but still the whole astonishes one by its magnificent extent, and materials, and workmanship;—the inside is very spacious, and is peculiarly grand and solemn in its appearance. How poor is the appearance of our churches compared with this, even in its unfinished state! even as it is, what a glorious temple for the worship of God! The knees are naturally inclined to bend in it.

I went to the *Teatro della Scala*, (one of the finest in Europe,) and heard a very good opera, the music by Carafa. Signora Testa (one of the finest singers in Italy) delighted me exceedingly; she was the chief support of the piece, but unluckily was taken ill, and lost her voice in the middle of the second act, so that the curtain fell before the opera was finished. She and Fodor in London, and Marandi in Paris, are the best singers I have heard. Her voice, intonation, expression, embellishment, and execution were all delightful. The principal male singer (Signor Galli) has the most *profound* and sonorous bass voice I ever heard, and is a perfect Hercules in figure,—a tremendous looking fellow, with a neck like a bull, and features of animated bronze. Six Naldis in conjunction would not equal the solemn thundering roll of his deep-spreading voice; it filled the whole theatre, which is larger than the London Opera House. The stage is immense, contains six hundred people and forty horses with ease. The rest of the performers were *così così*. This theatre is very like the Opera-house in London, in the inside, but I do not think it is well constructed for the propagation of sound—a feeble voice is not heard in the middle of the pit. What do you think was the price of admittance? 30 sous, or 15 pence Sterling! to the pit I mean. If you take a box for the night, and get six or seven people to join with you, it will cost you no more. It is not well lighted—only one candelabra, and the foot-lights of

the stage. This gives it a gloomy appearance. People there (if they choose) light their own boxes, but there were only a few straggling candles in them, glimmering here and there amidst the dusky twilight of this large theatre. The ballet was very good and very splendid. Here they introduce a ballet *between* the acts of the opera, and I think injudiciously; it spoils the connection of the piece. The scenery, dresses, and decorations, were much finer than at Paris. The orchestra is a very excellent one.

16th Oct.—I visited also at Milan *Il C. R. Palazzo delle Scienze e belle Arti di Brera*, a celebrated establishment, and one of the finest edifices in that city. As our time was limited I could not visit any other parts of this palace but those which contain the paintings and statues, and casts in plaster,—the collection of paintings is admirable,—some of the works of the greatest masters are deposited here in a number of apartments dedicated to different styles and stages of the pictorial art; and there are some very ancient paintings in fresco. There were several artists at work in the rooms making copies of some of the paintings. The casts are very fine, and there are a few heads and figures in marble by modern artists of celebrity. This academy of painting and sculpture has produced some excellent artists.

Among other sights in Milan, I went to Girolamo's theatre of puppets, (*le Marionette*), and laughed more than at any exhibition I ever beheld. You may perhaps think this was childish enough entertainment; so it was. But you don't know it, nor have you ever seen any thing like it, nor any thing so superlatively ludicrous. The puppets were about five feet (or perhaps less) in height; and Girolamo (the master and owner of the theatre) was the animating soul and voice of these grotesque images. He had to speak and modulate his voice in the characters of nine or ten different *dramatis personæ*, male and female. He was, of course, invisible. After an overture from a most miserable orchestra, in which there was neither time nor tune, nor any thing like tolerable music, the curtain (on which was a very clever painting) drew up, and a little deformed black, in a suit of brown, with scarlet stockings, and an immense cocked hat, moved forward upon the stage, and began a soliloquy, which was interrupt-

ed by the entrance of another strange figure, (a female,) who entered into a smart dialogue with the little black, whose gestures, grimaces, and contortions of limb, were amazingly absurd, although perfectly in unison, in point of time and *Italian* manner, with the recitation which seemed to proceed from his inflexible lips. Had it not been for a certain awkward rigidity in their sidelong motions, when moving from one part of the stage to another, and for the visibility of the wires attached to their heads, and descending from the roof above the stage, one might have been deceived for a little into a belief of the animal existence of these strange personages. They walked about very clumsily, to be sure; but then they bowed, and curtsied, and flourished with their arms, and twisted themselves about, with as much energy and propriety of effect as most of those worthy living puppets who infest the stages of the little theatres in London. There were two skeletons, who played their parts admirably. They glided about, and accompanied their hollow-voiced speeches with excellent gesticulations, while their fleshless jaws moved quite *naturally*. Then, to crown all, there was a *ballet* of about a dozen of these puppets; and they danced with all the agility of a *Vestris*, and *cut* much higher than ever he did in his life. They actually did cut extremely well while in the air. You know the technical meaning of that word in the dancing-master's vocabulary. All the airs and graces of the French opera-dancers, their *pirouettes*, spinning round with a horizontal leg, &c. were admirably quizzed. One of these dancers (dressed like a Dutchman) stopped short, after a few capers, and, drawing a snuff-box from his pocket, took a pinch; then replaced the box, and set off again with a most exalted example of the *entrechat*. His partner helped herself (from a *pocket-pistol*) to a dram, and then recommenced her furious exertions!

The streets of Milan are wonderfully dark and quiet in the evening. The city seems deserted; and you would almost imagine yourself in the midst of that place (mentioned in the *Arabian Nights*) where the inhabitants were turned into stone. The contrast between the streets of Milan and those of Paris or London, of an evening, is quite striking; the latter full of moving life, and

light, and bustle, and vivacity, and noise—the former gloomy, silent, and lifeless.

At Bologna I saw nothing remarkable, excepting the bronze Neptune of the fountain, by John of Bologna. The arcades that run along the principal streets of this city are very well calculated to shelter foot-passengers from the rains and from the scorching sun of that climate. Ever since we began to ascend the *Simplon* the weather has been very cold. My fingers are quite benumbed. Yesterday morning, about nine o'clock, we arrived here, having been two days and a half in crossing the Appenines, in shocking weather,—misty, rainy, and very cold. By the by, a few years ago, there was a tremendous troop of banditti on these mountains, near Pietra Mala, at which we rested for a few hours the day before yesterday. It is a wild, horrible-looking place. These miscreants had for their captain *the curate* of a village in the neighbourhood, and they endeavoured to shun detection in this way. They murdered every passenger whom they stopped, and buried them along with the horses, which they killed. They burned the carriages and the baggage, reserving only the money, watches, rings, &c. The public were amazed by the disappearance of all the travellers going between Florence and Bologna, for no vestige of them or their carriages, &c. could be found. A celebrated English traveller mentions, that two of his friends, (Pisans,) passing that road, rested near Pietra Mala to sleep. They had a horrid supper; and the landlady told them she must send two miles for sheets. They observed, in the midst of the poverty and filth of the house, that she wore *diamond rings*; and this, with the terrible accounts of the place, determined them not to remain there. They slipped out of the house before midnight, and, fortunately, escaped with their lives. We slept two nights among these wild and dreary mountains, the scenes of so many murders and robberies.

The view of Florence from the Appenines, at eight o'clock yesterday, was charming,—the morning clear and sunny, but chill. Such a scene of richness and beauty it is not easy to conceive. The country all round for many miles (and as far, and farther, than the eye can reach) is a perfect garden of the most charming description;—vines, olive-trees, orange-trees, pear-trees, apple-

trees, &c. &c. cover the plain, and the sides of the mountains, which inclose this beautiful place. The country about Bologna and Florence seems to me the finest that I have passed through;—about Bologna it is charming, and here still more enchanting. The river Arno, flowing through Florence, and winding along amidst the richest cultivation in the long extended plain, adds infinitely to the beauty of the landscape. I walked yesterday, at sunset, along the fine avenue of cypress and ever-green oaks, that leads to the Poggio Imperiale, the Grand Duke's residence. It is a fine palace, with some admirable antique statues in the court.

I have visited the Grand Duke's Palace, (il Palazzo Pitti,) one of the most superb residences you can imagine. The greater number of the apartments were shut up against intrusion; but I saw all those that were most worthy of being seen, viz: those which contain the celebrated paintings, and the Venus of Canova, belonging to this palace. This statue has a room appropriated to itself, and appears to me a very beautiful specimen of sculpture. I saw there, among a vast number of other fine pictures, the famous Madonna of Raphael, besides other paintings by that great artist. Several Titians, Guidos, and Vandykes, and a most beautiful little head by Correggio. The group of the Fatal Sisters, painted by Michael Angelo, is a truly Shakespearian composition—it breathes poetical horror! There is there an admirable painting of Judith with the head of Holofernes in her hand, from which the head of Judith has been engraved in France. You have seen that engraving; but, alas! how miserable is it, compared with the original! In this, the face of Judith is beautiful indeed—in the engraving, it is harsh-featured and masculine.

As to my visiting Rome or Naples *at present*, it is out of the question, since the roads to both these places are infested with the most desperate and atrocious banditti, especially between Rome and Naples. Of late, assassinations of plundered travellers have been very frequent; and five or six of these murderous scoundrels have been hanged every day. The sides of these roads are ornamented with a rich display of legs and arms, dangling in the air *in terrorem*. The Pope is very active in destroying these wretches; but there are so many of them, that he has hard work. Neapolitan and other troops are ordered to scour the

country in all directions. Thinking it very inglorious to die by the hands of Italian freebooters, I remain quietly where I am, and hope for better times.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. X.—*Original Biography of Anacreon.**

[The ensuing Memoir of the merriest of the Greeks is intended, as the learned reader will quickly perceive, to resemble the Athenian letters of Hardwicke, and the Anacharsis of Abbé Barthelemy. The plan of the ingenious author is to weave a biographical tissue, and to embroider the work with the spangles of many an ode. This scheme, however fanciful, as it has a classical basis, is sufficiently agreeable to us, and we hope will prove so to others. We wish the young man, who thus turns his curious eye to the monuments of Grecian genius, every boon which the favouring muses can bestow. DENNIE.]

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

SIR,—THE translators of the Odes of Anacreon have united in lamenting the paucity of anecdotes which have been preserved, respecting the domestic life of that delightful poet. It might reasonably be supposed that one who lived but in society, and whose harp unceasingly warbled on those themes, which are most congenial with the poetic mind, would have found some friend to record the incidents of his life. Yet what we do know of him serves rather to stimulate than satisfy the curiosity of the inquisitive.

It has always appeared to me, that the tenor of his life is displayed in his Odes, which constitute all of his numerous writings that have descended to us. They breathe such a spirit of genuine enthusiasm, as to afford the strongest internal evidence that they

* This Memoir was commenced in the Port Folio for March, 1806; but as a very small portion was published at that time, it is intended to present the whole, in its original state, to the readers of the present series. As the production of one who had not attained his twentieth year, and who was then sedulously engaged in severer studies, it may claim all the clemency of benignant criticism. Most of the Odes of Anacreon will be found interspersed throughout the narrative, and the version of Mr. Moore has been adopted, in those places where it could be used without impropriety.

were the spontaneous effusions of inspiration: whether from the thrill of love or excited by the raptures of the banquet. This opinion,* which I have occasionally hazarded, has been sneered at by some, whilst others have thought that the idea was at least plausible. I am happy in being able to corroborate it, and remove all the dubiousness of incredulity, by a translation, in which I am now engaged. The original I believe is entirely unknown here, and it has even escaped the industrious research of most of the European critics. My friend Moore, it is true, told me he had seen the volume; but, upon looking over his recent translation, I am astonished to find that he has made no use of it; as it would have considerably assisted him in trudging through the mire of conjectural criticism. The work to which I allude is no less than an account of that part of Anacreon's life, in which his Odes were composed, written by one who was his intimate friend and constant companion. The biographer has all the enthusiasm and is as faithful a chronicler as Boswell, and his pages are never tarnished by the delusive whispers of vanity.

To the labours of Boswell every admirer of Johnson owes great obligations; but, whilst his gratitude renders a voluntary tribute of applause, and dwells on the minutest lineaments in the character of the great moralist, he is continually disgusted by obtrusive egotism and contemptible adulation. The author's motto is a true index of his aim in compiling the book:

—————*Quò fit OMNIS*
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
 VITA SENIS—————

HORAT.

Oh may my little bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the triumph and *partake the gale!*

and it is evident that his design was not so much to write a life of his "illustrious friend," as to tell us that he himself lived and that

* That this was also the opinion of his last and best translator may be inferred from a sentence in his "remarks on Anacreon," without the imputation of a violent desire to support a favourite hypothesis. Mr. Moore says, that to infer the moral disposition of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy: but *the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his Odes, that we may consult them as faithful mirrors of his heart.*

he was lord of Auchenleck, &c. &c. His attention was not directed to the picture, but he called upon the world to gaze on the drapery that surrounded his object. In this he resembles certain dull and heavy commentators, who, unable to elicit any thing from their own sterile brains, fall upon some unhappy author, who is, perhaps, obscure only to themselves. They alter and amend, illustrate, amplify and expunge as it suits their own fancy. The work goes into the world almost smothered with notes, and the sagacious commentator thus rides down to posterity, as it has been forcibly expressed, on the back of an ancient. So it has been with Johnson. His kindness to Boswell has not only burthened him with his friend, but his friend's wife and her son Alexander and her daughter Veronica, and even the castle and domains of Auchenleck, are all heaped on his shoulders; and thus loaded, he is condemned to run the gauntlet of fame.

But to return to my own business. Boswell, with all his excellences and humours and defects must be well known. I am to introduce another friend to your notice.

The following work is written by a native of Samos, who was sent to receive his education at Athens, which was, at that period, the resort of the most learned men of Greece. Like many other young men, who are placed, at an early age, beyond the control of parental experience and authority, he wandered occasionally from the thorny road of mathematics and philosophy, to pluck a flower in the fragrant paths of Poesy. His excursions were so frequent, and he strayed so far, that at length he became unable to retrace his footsteps, and accordingly he devoted himself to the culture of that art. Some remains of his writings evince that his taste was good and his morals of the purest school. It is true that he seldom reaches to so sublime a height as Anacreon, but he displays a refined delicacy of sentiment and frequent felicities of fancy, which certainly ought to obtain for him, what he most ardently desired, an humble station among the sons of Imagination. Those pieces which are interspersed through this Biography, are mostly included in these observations. I am aware how much they have lost by being transplanted from the native soil, by the rude hand of an unskilful gardener. The translations, however, are before the reader, and from them he must endeavour to form

an opinion. I shall not attempt to attract a factitious reverence for this work, by leading the reader through the ruins of Herculaneum, or of Pompeii, where books are so frequently discovered, but shall simply inform him, that I found it, neglected and forgotten, among the remains of a once valuable library. I was struck by the title, and after perusing a few pages, I congratulated myself on the fortuitous acquisition of a treasure which had long been a desideratum in the literary world.

Those who lurk in the neutrality of criticism, and delight to detect petty faults or trifling inaccuracies, may perhaps charge the biographer with some anachronisms, if they compare his dates and names with the investigations of modern chronologists. I endeavoured at first to reconcile them, but finding the task troublesome, without being of any material advantage to the work, I abandoned the design. It is of little consequence in the present work to ascertain whether Anacreon was prior to Plato, or Aristotle, or lived after them. Their names scarcely appear, but in order to make some remarks on their sentiments; and it is the justness of the criticism, only, that the liberal reader will regard.

I shall add but a few words respecting the manner in which this translation has been executed. To those who have seen the original it is unnecessary, because they can judge for themselves; but they who form their opinion from the copy will scarcely do the author justice. His sentiments are pure and just, and his diction is skilfully adapted to the occurrences he narrates. Is Anacreon seated at the banquet? You see the sparkling goblet kiss his lips, or the deep resounding chords trembling beneath his fingers. Has he retired to the bower, to indulge his fancy and still the tumults of wine? The zephyrs fan him with their mildest breezes, and Flora perfumes the air with the most delightful fragrance. When he sings the raptures of love, or deploras the misery of disappointment, the sensitive heart of Critias follows him with scarcely unequal steps. The lyre is struck—and all are rapt in admiration; even the Muses and the Graces, who are ever attending, seem astonished at their inspiration: such is the power of Critias, and so glowing are his descriptions. SEDLEY.

MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.

Written by Critias, and translated from the original by Sedley.

In the second year of the eighty-first (B. C. 455.) Olympiad, CRITIAS, the son of Cneius Critias, senator of Samos, writes this history. O Apollo, look on my attempt with a favouring eye. It is to Anacreon, thy chiefest favourite—it is to the memory of the Bard of Teios, that I consecrate this work. May my tablets be more durable than brass, that time may not destroy them! Then will posterity know how Greece was once illumined by thy follower, and in after ages thy praises shall still be sung. His lyre is suspended at Delphos, but no one can touch the strings of Anacreon. Yet the winds sometimes pass through them, and they respire a mournful note, as if conscious of their former sweetness.

Do thou, O Terpsichore, inspire me with thy melody; for to your care has Apollo intrusted the lyre, and Anacreon was your first minstrel. And thou, Erato, breathe some portion of thy warm spirit into my soul, that I may tell of Anacreon, how he sung the praises of Venus.

Thy aid, O Melpomene, I invoke. Lend me thy melancholy strains, when I speak of my grief and despair, for the loss of this incomparable man. He it was who taught me the rules of his art. His advice guided my conduct, and the glow of his fire inspired me to action, or his soothing numbers lulled my soul to peace, when it raged with the pangs of unrequited love. He is gone—Where shall I find such a friend?—There is none like Anacreon.

Grecian! when you read these tablets, reflect that he was your countryman, and bless Apollo, who gave such an ornament to your clime. Teach thy sons to recite these odes, and let thy daughters sing them at your festivals; so will you perpetuate the honour of your country, and in future times the name of Anacreon will be borne upon the wings of fame.

I must say a few words of myself, that you may understand how I became acquainted with Anacreon, and am enabled to deliver you this record of his transactions and his writings.

My father was a senator of Samos, the capital of the Samian Isle. Death deprived me of him when I was very young, and I immediately abandoned commerce, to which he had destined me,

and went to Athens, to walk in the Lyceum and listen to the philosophers, who then flourished in that city. Among these, I shall always remember, with grateful feelings, the friendship I uniformly experienced from Erastus, who was of the Platonic school. Although I paid little attention to his advice at that time, every word is deeply impressed on my memory, and I obey all his precepts, whilst they do not militate too directly against my propensity to poetry and music.* After having passed some years in listening to the jargon of the schools, and in endeavouring to penetrate the subtlety of their distinctions, I found myself so little satisfied with my progress, and in fact so bewildered by their different systems, that I resolved to devote myself exclusively to the study of mathematics. But this science only served to convince me of the uncertainty of my other acquirements, and I was disgusted by its arid deductions.

* Readers are so accustomed to notes, that a book is nothing without them; and although in the preface I have endeavoured to ridicule the practice, I find myself irresistibly impelled to *ride* on the back of poor Critias. Anacreon, I hope, will carry both. Let no wit say, it is because we are superficial fellows, and have no solidity. To be serious. I think the privilege of adding notes, when discreetly exercised, may tend to increase the pleasure of the reader. They illustrate, enliven and diversify. Critias has given us none; and as I am frequently at a loss to understand his allusions, I presume that there are some as ignorant as I am, and I also presume they are as willing to learn. With this view, I have added such notes as my ingenuity and industry could furnish. In the text above, the reader might very probably inquire, if the philosophers of Greece restricted their followers from any indulgence in the charms of poetry and music. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which poetry, music, painting and sculpture were cultivated in Greece, and the perfection which those arts had attained, a liberal reader of the present day will smile at the moroseness which the *philosophers* always manifested towards them. They called them imitative arts, and seemed to consider them as beneath the dignity of the human mind. Thus Plutarch says, if a man applies himself to *servile or mechanic employment*, his industry in those things is a proof of his inattention to nobler studies. No young man of noble birth, or liberal sentiments, he continues, from seeing the Jupiter at Pisa, would desire to be Phidias, or from the sight of the Juno at Argos, to be Polycletus, or Anacreon. or Philemon, or Archilochus, though delighted with their poems.

One day, as I was walking in one of the groves appropriated to the use of the students, and perplexing myself in the intricacies of a problem, my meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sounds of music. My path had often been crossed by poets reciting their odes, but I had been taught to shun them, as incentives to idleness. Whether that my mind, involved in the mazes of sines and co-sines, was therefore peculiarly adapted at the moment to catch at any relaxation, and repose on the soft melody of the harp, or that I was tired of my present studies, I know not; but I joined a crowd of young men and girls, with chaplets on their heads, who were dancing around two persons. One of them recited from the *Mimes* of Sophron,* and the other occasionally relieved him by his harp. I soon forgot my caution and mingled in the sport. When we became fatigued by our merriment, the minstrel changed the theme. He selected the affecting episode of Homer, in which is related the interview of Hector with Andromache. Then he sung the terrible battle between the Trojans and Grecians, in which all the gods were engaged. This is the most wonderful instance of Homer's sublimity. We seemed to hear the awful thunder of Jupiter—the earth again trembled, and we saw Pluto once more start from his throne, to prevent his gloomy regions from being exposed to the gaze of mortals. When I returned to my chambers in the evening, the events of the day, so novel and interesting, occupied my whole thoughts—I again twined through the mazes of the dance, and my laughs at the jokes of Sophron were reiterated. I reflected on the melancholy pleasure that stole over my mind when I listened to the rhapsodies of Homer—I had never experienced such vicissitudes of delightful pleasure and pleasant pain from any of my studies. My whole life had passed in mental abstraction or abstruse cogitation, that had wrinkled my brow, without expanding my mind.

* The *Mimes* of Sophron. This name is given to a sort of Bacchanalian poetry. *Scribere si fas est imitantes turpia mimos.* *OV. Trist.* 2 *Eleg.* 1. 515. Sophron lived in the time of Plato: and what made these mimes or farces of so much consequence was, that he never ceased reading them, and every night slept with one of them under his pillow. His followers, it may be remarked, had not so much taste.

Now, I exclaimed, have I found the true road to happiness and distinction—The writings of an obscure blind man,* who even begged his sustenance, are recited and applauded in distant cities long after his death, and our philosophers are scarcely known but by those who hear their voices. I will abandon the schools and worship at the temple of Apollo, and if I cannot penetrate further than the vestibule, I certainly shall be happier than I am now.

The next day I purchased all the writings of Orpheus, Hesiod and Homer, that could be obtained. These afforded me such exquisite satisfaction, and so warmed my imagination, that they became my only study, notwithstanding the contempt with which my former masters had endeavoured to inspire me, towards such writings. Some of the works of Anacreon having accidentally fallen into my hands, I was so charmed with the almost divine spirit that glowed in every page, that they contributed to make me seek in the regions of Parnassus that content which I could not find in the schools of philosophy. But as it was necessary to have some guide to conduct me in a road yet unknown to me, I thought I could not do better than to put myself under the protection of Anacreon himself, who was in Athens.

Although this poet was then more than three score years of age, he had not ceased to love pleasure, and to seek with assiduity the society of those who could contribute to it. It was not diffi-

* It is related, by Herodotus, that the real name of the ancient poet was Melesigenes. That by which he is now known was acquired, not by parental choice, but from a rude sarcasm of unpitying and penurious wealth. Homer, whose poverty compelled him, like his own Ulysses, to see many cities, having arrived at Cumæ, resorted to his usual method of procuring a subsistence. He recited his *rhapsodies*, as they were then denominated, to the inhabitants, and the voice of echo spread his applause over the hills that surrounded the walls of Cumæ. Elated by the approbation his works received (for what poet is not alive to the incense of praise,) and grateful for the respect with which his person was treated, he offered to immortalize the city, if the inhabitants would bestow upon his labours such a remuneration as would preserve his future days from want. But the glare of wealth was dearer than the plaudits of fame. They answered, that were they to give him the salary he desired, there would be no end of entertaining all the *ὄμματα*, or “blind men,” who might choose to visit them; and thence he got the name of Homer.

cult therefore to become acquainted with him. His affable and polished manners and the conviviality of his disposition, tended as much to make me condemn the austerity of my former masters, and regret the time I had lost among them, as his poetry made me despise their precepts.

One day, whilst we were eating together, I observed that he seemed pleased by some sarcasms that I uttered against the ostentation of the philosophers, and thinking it a good opportunity, I followed him when he arose from his couch, and went to enjoy the fresh air. After some desultory conversation, I briefly related to him the events of my past life, and concluded by informing him of my present pursuits, and my wishes with regard to his assistance.

"Ah! my dear Critias," he exclaimed, embracing me, "to have so early become convinced of the vanity of the sophists, and to throw yourself into the arms of the muses! I still deplore the time I passed in fruitless search after their pretended wisdom. Cultivate the inspiration which the gods send you, and resign yourself entirely to the divine fire, with which Apollo inspires his favourites. As to a teacher, you need none but the divinity itself—if, however, you think my advice can be of any service to you, I shall give it with cheerfulness."

We then talked of poetry, as an art, and he explained to me the advantages it possessed over the other kinds of writing. "It is true," said he, "that fiction is its principal foundation: but this fiction is more useful to mankind than the pretended truths, of which the philosophers so much boast. They are perpetually contradicting each other, and their followers are so bewildered in endless subtleties, that they know not what to believe, and they finally doubt every thing.* The poets all having the same end,

* The philosophers still preserve the character that Anacreon here gives. The Condorcets, the Wolstoncrafts, the Voltaires, the Paines and the Godwins, are still incredulous, and still find no end, in wandering mazes lost. The last of these sages does not think it impossible but that *a beautiful white horse might start from the muzzle of his gun when he pulls the trigger, or that a plough may one day perform its own office, without any aid.* He must have some such reason as that of St. Augustine: *Credo quia impossibile est!*

to convey instruction in the most pleasing manner,* can derive even advantages from the errors and incertitudes of the schools. How much more forcibly does Homer impress us with reverence and awe for the Gods, than whole volumes of their definitions and logical deductions. See how he makes the earth tremble at the mere nod of the father of Olympus! This is the true language to inspire sublime ideas of the existence of a Supreme Being, the Creator of the world, who rewards virtue, and will punish vice.

“ The philosophers, on the contrary, by reasoning and disputing on the number, the attributes, and the employment of the Gods, stifle the innate propensity we have to believe in some over-ruling divinity. So it is with the physicians. Their strange and contradictory opinions are equally perplexing; and we know not what course to pursue. The legislators fall into the same difficulty; for their principles are regulated by habit or climate, and are swayed by prejudice or caprice. One approves of theft, and another punishes it: one holds that all men are equal, and another, whose notions are better, believes that no government can exist without subordination. One establishes the matrimonial tie, and another thinks it improper. I should fatigue you, if I were to enumerate all the diversities of their opinions. If from these we come to historians, how inferior are they to the poets. A writer, who professes to record the history of his own country, is prevented by fear or partiality from giving an unbiassed narrative. And if another country be the subject of his labours, there is as much to be feared from the indulgence of hatred and the satisfaction of revenge. We therefore can place no confidence in what they write.

“ These objections do not apply to the poet. His business is to please and instruct. We know that his fables are generally derived from fancy; but we see that there is an inspiring divinity within him: we know that it is Apollo or Minerva who speaks by his mouth.

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd—heavenly Goddess, sing—

* Horace does not confess his obligation to the Biographer, or to Anacreon, when he tells us that it is the business of the poet to mingle profit with delight—*Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.*

Thus, you remember, Homer commences; and you will find all our poets imitating his modesty, and confessing the source of their inspiration. Who would dare, then, to disbelieve what they tell us, when fortified by such authority?""*

I was listening attentively to Anacreon, when some of the company came out, to rally us upon quitting them so soon; and we were easily induced to return, upon being informed that they had just received some excellent wine from Chios.† Acestor, who was master of the revels, expressed his surprise that Anacreon should have retired so early; and added, that the wine was so good, they were resolved to drink all night, as the next day was a religious festival, with which they had no concern. To this proposition Anacreon strenuously objected for some time. Acestor at length exclaimed, that to punish his obstinacy, as well as to make amends for our deserting them, we should each drink an amystis‡ of the new wine, which he was confident would be an effectual aid to their intreaties. The symposiarch§ being absolute, there was no resisting his decree: indeed, Anacreon was not averse from it, for he immediately cried to the attendant,

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd.

His good humoured acquiescence delighted every one, and we prayed him to continue his address. He drank his wine, and then he hesitated for a few moments. Suddenly he seemed to catch an idea that pleased him, and he resumed his song:

* Some allowance must be made for the enthusiasm of the poet. The invocation to the muse is now merely an artifice, to unfold the contents of the poem, although, I believe, among the ancients, it was made from a principle of religious duty.

† The Grecian epicures imported a great portion of their wines from Chios, for which it was celebrated.

‡ Parrhasius, in his 26th epistle (*Thesaur. Critic.* vol. 1.) explains the amystis as a draught to be exhausted without drawing breath, "*uno haustu.*" A note in the margin of this epistle of Parrhasius says, "*Politianus vestem esse putabat;*" but I cannot find where.

§ He who presided at the Grecian banquets was called the symposiarch.

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught,
 As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
 But let the water amply flow,*
 To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
 Let not the fiery god be single,
 But with the nymphs in union mingle.
 For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
 Oh! be it ne'er the birth of madness!
 No, banish from our board to-night
 The revelries of rude delight:
 To Scythians leave these wild excesses;
 Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
 And while the temperate bowl we wreath,
 Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
 Beguiling every hour along,
 With harmony of soul and song.

The music was received with raptures, but the sober advice was lost upon all. The wine was too delicious to be abandoned, and the first rays of Aurora dawned upon us before we retired. When I parted from Anacreon, he promised to renew our conversation on Poetry at some other time.

* It was Amphictyon who first taught the Greeks to mix water with their wine; in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the following epigram is founded: (The original which is then cited, I need not repeat. Mr. Moore thus elegantly translates it.)

While heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame,
 A naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
 And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph;
 Still, still he loves the sea-maid's chrystal urn,
 And when his native fires infuriate burn,
 He bathes him in the fountain of the nymph. M.

We learn from the *Odyssey*, that water was mixed with wine in the time of the Trojan war. *Athenæus* (lib. vi. cap. 2.) ascribes the honour of the invention to *Melampus*: by others it is given to *Staphylus*, son of *Silenus*. *Pliny* (lib. vii. cap. 56.) says, that *Amphictyon*, king of *Athens*, learnt it from *Bacchus* himself. And on this account he dedicated an altar to that God, under the title of *οψιον*, because from that time men began to return from entertainments SOBER, and *οψιον*, UPRIGHT.

After I had recovered from the inebriation of the night, I went to the temple of Juno, where they were performing religious rites. This is one of the most ancient temples in Greece, and is magnificently decorated by the taste of the painter and the skill of the statuary. Among other monuments of art, it contains a statue of the tutelary goddess, executed by the celebrated Smilis Æginetes, the son of Euclid, and contemporary with Dædalus.* There is also a representation of Fortune, grasping a horn of Amalthea, while a little Cupid is fluttering its wings over her. This appeared to me to indicate, that we owe more to Fortune than to personal merit, in our courtships. Pindar ranks Fortune among the Fates, and attributes more power to her than to her sisters. These, with a statue of Pemenus, the son of Pelasgus, by whom Juno was educated, are the most worthy of notice. This preceptor dedicated three temples to the triple name of the goddess. While she was a virgin, he called her *PAIS*, or a *Girl*: after her marriage with Jupiter, *TELEIA*, or *Perfect*; and when she was divorced from him and returned to Stymphalus, *CHERA*, or *Desolate*.

I left the temple and bent my steps towards a certain hill, where Anacreon was fond of walking in the after part of the day, because the poet Musæus sung there and was buried on the hill, when he had been worn out by age. In passing the academy, I saw him at the altar of Prometheus, viewing the persons who were preparing to celebrate the games in honour of this Divinity. In a short time, they all started to run to the city, with burning lamps, which is the manner of celebrating these games. Several lamps were extinguished by the velocity of the persons who carried them. Only one arrived at the city with his flame unextinguished, and he, according to the custom, was proclaimed victor in the race, and received the prize. Anacreon explained to me the meaning of this ceremony.

“To Prometheus is confided the descent of our rational souls; and fire, from its tendency upwards, is an emblem of a rational soul. As a burning lamp, therefore, may be considered a very

* Critias is corroborated by Pausanias.

proper image of our rational part, this custom of the Athenians, of running from the altar of Prometheus to the city, with burning lamps, in which he alone is victorious whose lamp remains unextinguished in the race, is intended to signify, that he is the true conqueror in the race of life whose rational part is not extinguished, or, in other words, does not become dormant in the career."

We then wandered about the *Academos*, and viewed the altars erected to the Muses, to Minerva, Hercules, Mercury, &c.; after which we went to the sepulchre of Plato, which is at no great distance. It is related of Plato, that his arrival at the summit of philosophy was indicated by a divine omen; for Socrates, in the night before that day on which Plato became his disciple, saw, in a dream, a swan fly to his bosom. The soul of Plato being descended from Apollo, to whom the swan is sacred, this bird obviously signified Plato, in the vision of his preceptor.

The sight of this monument excited reflections not altogether pleasant. Notwithstanding the continual round of pleasure in which I had been engaged, the prejudices of education were not entirely eradicated from my mind. I recollected that the great philosopher, whose tomb we were now contemplating, had been, in the early part of his life, zealously attached to the pleasures of poetry, and had written many tragedies and poems, which had passed the ordeal of Athenian taste with distinguished applause. At a very youthful period, his soul was won by the wisdom of Socrates; and, after a slight struggle, he resigned the worship of the Muses for the arid disquisitions of morality. I ventured to express my uneasiness to Anacreon.

"Is this," said he, "the enthusiasm you pretended to feel? Has the sight of a mouldering tomb such magical influence as to damp the ardour of your soul, and revive the abstruse speculations of the *Academos*?" I confessed that I could not avoid some degree of irresolution, when I compared the eminence of the teachers of the schools with that of the followers of Apollo. It is also certain, I continued, that we are placed here for some purpose, and that we should so occupy our minds as to be useful to others, and prevent a retrospect from being painful to ourselves. This is the doctrine that Socrates taught and Plato approved.

Their followers are numerous, and how shall I venture to put my inexperience in opposition to their advice?

“ Ah, my dear Critias,” resumed Anacreon, “ I see you are yet a novice. I see you have yet to learn the grand maxim, that the end of our being is to pursue our own felicity. Free your mind from the solicitude of anxiety. Let your pleasures be innocent and innoxious, and the Gods will look on your actions with approbation. I have, at times, been troubled with reflections similar to yours;—I remembered the advice of the Athenian Bee; and I will now give you my sentiments on this subject, and at the same time evince my respect for his memory, by an offering to his manes.”

He then, after a short deliberation, inscribed the following ode

ON THE TOMB OF PLATO.

I know that Heav'n ordains me here,
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journey'd o'er,
Return no more—alas! no more!
And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine:
No, no! the heart that feels with me
Can never be a slave to thee!

After he had finished it, we left the place. Anacreon acknowledged that he did not suppose Plato would have uttered precisely the conclusion of this ode, but he would have allowed some other sort of relaxation; “ and we only differ as to what is pleasure. I have no doubt but that you will give me full credit for the practice of my life, when I tell you I think with Plato, that *it is always proper to believe in ancient and sacred discourses which announce to us that the soul is immortal, and that it has judges of its conduct, and suffers the greatest torments when it is liberated from the body.*”*

* That Plato believed in the immortality of the soul is evident from his *Phædrus*, the tenth book of his *Republic*, and his seventh *Epistle*, from which Anacreon's quotation is taken. His submission to this doctrine evinces the consciousness of purity in which he lived.

We had some further conversation on this interesting subject, which is indelibly impressed on my mind. In returning to our home, we agreed to visit the Odeum, and see the preparations for the festivals of Bacchus, which were now to be celebrated there. As we passed through one of the bowers in the place called *The Gardens*, we found an Athenian maid sleeping. It was Euryphyle, the beautiful daughter of Soros, one of the Five Hundred. The heat of the sun was on that day remarkably oppressive, but this was a retirement which the chaste Diana could have loved, when wearied by the fatigues of the chase. It seemed to be the only spot which the rude rays of the sun could not visit. The zephyrs mildly fanned the overshadowing foliage, and the lotus and the rose diffused the sweetest fragrance. The mind was gently lulled to repose by the soft gurgling of the fountain Enneakrunos, which was so called because it had recently been made to discharge water from nine pipes, by Pisistratus.* Such was the scene, and the nymph who now occupied it made all its beauties still more delightful. Her head reclined on her arm, and her hand, bent loosely, held some tablets in which she had been transcribing one of the plaintive elegies of Orpheus on the supposed death of Proserpine. Anacreon was enraptured. He paused and eagerly gazed on the delicate vermilion which the stillness of slumber had left fitfully playing on her cheek, and the transparency of the skin—so exquisite that her eyelids almost disclosed the humid blue which the envy of Morpheus endeavoured to conceal. Conscious of the impropriety of thus vio-

* The description of this bower is so natural and animated, that we cannot help feeling a degree of coolness and freshness while we read it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the *Anthologia*, the following epigram, as somewhat resembling the ode on the next page:

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat;
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of Zephyr to meet.
See the fountain that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray!
By its brink, as the traveller muses,
I sooth him to sleep with my lay

lating the sanctity of her retirement, I hurried Anacreon away. But he quickly returned.—Like the careless warbler of the grove, he could not resist the fascinating lure. He was, however, prevailed upon, by my entreaties, to leave the bower: but not until he had left a memorial to show how the slumbers of the maid had been worshipped. He stole the unfinished tablets from her hand, and wrote an address

To a slumbering Beauty.

Here recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this embow'ring shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep;
Hark! they whisper, as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I!*

In the evening we went to the theatre, to witness the representation of a play that had been written by Hipparchus, the son of the reigning tyrant. This prince was eminently distinguished from the young noblemen of his father's court by his love of letters; and to him the Athenians, who have always loved those more who contributed to their pleasures than they respected the talents which exalted their power, ascribed many of the pleasures they enjoyed. Pisistratus, though it was his policy, as well as his disposition, to divert the minds of his subjects from his individual views, and gild their fetters with the pageantry of splendid exhibitions, devoted his almost undivided attention to those schemes, by which he finally overturned the constitution of Solon, and sa-

* What a finish he gives to the picture by the simple exclamation of the original! In these delicate turns he is inimitable; and yet, hear what a French translator says on the passage: "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original."

tified that inordinate ambition which had never been attracted from its object by the fascinating lures of delight, nor daunted by the menaces of opposition. It is difficult to speak of this character with impartiality. We are in danger of being dazzled by the splendor of his personal qualities, and we cannot yield a due degree of applause to the talents and the perseverance he displayed, when we reflect that they were exerted to overturn the liberties of his country. Conspicuous as the member of a family which had been rendered illustrious by a long train of noble ancestry, he entered the busy theatre of life at that critical period in the history of his country, when the Athenians, ever volatile and never contented, had become weary of those excellent institutions which the wisdom of Solon had devised, which they themselves had once regarded with the veneration that is due to oracular inspiration, and which the prudence of surrounding nations had not disdained to applaud and adopt. The unhappy divisions which distracted the councils of his country, offered a field for the exercise of his turbulent and restless disposition, too flattering for his honesty to resist. Athens, divided by three factions, which were actuated by as many different interests, had enjoyed some quiet whilst she was protected by the authority and awed by the presence of her legislator. But as soon as his absence had relieved her terrors, faction reared her Medusa head. The three parties which Solon had exerted all his ingenuity to restrain, both by the allurements of promise and the commands of authority, now united to fan a flame in which they would all perish. Pisistratus had too much penetration to hesitate. He was soon enrolled among the popular party—his voice resounded beneath the banners of sedition, and he blew the clarion of anarchy. There, where age dares to dictate without the sanction of experience, where youth is clamorous without the energy of spirit: where the crafty flatter the vanity of ignorance, and the bold overawe the timidity of caution, was the influence of Pisistratus secretly insinuated and successfully exercised. He deceived the credulous by specious falsehoods and flattered the vanity of meanness by the hopes of future honours. Nothing that ingenuity could suggest, and boldness perpetrate, escaped his vigilant eye. Even the wary policy of the lawgiver himself was blinded by his art. Thus did he col-

lect around him whatever the vilest rank of his country could contribute, of the base and the profligate, the needy and the designing, the restless and the ambitious, the ignorant and the credulous. By these means did he enlist a band of men, who were prompt at his signal to slander honesty and insult dignity, to despise the institutions of their country, and, impelled by the violence of passion, to elude the control of reason.*

But let me at least endeavor to do justice to his memory. With a person bold and majestic he needed but to be seen to attract attention. His eloquence, which raged in the loftiest torrents of indignation, or flowed in a gentle current of persuasion, was happily aided by nature, who had bestowed on the tones of his voice an extraordinary degree of sweetness. Nor was she less bountiful in the embellishment of his mind. No man could more skilfully command, not only his own passions, but even those of others, which he made subservient to his views. He was accessible to the meanest of the community, and he listened to every complaint. With qualities so eminently adapted to fit him to be the leader of a faction, it will not be wondered that the warning voice of Solon could be of little avail in stopping the incursive spread of his popularity. But after he had attained the eminence for which he had laboured with such untiring toil, the loftiness of his genius displayed itself in a dignity of demeanor, which added a bright lustre to his authority, and gave fresh energy to courage. It has

* Let the reader pause for a moment in this place, and reflect on the unvarying and detestable complexion which has always distinguished the features of faction. Let him view her folly and her profligacy in the streets of Athens, when she derided the salutary laws of Solon—her weakness and instability under those of Lycurgus—see her lighting the torch of discord, and blowing the trump of rebellion in England—and only furling her standard when it has been crimsoned by the blood of a sovereign. See her exhibit a still more hideous aspect, when she ravaged the fertile fields of France, imbrued her hands in the blood of a mild and benignant monarch, whose only crime was his love towards his subjects, and murdered thousands to satiate her savage ferocity; and at length plunged her deluded followers into the darkest gloom of despotism! Such is the demon of faction. Arrayed in smiles, she courts our embraces; but her heart is cankered—she is corrupted by loathsome disease, and polluted by a passion more contagious than the fang of the viper.

been properly said, that a sovereign is more powerful by his personal qualities than by his power, and the TYRANT,* for so he is styled by the Greeks, furnishes an illustrious example of the truth of this remark. By whatever arts he usurped the sovereignty of his country, and prostrated her liberties, for a short time, we must yet admire the humanity, virtue, and moderation, with which he exercised his authority. He not only enforced and improved many of the laws of Solon, particularly those against idleness, but he became a real benefactor, by teaching new modes of industry, which he did by introducing arts and manufactories, hitherto unknown, into Attica. It is true that he united in himself the regal privileges and powers of the robe and the sword, but it is no less true that, when he was accused of an infraction of his own laws by the perpetration of a murder, he appeared before the Areopagus, and in the tone of innocence called upon that illustrious body to inquire into the facts, and to remove so foul a stigma from his name, if they should find his hands unstained by the blood of a fellow-citizen. Had not the contentions of the different factions of the city somewhat embittered the natural humanity of his disposition, and the violent opposition of his enemies inflamed an inherent love of power, the name of Pisistratus would be conspicuously enrolled in the first rank of the patriots and heroes of Greece.

But to return from my digression. Hipparchus, disdaining the soft blandishments of a voluptuous court, had devoted his days and nights to the cultivation of his mind. At his instigation, his father had invited to his court the most eminent men of Greece, and the merit of his exertions he always ascribed to him. Such was the filial duty and the amiable disposition of this young prince, that he endeavored, by every little art, to soften the fetters of the Athenians, and invariably taught them to direct their thanks to the

* The Greeks attached a different idea to the word *tyrannos*, from that which is implied in the acceptation of the modern word *Tyrant*. They applied it to all, without discrimination, who acquired the sovereign power in a free republic. Thrasybulus of Miletus, Periander of Corinth, Pisistratus of Athens, Polycrates of Samos, Alexander of Phœæ, and Dionysius of Syracuse, were all called *tyrannos*, though their characters were as widely different as those of Titus and Domitian, the extremes of virtue and vice.

monarch. The play, which he now brought forward, was his first attempt; and it succeeded in a manner the most flattering to the sanguine hopes of a juvenile author. The fable was taken from the Rhapsodies of Homer, which his father had collected. He depicted the misfortunes of Ulysses, and their happy termination. He portrayed the magic influence of Circe and her companions, in such glowing words, that we all wondered at the prudence which could escape their snares.

But when the poet, changing the scene, carried us to the island of Calypso—when he painted her beauty, and described the fascinating lures which love had taught her, in terms which Apollo had inspired, every heart seemed agonized for his fidelity—the whole audience arose in raptures when they witnessed his triumph.

Thus the pen of the poet created at his will all the changes of hope and fear, of love, admiration and terror. We left the theatre, participating in the joys of Ulysses, after he had escaped all his perils, and once more folded in his arms the faithful Penelope.

I spent the night with Anacreon, and our recent entertainment naturally became the topic of conversation. He had written some tragedies himself, and the subject was familiar to him.

“The fable of every poem,” he said, “is either simple or implex. It is called simple, when the tale moves on, without any interruption, by striking reverses of fortune, or sudden discoveries, in the hero—and implex, when his situation changes from good to bad, or from bad to good. The implex sort of fable is, therefore, of two kinds. In the first, the hero is subjected to a long series of difficulties and dangers, but he finally surmounts them, and is rewarded by honours and happiness, as we saw, to night, in the character of Ulysses. In the second, the chief actor falls from the pinnacle of honour and prosperity, into misery and disgrace.* Our poets frequently make, what they imagine to be,

* We may supply the neglect of Anacreon in this place, by mentioning the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, as an instance of the second kind of implex fable. There our general parents, from the most enviable state which the creative imagination of a poet can feign, are suddenly plunged into all the misery of sin and sorrow. That sweet converse, which cheated the lazy hours of time, is changed into the revilings of disgust, or the murmurs of discontent. The prospect, of a future, and even a greater felicity, is dimmed

very important discoveries, in order to excite our surprise and enchain our attention. But they neglect to make any subsequent change in the apparent plan of the play, or in the sentiments of the actors. Thus, in the *Electra* of Sophocles, after the discovery that is made between *Electra* and *Orestes*, they still continue in the same state, and there is no peripety, or change of fortune, until after the death of *Clytemnestra* and *Egisthus*."

I interrupted *Anacreon*, to ask, which he thought the better manner of conducting a fable. Whether to make virtue always triumphant, or sometimes to terminate its sufferings by death without other relief?

He said, that "authors differed very much on this question. But to me," he continued, "it has always appeared, that, as the principal design of tragedy is to excite commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat its purpose if we invariably make virtue and innocence successful and happy. Whatever vexations and disappointments may occur to a good man, in the course of the narrative, we are little affected by them; we take no interest in his sufferings, if we know that in the conclusion he is to attain the summit of his desires, and be made completely happy. Whilst he is plunged in the depth of misery, we are apt to console ourselves with the reflection, that he will eventually extricate himself from all his difficulties; and, that his grief, how poignant soever it may be at present, will soon be mitigated, and the smiles of cheerfulness be restored to his countenance.—For this reason, the most skilful of our writers treat men in their poems as they find them in the world. They make virtue sometimes happy, and sometimes miserable. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these ways, and concludes by observing, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and won the prize from those which concluded in the contrary manner.

by the consciousness of guilt and the dread of punishment; and they are haunted by the most agonizing phantoms which can torture a parent's reflection. These present before them the offspring they have introduced to the world, to drink of the cup of bitterness, which can only be exhausted by the intervention of one *who is able to save all*.

"Terror and commiseration leave an impression of pleasing painfulness, and diffuse a soft melancholy over the mind, from which arises a serious composure of thoughts, that is much more lasting and delightful than the little transient ebullitions of joy and rapture.* Besides, the prosperity of the good has nothing tragical in it, and I think I may add, that the punishment of the bad inspires as little terror or pity. In this respect Sophocles errs when he makes Electra and Orestes happy in the conclusion, and punishes Egisthus and Clytemnestra. It is proper that their crimes should be punished, but the audience would be more affected if they had been called upon to mourn over unsuccessful innocence.

"It is also a great fault, as Aristotle again observes, in some of our writers, that they endeavor to excite terror or pity, not by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, but by the dress and the decorations of the stage.† This censure may justly be applied to Eschylus. It is said, that when his "Furies" was first performed, the audience was so terrified, that the children fell into fits, and many of the women were seriously injured.

* In confirmation of this opinion of Anacreon, we may remark, that the most popular of our English tragedies are those, in which the favourites of the audience sink under the calamities that oppress them. Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Lear, are oftener played and more generally applauded than any of the other dramas of Shakspeare.—It must be owned, however, that this sort of construction, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for the Epic poem. Milton seems to be sensible of the imperfection of his Fable; and his ingenuity has therefore resorted to various artifices to supply the defect: particularly by the mortification of the great adversary of mankind, on his return to the assembly of the infernal spirits, as is richly described in the Tenth Book—Also, by the vision, in which Adam, at the close of the Poem, sees *the seed of the woman bruising the serpent's head*, and fancies himself to be placed in a happier Paradise than that from which he had been expelled.

† It is to be regretted that the exquisite raillery of Addison did not affect some revolution in what the Italians call "fourberia della scena," the knavery or trickish part of the drama—that authors will continue to terrify us by thunder and lightning, and make us melancholy by darkening the stage.

But small wits are incorrigible. Shakspeare exalts our conceptions by a few strokes of his pen, but there are others who are compelled to resort to such expedients as the terrific processions which old Matthew Paris de-

A poet should be cautious that he do not make his good characters too perfect, lest he stifle all hopes of imitation; and also for another reason, which Aristotle gives. He says that, if a man of perfect and consummate virtue becomes unfortunate, it excites our pity but not our terror, because we who do not resemble the suffering person have little dread that we shall meet a similar fate. But if we behold one, with whose virtues some imperfections are mingled, his misfortunes not only interest our sympathy, but our terror, because our character resembles his.*

"Thus you see, my dear Critias, that our art does not consist in

cribes. The work is rare, and the curious will not be wearied by a short extract. This author has left us an account of the "Devil's Stage Plays," as he terms them, said to have been exhibited, with many other strange sights, to the soul of a pious catholic rustic, under the special patronage of the saints.

"THE SCENE, HELL.

"First they (the devils) introduced a very proud man in his robes, strutting along big, cocking his eye-brows, uttering swelling words; in short, having all the manners of imperiousness and arrogance; but while he was threatening horrible executions, and priding himself in his trappings, all on a sudden, they turned into a flame around him, burning him most dismally, and then the devils seizing him, tormented him beyond what human malice can imagine."

The other characters composing this diabolical drama, were, a soldier, a priest, a *lawyer*, his rib, an adulteress with her gallants, two backbiters, and lastly, a most harmonious concert of thieves, incendiaries, and violators of holy places. All of which must have been vastly edifying and comfortable to the soul of the poor sinner.

* Without presuming to question the accuracy of Aristotle's judgment, I must be permitted to observe, that his remark will not apply to the Adam and Eve of Milton. In the *Paradise Lost*, these persons possess the most eminent virtues, and their fall is not to be considered as what may be, but what actually is, our situation. We are embarked in the same vessel, and must participate in their happiness or misery.

In this, and in a few other instances, as Addison has remarked, Aristotle's rules for Epic Poetry, which he had learned from a diligent perusal of Homer, cannot be supposed to suit exactly with the heroic poems that have been written since his time. It must be evident to every one, that his rules would have been still more perfect, could he have studied the *Eneid*, which was written several centuries after his death.

the more assemblage of words, in collecting together a quantity of brilliant metaphors and striking similies. The poet who soars on the wings of invention, and aspires to the praise of posterity, must study the human mind with the nicest scrutiny. He should habituate himself to an active curiosity respecting the motives of human actions, and he should be able to search the innermost recesses of the heart with the skill of the metaphysical anatomist.

"But come, let us drink—our long conversation has made me thirsty."

I immediately poured out some choice Chian, which had recently been sent by one of his bacchanalian friends.

"Ah," said he, "this is the inspiring god; this is the legitimate Muse of genuine poetry. Did such liquor flow from Helicon, we should be a nation of poets."

I asked if wine really aided his invention. "Oh yes, it exhilarates my spirits—brightens all my faculties—give me my lyre, and you shall see that this goblet is also an inspirer of harmony."

The instrument was quickly strung, and, after a long discussion on the rules of poetry, it was a pleasant change to have them exemplified by a song on

THE POWER OF WINE.

When I drink; I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!
Warm with the goblet's fresh'ning dews,
My heart invokes the heavenly muse.
When I drink my sorrow's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
When I drink, the jesting boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy;

When I drink, &c.] "Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry." There is an epigram in the first book of the *Anthologia*, which may be thus translated:

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write any thing wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies!

And while we dance thro' breathing bowers,
 Whose every gale is rich with flowers,
 In bowls he makes my senses swim,
 Till the gale breathes of nought but him!
 When I drink, I deftly twine
 Flowers, begemm'd with tears of wine;
 And, while with festive hand I spread
 The smiling garland round my head,
 Something whispers in my breast,
 How sweet it is to live at rest!
 When I drink, and perfume stills
 Around me all in balmy rills,
 Then as some beauty, smiling roses,
 In langour on my breast reposes,
 Venus! I breathe my vows to thee,
 In many a sigh of luxury!
 When I drink, my heart refines,
 And rises as the cup declines;
 Rises in the genial flow,
 That none but social spirits know,
 When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
 Dilating, mingle soul with soul!†

* If some of the translators had observed Dr. Trapp's caution, with regard to *ποναυδιστὴν μὴ ἐν αὐγαίς*, "Cave ne cœlum intelligas," they would not have spoiled the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy by such extravagant conceptions of the passage. Could our poet imagine such bombast as the following?

Quand je bois, mon œil s' imagine
 Que, dans un tourbillon plein de parfums divers,
 Bacchus m'importe dans les airs,
 Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

Or this:

Indi mi mena
 Mentre lietro ebro deliro,
 Bacco in giro
 Per la vaga aura serena.

† Subjoined to Gail's edition of Anacreon, there are some curious letters upon the *Θιασοί* of the ancients, which appeared in the French journals. At the opening of the Odeon in Paris, the managers of the spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for the fêtes of this institution. He suggested the word "Thiasé," which was adopted;

When I drink, the bliss is mine;
There's bliss in every drop of wine!
All other joys that I have known,
I've scarcely dar'd to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy!

After he concluded his song, we drank some more wine and retired to our chambers. On the following day, I observed an unusual degree of thoughtfulness in his manner, and, as he daily became more pensive, I ventured to solicit his confidence.

"I will tell you willingly," he said, "for it is sweet to have a friend who will listen to our complaints, and sympathize in our sorrows. I thought that the fever of love had ceased to rage in my veins; but I was wrong. Cupid finds me so willing a slave, that he delights to exercise his power. That lovely girl whom we saw slumbering in the grove—I cannot banish her idea from my mind. You must see her—intreat that I may see her too—Here are thy credentials—thou shalt be my Mercury."

In fact, I found that he had a long time neglected the worship of Venus, and the goddess seemed now resolved, by the severity of his present sufferings, to punish his desertion from her altars. The brow which was once serene and unruffled, save by the smiles of cheerfulness, was now contracted by the gloom of discontent and solicitude. His lyre had no longer any melody unless it respired the notes of love, and his heart feelingly re-echoed the plaintive cadence. He strived to conquer this new passion and regain his wonted carelessness—but in vain—he yielded when he could no longer resist, and he was not ashamed to acknowledge his defeat. The ode which he had written in his tablet, and requested me to convey to her, was addressed

TO THE GOLDEN EURYPYLE.*

I will; I will; the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last.

but the literati of Paris questioned the propriety of it, and addressed their criticisms to Gail through the medium of the public prints. Two or three of the letters he has inserted in his edition, and they have elicited from him some learned research on the subject.

* Mr. Moore remarks, that the word "golden," is frequently employ-

Cupid has long, with smiling art,
 Invited me to yield my heart;
 And I have thought that peace of mind
 Should not be for a smile resign'd;
 And I've repell'd the tender lure
 And hop'd my heart should sleep secure.
 But, slighted in his boasted charms,
 The angry infant flew to arms;
 He slung his quiver's golden frame,
 He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
 And proudly summon'd me to yield,
 Or meet him on the martial field.
 And what did I unthinking do?
 I took to arms, undaunted too;*

ed as an epithet of beauty, thus in Virgil, "*Venus aurea*;" and in Propertius, "*Cynthia aurea*." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman "*golden*." I may add that the "*flava coma*" of Horace is in the same spirit.

* Longepierre has quoted an epigram from the *Anthologia*, in which the poet assumes Reason as the armour against Love. It may be thus translated:

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
 And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
 Thus fighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dismay'd,
 But, if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
 Alas! then, unable to combat the two,
 Unfortunate warrior! what should I do?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and Bacchus united is delicately expressed in an Italian poem, which is so very Anacreontic, that I may be pardoned for introducing it. Indeed, it is an imitation of our poet's sixth ode.

Lavoasi Amore in quel vicino fiume, &c.

The urchin of the bow and quiver
 Was bathing in a neighbouring river,
 Where, as I drank on yester-eve,
 (Shepherd-youth! the tale believe!)
 'Twas not a cooling, crystal draught,
 'Twas liquid flame I madly quaff'd;
 For love was in the rippling tide,
 I felt him to my bosom glide.

Assum'd the corslet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smil'd at fear.
Then (hear it, all you powers above!)
I fought with love! I fought with love!
And now his arrows all were shed—
And I had just in terrors fled—
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And, having now no other dart,
He glanc'd himself into my heart!*
My heart—alas the luckless day
Receiv'd the God, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length is forc'd to yield.
Vain, vain, is every outward care,
My foe 's within, and triumphs there.

I had some acquaintance with Eurypyle, and therefore felt no difficulty in presenting the offering which my friend had sent. She received it not as a deserved homage to her beauty, but as an extravagant compliment, which her modesty would willingly have avoided. Yet the vows of such a poet, of one who was the admiration of the most polished court in Greece, was too flattering to be resisted.

When I contemplated the delightful manner in which Anacreon now passed his days, it was pleasant to me to remember that I had been an humble instrument in promoting it. But it was a satisfaction in which some regret, and perhaps a little en-

And now the wily wanton minion
Plays o'er my heart with restless piunion.
This was a day of fatal star
But were it not more fatal far,
If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,
I found this flutt'ring, young desire?
Then, then indeed my soul should prove,
Much more than ever, drunk with love!

* Dryden has parodied this thought in the following extravagant lines:

—— I 'm all o'er love;
Nay, I am Love, Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my breast at last.

vy were intermingled. Those hours in which I was once instructed by his conversations on poetry, or listened with rapture to the softness of his music, were now gone. Eurypyle engrossed all his soul. The strings of his lyre breathed but in unison with the expressions of her eyes, and her praise was the only theme of his song.

Yet I ought not to have repined. She was a woman who merited the love of Anacreon. Her mind was highly cultivated. From the most eminent teachers she had learned to enliven the canvas with animation, and her skilful hand had given life to the marble of Paria. With the young and the gay, she warbled the notes of festivity, or twined through the mazes of the dance.

But, alas! how fugitive is pleasure. In a few moments, the lovely maid was obliged to attend her father, who was sent on an embassy to one of the Grecian states.—The parting was tender and impressive. Anacreon vowed, what he had often vowed before, to be ever faithful, and his mistress conjured him to remember how intimately her happiness depended on his fidelity. He mourned her absence, by an elegy, the copy of which I have unfortunately lost; but I have preserved the following address to Archas, who had been one of the instructors of Eurypyle.

To this eminent artist he had applied for a picture of his former pupil. The feelings of the Painter were scarcely less interested than the heart of the Poet, and he made so exquisite a picture, that it was sent to Athens, after the death of Anacreon, to be deposited in the temple of Oenus.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues,*
Mimic form, and soul infuse;
Best of painters! come portray
The lovely maid that's far away.†

* I have followed the reading of the Vatican MS. *ῥοδῖνος*. Painting is called "the rosy art," either in reference to colouring, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation:

Della rosea arte signore.

† If the portrait of this beauty be not merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted. Meleager, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions "the golden Eurypyle" as his mistress.

Βιζυλλικὸς χρυσῶν χρῶμας ἐπ' Εὐρυπύλλῃ.

Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets straying,*
Silky twine in tendrils playing,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure ray,
With which Minerva's glances play,
And give them all that liquid fire†
That Venus' languid eyes respire.

• The ancients have been very enthusiastic in their praises of hair. Apuleius, in the second book of his *Milesiaca*, says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, though surrounded by the Graces and the Loves, could not be pleasing even to her husband Vulcan.

Stesichorus gave the epithet *καλλιπλοκαμος* to the Graces, and Simonides bestowed the same upon the Muses. See Hadrian Junius's *Dissertation upon Hair*.

To this passage of our poet, Selden alluded in a note on the *Polyolbion* of Drayton, song the second, where observing, that the epithet "black-haired" was given by some of the ancients to the goddess Isis, he says, "Nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love) intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of women's special ornament, well-haired (*καλλιπλοκαμος*) thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired."

† Marchetti explains thus the *υγρον* of the original:

Dipingili umidetti

Tremuli e lascivetti,

Quai gli ha Ciprigna l'alma Dea d' Amore.

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida, as La Fosse remarks:

O'er her nose and cheek be shed
 Flushing white and mellow'd red;
 Gradual tints, as when there glows*
 In snowy milk the bashful rose.
 Then her lip, so rich in blisses!†
 Sweet petitioner for kisses!
 Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
 Ripely suing Love's invasion.

Qual raggio in onda le scintilla un riso
 Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.

Within her humid, melting eyes
 A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
 Soft as the broken, solar beam,
 That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet.

* Thus Propertius, eleg. 3, lib. ii.

Utque rosæ puro lacte natant folia.

And Davenant, in a little poem called "The Mistress,"

Catch as it falls the Scythian snow,
 Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.

Thus too Taygetus:

Quæ lac atque rosas vincis candore rubenti.

These last words may perhaps defend the "flushing white" of the translation.

† The lip provoking kisses," in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of *χειλη μαλθακα προς τα φιληματα*, "Lips soft and delicate for kissing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us with all the authority of experience, that girls who have large lips kiss infinitely sweeter than others! "Suavius viros osculantur puellæ labiosæ, quam quæ sunt brevibus labris." And Æneas Sylvius, in his tedious, uninteresting story of the adulterous loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularizes the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity,) describes her lips as exquisitely adapted for biting. "Os parvum descensque, labia corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima." Epist. 114, lib. i.

Then beneath the velvet chin,*
 Whose dimple shades a love within,
 Mould her neck, with grace descending,
 In a heaven of beauty ending;
 While airy charms, above, below,
 Sport and flutter on its snow.
 Now, let a floating, lucid veil,†
 Shadow her limbs, but not conceal;
 A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
 And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
 Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
 It glows, it lives, it soon will speak.

(To be continued.)

ART. XI.—*Anastasius*; or Memoirs of a Greek, written at the close of the Eighteenth Century. London, 1819. New York reprinted.

[We cannot agree with the writer of the ensuing article in recommending *Anastasius* as a work of innocent gratification. In a country where young ladies prosecute their fickle swains for breaches of contracts of matrimony, and where *crim. con.* cases are so common in the highest ranks of society, the profligate narrative which is presented in these volumes may be perused without a blush. But we can assure our fair country-women that the adventures of this renegade display a tissue of disgusting scenes altogether unfit for the eye of female delicacy. *Anastasius*, like *Conrad*, the Corsair, is a deliberate ruffian, impenetrable

* Madame Dacier has quoted here two pretty lines of Varro:

Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
 Vestigio demonstrant molli tudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
 By the finger of Cupid imprest;
 There Softness, bewitchingly simple,
 Has chosen her innocent nest.

† This delicate art of description, which leaves the imagination to complete the picture, has been seldom adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Ronsard is exceptionably minute; and Politianus, in his charming portrait of a girl, full of rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil rather too much. The "*questo che tu m'intendi*" should be always left to fancy.

to every soft impression; a remorseless villain, whose heart is a gloomy den of wile and wickedness. The work abounds with curious and interesting information respecting the modern state of Greece, but it is entirely destitute of moral design, and it is greatly to be regretted that so much talent should have been devoted to the embellishment of a canvas so deep and deadly in its complexion.]

This production is ascribed to Mr. Thomas Hope, author of the *Costume of the Ancients*. Under the veil of an interesting romance he has introduced us to a kind of panoramic spectacle of regions till lately but little known and rarely visited. It is obvious, also, that he has embodied into it the result of his own travels and observations in those countries; which are interesting to us in so many respects, but especially as they may be said to be peopled with recollections derived from the most delightful portions of ancient history, and to hang about our fancies with that part of our youthful reading which lingers the latest in our memories; countries the most smiling in the habitable world, and the seats of early civility, freedom and luxury: but which, as if to humble the pride of natural greatness, are now paying usurious retribution for their former glory in the lowest prostration and debasement of nations. The plan, indeed, is not original, but has been beautifully finished by Xenophon, in his *Cyropædia*, partially executed by Madame de Staël in her fascinating *Corinna*, and, in a more developed form, with the difference of the scenes being laid in ancient history and the disadvantage of not being the fruit of living observation, in the *Athenian Letters* and the *Travels of the Younger Anacharsis*. Anastasius, though occasionally prolix and sometimes unnecessarily verbose, is a work of felicitous execution. No specific moral lesson is to be extracted from it; but, independently of the fiction, it presents us with a series of moving pictures of customs and manners, in a part of the world which has supplied much food to modern curiosity, and must always afford abundant materials for reflection. It gives us also various historical and biographical notices, which breathe the very air of authenticity; although, with a deference in which we do not participate, to the turbaned personages who figure in the crooked politics of the Porte, they are brought before us under the disguise of fictitious names.

In his minor adventures, Anastasius is a sort of oriental Gil Blas. He is involved in the endless perplexities, and entangled in the maze of contradictory adventures, which marked the life of the Spanish libertine; with one feature of distinction, that, instead of the ductile ingenuousness and almost harmless aberrations of the scholar of Salamanca, the Greek is a monster unredeemed by a single virtue; false in friendship, treacherous in love, dead to the charities of kindred, rapacious of the property of others, and prodigal of his own. He excites no sympathy, for he deserves none; and even the solitary merit of the frankness with which he confesses, the work being conducted in the first person, is more than counterbalanced by the blackness of the crimes which he perpetrates, and the hardness of heart which steels him to their consequences. The occasional homage, which he pays to virtue, is not fostered by the warmth of kindly feeling, but is reluctantly extorted from him by the penalties of his own misconduct; while the stiletto and the poniard are the almost constant instruments with which his ambition and selfishness perform their daily work, and earn their daily bread. Born a christian, at least a member of the gorgeous and theatrical communion of the Greeks, he wears his faith while it suits his convenience, as a garment which sits well upon him, from habit rather than conviction; but, when it encumbers his march in the progress of his enormities, he throws it off, with a callous indifference concerning the consolations which it imparts or the doctrines which it inculcates. Islamism happens to be a stepping-stone to preferment; and he hesitates not to repudiate the religion of his fathers and his country, without a compunctious visiting to interpose one doubt against the unhallowed mummeries of the new faith which he embraces, or one internal lingering after the old creed which he abdicates. Such a divorce between himself and his conscience is effected even without the slightest formalities; and if his mind, while it undergoes this important vicissitude, gives audience to any reflection, or permits any pause to intervene, the scruple is instantly silenced by the general policy to which he has enslaved himself, or the momentary expedient which he designs to effect. He discourses highly, indeed, of free-will, and fate, and chance, like the demons of Milton, while they are bent on the great errand

of human destruction: but, even when the extreme agonies of guilty suffering, and the lowest prostration of fortune, have wrung from his soul some bitterness of sentiment akin to remorse, or some vows allied to amendment, the feeling and the purpose are alike evanescent, and he is again thrown on the world, the sport of circumstance, the victim of crime, and the minister of evil. The immediate jewel of his soul he has bartered in the vile commerce of worldly advancement, and thrown away, lest it should retard him in the chase after honour and distinction; and his contract with vice is almost the only one to which he adheres with any thing like fidelity. In all this, is it not evident that there must be some deficiency of that sympathy which is requisite to carry us through the varied fortunes of a hero, occupying the protracted space of three closely printed volumes? The painter of external nature may excite a powerful interest by the grandeur even of crime; the potent pencil of Salvator Rosa, may arrest and even gratify the eye by the savage dignity of the chief of his banditti; but the moral painter must fascinate the mind, if he wishes to secure its attention, by the charms of the only real sublime,—the sublime of virtue.

We know not, therefore, by what instrumentality it is, but so it is, that we are not destitute of something like interest and commiseration even for such a being as Anastasius. Perhaps, as the story is conducted by himself, and we are led along by his own hand through the minuter labyrinths, we on that account identify ourselves more with the intricate workings of his mind, than if we perused it through the medium of ordinary narration. It has the same species of fascination on us, as that which we remember to have felt from Godwin's *St. Leon*; where the inmost recesses and most secret councils of the bosom are unveiled; and the whole sweep of the passions, from their first feeble movements to their stormiest agitations, are, as on a busy and crowded stage, presented to our view.

Occasionally, indeed, we are relieved by affecting portraiture of the kind and genial charities, domestic love, the unshaken constancy of woman through every fortune, the unquenchable zeal of generous friendship, smiling industry and tranquil virtue. Yet beauty and goodness are introduced only to be deserted, and the

most fervent attachment only to be insulted and despised. After a long chain of adventures in Asia Minor at Constantinople, in the regions in which the Turk has immediate sway, and those in which he has only a delegated influence, in Egypt, in the sands of the desert, or among the hordes of Curdistan, after having "strutted and fretted" through a part in which he is alternately cruel and rapacious, at one time chilled by the blasts of penury, and at another intoxicated by the smiles of pleasure, Anastasius begins to respire from crime, and to breathe a purer atmosphere. Nearly at the close of his career, he discovers the offspring of one of the females whom he has betrayed; and he who was lately insensible to the charms of chaste affection, dead to the impulse of filial and social emotion, and an alien from the raptures of exalted friendship, is visited with the instinctive tenderness of a father. The young and beauteous Alexis will indeed be adopted by every reader with delight partaking of the paternal, for he is a perfect picture of infantine attraction:—but, just as his innocent life puts forth its blossoms, and is intertwining itself around our hearts, he is cut off from us, as if he had been introduced only to be loved and mourned. Johnson, who was rather a just than a feeling critic, shows himself not devoid of sensibility when he complains of the unnecessary torture which Shakspeare inflicted on his readers by the premature death of the young, the charming, and the innocent Ophelia.

Such is a faint outline of *Anastasius*. Justice to the author and to our own feelings requires us to add that the book abounds in polished and nervous eloquence, in picturesque descriptions, in lively and occasionally argumentative dialogue; and that, on the whole, though with many prolixities, it is executed with a flow of writing in all and a closeness of reasoning in some of its passages, which are very rarely to be found in works of a similar description. It is diversified with many beauties; and in the remarks on human life, which are scattered about it, we are sometimes reminded of the keen and grave irony of Swift, occasionally of his misanthropy, and not unfrequently of the satiric levity of the most lively of French authors, when he breaks through the enchantments which disguise the varied follies of man in their different forms of usages, fashions and institutions. We shall

now give our readers an analysis of the plot and construction of the fiction; extracting some of its picturesque descriptions and affecting delineations; and subjoining a short summary of the critical sentence, which we feel ourselves bound to award to it.

Athanasius was the son of a Greek drogueman, or interpreter to the French consul at the island of Chio; who, though somewhat deaf, and consequently unable to interpret, contrived to supply the deficiencies of his organ by the ingenuity of his conjectures. This boy was the youngest of seven children, and, when the rest of the brood had taken flight, he remained to be spoiled at home. Being unfit for every thing else, he was destined to be a priest of the Greek church; but he was impassive to instruction, and displayed his real dispositions at an early age, by those contributions on the orchards of the village, which gave an omen of his future genius. Of these expeditions he was the leader, and became with his companions the terror of the vicinity. In course he did not persevere in his professional studies, but assured his father, when the latter insisted on his taking orders, that the price of his obedience in wearing the mitre (the cap of the Greek priesthood) would be the clapping over it a turban. His idle hours, however, found occupation in a youthful intrigue with the blue-eyed Helena, daughter of the French consul, to whom his father's connection with that gentleman gave him frequent access, and to whose care she had been bequeathed by the early loss of her mother. The joint pursuit of music soon enabled the young Greek to find that their souls were not unattuned to each other; and the consequences of the intimacy were perceived too late by the drogueman, the young pupil having made a rapid progress in the lessons both of music and love which she had received from our hero. In the first spring of her innocence, therefore, the happiness of Helena flew for ever; and Anastasius, foreseeing that the symptoms of the intercourse were daily growing more evident, left her to scorn, to contempt, and to her own reproaches, abandoning at the same time, and for ever, both Chio and his parental home.

Having gone on board a Venetian brig, in the capacity of a cabin-boy, and when a slight impulse of compunction brought to his view the upbraiding image of Helena, "it is useless," he ex-

claimed, "to contend! I must yield to my destiny,, and perform the things set down for me, be they good or evil." After having been well disciplined by kicks and blows, he assists some Maynote pirates, who had contrived in the silence of the night, and during the intoxication of the crew, to board and seize the vessel. In their turns, both the captors and their prize were taken by one of the cruizers of Hassan, the Capitan Pasha, or High-Admiral, before Nauplia; and thus, in four days, the young adventurer bore the yoke of four different nations, French, Venetians, Maynotes and Turks. Hassan's army was then encamped on the plains of Argos, and Anastasius was marched to the camp with his fellow-prisoners: who, being tied together in pairs by a long rope, were easily put in motion by the mere mechanism of a kick bestowed in the rear of the foremost pair.

The sight of the camp awakened a military ardour in his bosom; and the Greek drogueman of the Capitan-Pasha, (Mavroyeni) having imbibed a liking for him, took him under his wing with the following encouraging address: "you little Greek rascal, you will corrupt these worthy Roman Catholics, if I leave you; so I'll keep you here, and let them go home, and swing on St. Mark's, after their own fashion." This drogueman had great influence with the Capitan Pasha.—Though thwarted in his military ambition, the little adventurer soon shone in the office of carrying the coffee-pot, or presenting the pipe to his patron; and, being well schooled by an old domestic in the art of flattering the humours of his master, (among other injunctions, he was tutored never to yawn during the said master's long stories,) he soon profited by the admonition. Mavroyeni, being a great man, was soon assured that he had many poor and of course importunate relations; and every day brought forwards a new cousin from the remotest corner of the Levant, who were all willing to do him the honour of sharing his hospitality; besieging his door, and haunting him as he went to public places. The young coffee-bearer succeeded so well in the dexterous dismissal of one of these visitors from the door, that the whole duties of that office were intrusted to him, and he became a sort of Cerberus necessary to the very existence of his master.

Mavroyeni followed the Pasha to Tripolizza against the Arnoots (Albanians), and Anastasius accompanied Mavroyeni in the same capacity of *cafedjee*; solaced not indeed with the anticipation of contending with a foe, but with the hope of getting a sly thrust at a straggler. His master, however, procured for him, to his great delight, the privilege of carrying a musket; and this was a high privilege, for among Moslemen it was deemed positive sacrilege for a Greek even to touch fire-arms. Having taken copious draughts of a nameless liquor distributed by the High Admiral to his followers, the young *cafedjee*, excellently mounted, and finding the loading of his arms to be too tedious, began to hack and hew with his sabre; cut down, to his great credit, a grim looking Arnoot; and, being ambitious to take a prisoner, fired at the hindmost of a party of fugitives who had entangled himself in some bushes. Finding him at the last gasp, though with a faint spark of life, the Greek thrust his dagger into his heart before he ventured on any other liberties with his person, and then proceeded to the work of spoliation; in which his industry was rewarded with a pair of silver-mounted pistols, a number of sequins, and a rich dress, of which he soon disincumbered the carcase. That his prowess might not be doubted on his own mere narration, he ended by carrying away the head as his voucher, and as a foot-ball for the Pasha. For this feat of courage, the only quality in vogue with Hassan, the youth was feasted with his approving smiles, and was only prevented on receiving a hint to that effect from the Pasha from turning Musselman.

Hassan being recalled, our hero is delighted with the prospect of seeing the capital. When in the course of his voyage to Constantinople he comes in sight of his native Chio, a few emotions arise within him; his aged parents, and the injured Helena rush on his recollections; and he is about to request the drogue-man to allow him to be put ashore, and return to his friends. A nail-head, however, mars the project, and changes the colours of his future fate; for it caught his clothes as he ran down to his master's cabin, threw him off his balance, and cast him headlong on the floor. During his insensibility from the blow, the ship had passed the island, which had dwindled to a speck when he recovered. Chio was then forgotten, and Stamboul (Constantinople)

appeared his polar star. The Propontis foamed before the prow, and at last Constantinople rose in all its grandeur to their view.

Here he is advanced to the office of a sort of interpreter to the Greeks and foreigners, who had business with the High Admiral; his duty being to make short stories of long details, and to carry the case to the drogueman; and the cares of his office being relieved by the piastres that slipped between the leaves of his paper. Stamboul, however, where the Greeks were considered by the Turks as inferior beings, began not to be much to his taste: but, as his influence increased with his master, the consequence which it gave him among the other inhabitants of the Greek suburb altered his opinion; and, flattered by the men, and caressed by the women, he said to himself, "it is a charming place." Wishing, however, to shine among ladies of rank and fashion, an unlucky intrigue, which he had communicated with imprudent confidence to another female, ended by the former lady being sent to the borders of the Black Sea into a convent; and his own irregularities terminated in his dismissal from office as well as from his master's house, whence he departed with the remark of one of his fellow-servants as an omen that, happen what might, he was sure to fall on his legs.

Having exhausted his few piastres, and made the usual experiment on his former friends with the usual success, he wished them all at the devil, and crossed over to Galata. Here he was reduced by the assistance of a few riotous companions to his last para, and had recourse to a friend, whom he consulted as to the mode in "which people lived who had not the usual means of subsistence?" Vasili shows him a distant view of the capital as the theatre of adventure to the needy, gives him a few small coins, and urges him to purchase a meaner dress by disposing of the fine clothes which he wore. He then, Gil Blas like, enters into partnership with a Jew quack-doctor, who fell in love with his looks as he was anxiously hunting about for employment. A series of amusing adventures follows, and they prescribe, administer, and kill by wholesale: but, having practised for a time with great success, some unlucky circumstance betrays the real character of the physician and his deputy; and they are seized by a posse of police myrmidons, who convey them to prison.

A heart-withering description ensues, painted, we doubt not, from the life, of the dreadful prison of Constantinople, called the Bagnio; and here Anastasius remains some weeks, without a hope of liberation, till the plague broke out in its confines. In this desolate place, and in the midst of the ravages of that dreadful malady, he forms a friendship with an amiable Greek youth, Anagnosti, whose story is told with the most touching pathos. Such was the solace of their common calamity, derived from this friendship, that, according to the custom of the Greek church, they became brothers by exchanging solemn vows, imposing the sacred obligation of standing by each other in life and death, and the rites of which were accordingly performed by a priest of that communion. Just at this period, which indissolubly rivetted their intimacy, Anastasius is released from prison; and, agonized by the separation, he is literally driven out of its gates, with his heart torn and desolate, and all Constantinople open before him, without a para in his pocket.

In a fit of inanition, he seized and swallowed a bowl of hoshab (iced beverage) from a coffee house, the sudden chill of which overpowered his exhausted frame; and he was not awakened from insensibility, till he found himself on a porter's back, who was conveying him to the hospital, and from whom he extricated himself by fixing his claws in his throat, and squeezing him almost to suffocation. He then crawled to a stepping stone near the place where the porter had left him—to die. During a second fit, he was conveyed to an hospital of the Greeks, called St. Demetrius, and he awoke to find himself under a filthy coverlid, next to a dead man. Here, in his progress to convalescence, he formed various projects of amendment, and was at last released.

After various adventures, during which he gets a thriving livelihood at Pera as interpreter to the Franks (a term comprehending all Europeans) who visited the metropolis, and resided in that suburb, he plays a variety of pranks, involves himself in intrigues, and commits a few dexterous frauds, which considerably advance his fortunes. At last, he is caught by a jealous husband, an effendi, in the harem of his spouse, is pursued, and takes refuge in a mosque; and a mob having been raised against the Greek, he expected in a few minutes to be torn to pieces. The only measure

which remained was to draw his dagger, throw his back against the Mihrab, (altar) and to exclaim, "I am a Moslem!" The proof of his being in the harem was merely circumstantial; and, though it constituted sufficient grounds to massacre an infidel, a follower of the true faith was safe, and every breath of accusation was instantly hushed. He had long meditated this proselytism: accident urged it on somewhat sooner; and in the same mosque he went through the forms of conversion.

Insulted by an emir, who had bespattered his elegant Turkish dress from head to foot with the mud of a puddle into which he had dexterously guided his horse, and meditating revenge, he saw start up before him, as from the very bowels of the earth, Anagnosti, his friend and his brother, whom he had left buried in the Bagnio, and for whose liberation, immersed as he was in business and intrigue, he had as yet made no effort, nor even entertained a thought. It was a severe rebuke to his neglect, but above all to his apostacy. Among his new associates, with whom he had disclaimed his country and his religion, and learnt to abuse the whole race of christian dogs, Anagnosti's undesired presence humbled and disgraced him, and he sought to avoid it, but in vain. Resentment of the neglect and the apostacy of his friend embittered the feelings of Anagnosti into rebuke; Anastasius, enraged at the invective, had mechanically drawn his handjar, (poniard) from his girdle; and Anagnosti rushed on its sharpened point, and buried it deeply in his side.

The death of Anagnosti is feelingly described, and Anastasius is made to feel the heavy hand of the Almighty upon him. He had abandoned his God, and lost his friend. He surrenders himself to the nearest court of justice for trial: when his innocence is asserted by the spectators, and the cadée acquits him: but not his conscience, which unceasingly upbraids him. He again resorts to the haunts of mirth and the society of the thoughtless for relief from these obtrusive reflections, and his purse begins to sympathize with the depression of his spirits. In this melancholy state, sauntering along the quay, he is recognized by an inhabitant of Chio, the captain of one of the vessels at anchor, who informs him of the events that had happened in his family; stating that his mother had died, and left her property to his eldest sister, and

advising him, in his quality as Moslemin, to try which could go the farthest, his mother's partiality or the law. He accordingly obtains the personal property from his sister, after having spent half of it in the difficulties of recovering it from the hands of the person with whom it had been deposited at Constantinople, and proceeds in a Greek vessel to Chio to enforce his title to her landed property. On this voyage, the vessel encounters one of those storms which rage with the wildest fury in the Archipelago, and which the author has described with much picturesque truth. Anastasius finds himself, soon after it abated, opposite the isle of Chio, and now revisits the spots that were endeared by the incidents of early life, all of which rush on his recollection in a throng of varied associations. The paternal mansion seemed to be solitude and desolation themselves; and, like Ulysses, his only welcome is from an aged dog, whom he had left nearly a whelp. He hears from an old man, however, who did not recognise him, the sort of reception which he was likely to experience from the surviving members of his family. By them he is repulsed with unfeeling harshness; and he rushes away from the house. Helena, too, was no more! She had survived the birth of her dead infant only a few hours.

He now repairs to Naxos, in order to obtain possession of his property from an uncle, (Marco Politi, whose character is humorously delineated,) who for twenty-five years had taken care to nurse it as his own. The terror of the Moslemin name influenced the primate to comply with demands which he knew not well how to evade; but Anastasius, after much bullying on his part, and a thousand quibbles on that of his uncle, when he had gotten all the concern into his hands, with all the vouchers and documents belonging to it, finds himself a loser by the bargain, for the whole was an inexplicable enigma:—a host of creditors urged their demands on the estate, for which he had made himself responsible; and at last, when he is worn out with perplexity, Marco, who watched his opportunity, offers to take the whole back again for a round sum. This proposition is adopted by our hero, who is glad to accept half the value of the property, which he puts into a bag, and departs.

In want of occupation, and without any precise aim, he embarks in a vessel of which the cruize round the circumjacent islands was to finish at Rhodes; and he contracts an intimacy at sea with Aly, a Tchawoosh (messenger) of the Capitan Pasha, of whom some amusing anecdotes are introduced, and who favours him with an account of his adventures.

Rhodes is painted with much strength and beauty of colouring. The taste of Anastasius for travelling is now fed by fresh excitement; and the conversation of Aly gives him a longing desire to visit Egypt, which is still more inflamed by hints from the same person respecting the advancement that might be expected in the land of the Mamelukes; as well as by a promise to introduce him to one of the rulers of that country, with strong recommendations of his fitness to enter into his service as a Mameluke. With these views, Anastasius proceeds on his voyage to Egypt, which is narrated with great minuteness and elegance; and he soon beholds the town of Alexandria, crowned with minarets and encircled by date-trees. Various adventures, characteristic of the manners and customs of the Alexandriotes, are well introduced; with an accurate description of the voyage from that city to Raschid, of which the verdant freshness, rising on the margin of a fine river, and embosomed in orange and date-trees, is forcibly contrasted with the yellow aridity of Alexandria. He next sails in a *maash* (a covered boat) up the Nile to Cairo; and a native of that city, during this voyage, gives him a sketch of the political events of Egypt. For this long but interesting recital, which lasts till they arrive at Cairo, and which abounds with information that is inaccessible to the general reader, and we believe is not to be acquired without a local acquaintance with the country, we must refer the curious on topics of this nature to the book itself.

The dexterity of Anastasius in martial exercises, and a little learning which he had acquired at Pera among the Franks, astonished the Turkish grandee, who could scarcely read; and who had always supposed that India was contiguous to England, and that Voltaire had been Pope of Rome, from their constant juxtaposition in the books of the missionaries. These qualities, and the recommendation which he carried, introduce our hero to the service of Suleiman, with whom he ingratiates himself, and whom he

cures of a violent fever by a dose of James's powders. In recompense of this lucky hit, Anastasius, under the Turkish name of Selim Aga, is made Mutezim, or proprietor of a district; and the Bey, teased to death with the jealousy and murmurings of the Mamelukes on this occasion, hurries off his favourite to his province, having added to it the more valuable post and higher dignity of Caïmakam (lieutenant-governor) of Samanhood.

The journey to the seat of government conveys much interesting information concerning the political state of the country, whose fate is to be the alternate victim of avowed rapacity or secret extortion. A thousand vexations make Anastasius anxious for a release from his office; and, being recalled sooner than he expected, he proceeds to Cairo in a state of dreadful uncertainty as to the causes of his disgrace: but his fears are agreeably dissipated by fresh marks of confidence from his patron, who offers him his youngest daughter, names him Kiacheff, and confides to him an intended plan for putting down some rival chiefs, who had assumed to themselves more than their share of the joint plunder of the country. His marriage is narrated in a manner skilfully descriptive of the several local ceremonies; and the usual preliminaries having been concluded before he could be indulged with a sight of the bride, he revolts from the little uninteresting being, who is neither ugly nor handsome, when she is first unveiled to his observation. A year convinces him that, instead of a mistress, he had obtained a master; and to the tyranny of a capricious, obstinate, and jealous female, he submits with as good a grace as possible, happy to set out on an annual visit to his province, where he riots in the luxury of receiving presents and imposing tributes.

He is scarcely seated in his new office, however, when he receives news of the alarming illness of his spouse; who, as he found on his arrival at Cairo, had already received her summons from the angel of Death. The expedition against the Beys is now resumed; and its various fortunes, with Anastasius's participation in them, are given in much detail. He at length determines secretly to withdraw from Egypt, his relish for the life of vicissitude and adventure in that country having been much damped by a series of no very agreeable occurrences; the principal being a famine,

then impending over that devoted land, which swept away its thousands, and was succeeded by the plague.

He visits Djedda, on the Red Sea, and thence repairs to Mecca, where he witnesses the arrival of the pilgrims after the long and fatiguing march of the caravans across the Desert. Having walked round the Kaaba seven times, kissed the black stone as often, and complied with other rites of indispensable necessity to the true believer, he proceeds with the caravan to Medinah, a more agreeable place; and at last, having survived the privations and accidents of the Desert, which carried off nearly a fourth of the party, he arrives at Damascus.

At Stamboul, Anastasius found that important revolutions had happened during his absence, and that his old patron Mavroyeni had wriggled himself into the governorship of Wallachia, the highest post that a Greek can obtain in the Turkish empire. Here, chance threw in his way one of the early friends of his youth, Spiridion; and the growth of this friendship, from its birth to its melancholy termination, ranks among the most beautiful descriptions in the work. To Anastasius he was the good genius, whose voice, had it been obeyed, would have reclaimed him from vice and wretchedness: but the sway which that amiable youth toiled unceasingly to retain over the passions of his companion was feeble and ineffectual, and the latter falls an unpitied victim.

The dissipations and follies of Anastasius shut the door and the heart of Mavrocordato (Spiridion's father) against him; and on the 20th of the Ramadan he finds himself with a tremendous appetite, and only five sequins in the world. In a rencontre, he kills a person who had insulted him, and throws the body over the wall of an adjoining cemetery. It then becomes advisable to decamp; and Spiridion pursues him in his flight, in order to unite his destinies to those of his friend, who was now an outcast and a wanderer. Much of the interest of the second volume is derived from the ardent, high-minded, and heroic Spiridion; of which, it is obvious, no portion can be imparted in a rapid outline, like the present.

Anastasius's interview with his brothers in his native isle, his conduct on that occasion, and the moral influence imperceptibly

but steadily exercised over him by the gentle and virtuous Spiridion, are eloquent passages, full of vigorous and embellished painting; and the transactions that happened during their sojourn at Chio, which terminated in the loss of that invaluable friend, are so beautifully and pathetically narrated, as to constitute the most interesting part of the story.

He now returns to the land of the Mamelukes, in the military service of the Capitan-Pasha, (who was pursuing the rebels of Upper Egypt,) in the place of captain of Dellis, who had been fortunately killed on the very morning of his arrival; and he enters with alacrity on the duties of his rank by pocketting the surplus of the pay, and selling the supernumerary rations. Marching on to Cairo, which he had left a Mameluke city, he finds it changed into a Turkish camp. His old patron and father-in-law, Sulciman, being on the side of the rebels, he attempts to take him prisoner, but succeeds only in carrying off his favourite Tootoondgee (hearer of the tobacco pouch;) a prize which was afterwards redeemed by a handjar studded with diamonds, and the Bey's order on Cairo for two thousand sequins.

Hassan, having reaped all that he expected in plunder and confiscation, patched up a treaty; and Anastasius, having repaired his shattered fortunes, returns in his suite to Constantinople. Spiridion, though parted from him for ever, had negotiated with the family of the person-whom he had killed. A war with Austria and Russia, in 1788, was declared; Wallachia was the seat of the first campaign; and, with powerful letters to Mavroyeni, our hero proceeds to that province, to which the journey is as usual described with much beauty of delineation, interspersed with curious anecdotes. Here Anastasius is appointed to the command of a corps of Arnaouts (Albanians,) and marches at their head to the eastern frontier, which borders on Moldavia, occupied by the Russians. The contest embraces a wide field of action and reflection, and is carried on with various success. The policy of the Sublime Porte,—the wretched and discordant materials which compose their armies,—and the intrigues and rapacity of those to whom the conduct of it was committed,—are sketched with a masterly hand, and with the faithfulness of authentic history.

After some intermediate wanderings and adventures, Anastásius is again at Constantinople, determined to act on the maxims of that philosophy which recommends every pleasure of life to be grasped and enjoyed, and to run down the stream of present prosperity with every sail expanded to the breeze. A short-hand marriage, called by the Turks Cabeen, which leaves each party at liberty whenever inclined to separate, is very agreeably interposed. He goes to Smyrna, on the invitation of a relative, who was desirous of having some branch of the family-stock to be his associate for the remnant of his days, on condition of being his heir at his decease: but, on his arrival, he finds his loving cousin gone to Trieste. For amusement, he forms an intrigue with Euphrosyne, in the mere heroism of vice; and, having enticed her from her friends, on whom she was dependent, he leaves her afterward to misery and want.

The narrative is pathetically told. "The lofty, the admired Euphrosyne, who on the morning might have beheld all Smyrna at her feet, saw herself at mid-day installed in the lodging of a roving adventurer, his avowed and public mistress!" Devoted to her seducer, without a home or a refuge, she was at last compelled to leave him, and died after the birth of her son Alexis, in wretchedness and solitude.

His next adventure is a predatory expedition to Bagdad: but his first experiment in his new vocation terminates in the unexpected discovery of a friend, the Swedish consul-general, at Smyrna, at whose feet he casts his plunder, is forgiven, and relieved. He then joins a caravan of Armenian merchants, and the scene successively shifts to Scandaroon and Aleppo; from which last place he sets out with a caravan for Bagdad, by the circuit of Moosool, instead of the Great Desert, and every day has an interesting adventure. At length he reaches that celebrated city, through a suburb of mud, and over a bridge of boats; exclaiming, "Is this the capital of Haroun al-Raschid; this the residence of Zobeïde; this the favourite scene of eastern romance? How fallen from its eastern splendour!" Achmet, once a groom in the Pasha of Bagdad's stable, governed, during the imbecility of his master, those vast provinces, and was at that time carrying on a war in the name of the Pasha, with a new set of heretics sprung up in

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the desert of Arabia, under the name of Wahabees; and we are presented with a sketch of the origin and progress of these powerful innovators. This tribe our hero afterwards resolves to join; and the occurrences of the journey across the Desert, towards the territory of the Wahabees,—his sojourn in a camp of the Bedouēns,—the beautiful description of the Samiel,—the fiery wind of the Desert,—and his residence at Derayah, the capital of the Wahabee tribe,—follow in an interesting succession: Here he marries the sister of a distinguished Arab, of whom he soon grows heartily tired, and with good reason. The manners, tenets, and policy of these lords of the Desert are amply described. Having lost his wife, his anxieties are directed towards his child; and, having become habituated to the Wahabees, he thinks of ending his days among them: but, being suspected of treachery, he falls into disgrace, and disdainfully leaves them. We next see him moving on a new but not very distant stage, with another Arab tribe, of whom a minute description ensues; and, two years after his departure from Bagdad, we find him at Acre. The rest of his journey to Constantinople we cannot follow. The romance is now drawing to its closing scene; and, soon after the discovery and loss of the interesting Alexis, the curtain drops on the frailties and struggles of Anastasius.

We have traced this sketch, not for the purpose of conveying to our readers any notion of the turns and vicissitudes of the story, but because we consider the work as no trifling accession to the literature of our country; and we were desirous of giving, as it were in a map, a slight view of the peregrinations and wanderings of the hero, in order to point out how prolific of curious knowledge, and interesting remark, a book of this character must necessarily be in the hands of a skilful and intelligent artist. We have not much room for extracts: but we have selected some passages, which will at the same time afford a specimen of the rare powers of the writer, and impart within a short compass no slight portion of authentic information on the topics which they illustrate.

We take first the following animated picture of the approach to Constantinople, as the vessel shot rapidly through the Propontis. The outline our readers may fill up, by turning to the

masterly picture of the same scenes by Gibbon (*Decline and Fall*, vol. ii. 410.) and the accurate dissertation of D'Anville on the Hellespont. (*Memoires de l'Acad. des Inscr. vol. xxviii.*)

"With eyes rivetted on the opening splendours, I watched as they rose out of the bosom of the surrounding waters, the pointed minarets, the swelling cupolus, and the innumerable habitations, which, either stretching away along the winding shore, reflected their image in the wave, or creeping up the steep sides of the mountain, traced their outline on the sky. At first agglomerated in a single confused mass, the lesser parts of this immense whole seemed, as we advanced, by degrees to unfold, to disengage themselves from each other, and to grow into various groups, divided by wide chasms and deep indentures—until at last the clusters, thus far distantly connected, became transformed as if by magic into three entirely different cities,* each individually of prodigious extent, and each separated from the others by a wide arm of that sea, whose silver tide encompassed their stupendous base, and made it rest half on Europe and half on Asia. Entranced by the magnificent spectacle, I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient fully to embrace its glories: I hardly retained power to breathe; and almost apprehended that in doing so, I might dispel the gorgeous vision, and find its whole vast fabric only a delusive dream!

We cannot omit the horrors of the Turkish Bagnio, (a prison) and every reader must acknowledge the skill with which its secrets are unfolded.

"The vast and high inclosure of the Bagnio, situated contiguously to the arsenal and the docks, contains a little world of its own, but a world of wailing! One part is tenanted by the prisoners made on board the enemy's ships, who, with an iron ring round their legs, await in this dismal repository their transference on board the Turkish fleet. This part may only be called a sort of purgatory. The other is hell in perfection. It is the larger division, filled with the natural subjects of the Grand Seignior, whom their real or supposed misdemeanors have brought to the abode of unavailing tears. Here are confined alike the ragged beggar urged by famine to steal a loaf, and the rich banker instigated by avarice to deny a deposit; the bandit who uses open violence, and the baker who employs false weights; the land robber and the pirate of the seas, the assassin and the cheat. Here, as in the infernal regions, are mingled natives of every country—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Gipsies; and are confound-

* Three entirely different Cities—namely, Constantinople, Galata, and Scutari.

ed with individuals of every creed—the Mahomedan, the Christian, the Hebrew, and the Heathen. Here the proud and the humble, the opulent and the necessitous, are reduced to the direst of equalities, the equality of torture. But I err: for should some hapless victim—perhaps guilty of no other crime but that of having excited the Sultan's cupidity, still wear on his first entrance the livery of better days, his more decent appearance will only expose him to harsher treatment. Loaded with the heaviest fetters, linked to the most loathsome of malefactors, he is compelled to purchase every alleviation of his burthen, every mitigation of his pain, at the most exorbitant price; until the total exhaustion of his slender store has acquired him the privilege of being at least on a level with the lowest of his fellow sufferers; and spared additional torments, no longer lucrative to their inflictors.

Every day a capital, fertile in crime, pours new offenders into this dread receptacle; and its high walls and deep recesses resound every instant with imprecations and curses, uttered in all the various idioms of the Othoman Empire. Deep moans and dismal yells leave not its dismal echoes a moment's repose. From morning until night, and from night until morning, the ear is stunned with the clang of chains, which the galley slaves drag about while confined in their cells, and which they still drag about when toiling at their tasks. Linked together two and two for life, should they sink under their sufferings, they still continue thus linked after the death of either; and the man doomed to live on, drags after him the corpse of his dead companion. In no direction can the eye escape the spectacle of atrocious punishments, and of indescribable agonies. Here perhaps you see a wretch whose stiffened limbs refuse their office, stop suddenly short in the midst of his labour, and, as if already impassable, defy the stripes that lay open his flesh, and wait in total immobility the last merciful blow that is to end his misery; while there, you view his companion foaming with rage and madness, turn against his own person his desperate hands, tear his clotted hair, rend his bleeding bosom, and dash to pieces his head against the wall of his dungeon.

The breaking out of the plague in the same place would aggravate its horrors, if they were susceptible of increase.

“The scourge had been expected for some time. By several of the prisoners had the frightful hag, its harbinger, been distinctly seen hovering with her bat's-wings over our drear abode, and with her hooked talons numbering one by one her intended but still unsuspecting victims. In the silence of the night she had been heard leisurely calling them by their names, knocking at

their several doors, and marking with livid spots the damp walls of their cells.*

"Nothing but the visitation of this destructive monster seemed wanting to complete the horrors which surrounded me: for if even, when only stalking forth among men free to fly from its approach, and to shrink from its contact, the gaunt spectre mows down whole nations like the ripe corn in the field, it may be imagined what havoc ensues when it is permitted to burst forth from the inmost bowels of hell, in the midst of wretches close-wedged in their dungeons, or linked together at their task, whom it must trample down to the last, ere it can find a vent in space. It is there that—with a focus of infection ready formed, a train of miasma ready laid on every side—though this prime minister of death strike at random, it never misses its aim, and its progress outstrips the quickness of lightning or of thought. It is there that even those who thus far retain full possession of health, already calculate the hours they still may live; that those who to day drag to their last abode their lifeless companions, to-morrow are laid beside them; and that those who are dying, make themselves pillows of the bodies not yet cold of those already dead. It is there that finally we may behold the grim destroyer, in one place awaited in gloomy silence, in another encountered with fell imprecations, here implored with anxious cries, there welcomed with eager thanks, and now perhaps received with convulsive laughter and mockery, by such as, trying to drink away its terrors, totter on the brink of the grave, from drunkenness as well as from disease.

A singular community of beggars is described with much humour and sententious gravity:

"There is, gentle reader, a district in the Morea, whose inhabitants are, to a man, beggars by profession. Every year, as soon as they have sown their fields, these industrious members of society abandon their villages until harvest time, and sally forth, on a begging circuit, through the different provinces of Roumili. The elders and chiefs of the community plan the rout, divide the provinces, and allot to each detachment its ground. They shorten or prolong their sojourn in the different places they visit, according as the mine of charity is rich, and has been more or less explored. Through wastes where little is to be gleaned large troops travel in close order, but on approaching fruitful districts the swarms again divide and spread. According to his peculiar talent, each individual undertakes the heart-rending tale of mental wo, or the disgusting display of bodily suffering. "His wife and children died of hunger by the road side, after being burnt out of

* This description of the plague is conformable to the form in which Greek superstition embodies that disease.

house and home,"—or, "he has an incurable leprosy in every joint;"—or, "he is actually giving up the ghost for want of a morsel of food!" Old traders, grown rich by their indigence, sell out to young beginners; and the children of the society remain in common, so that each female may in turns be provided with a pair of fatherless twins, to be duly pinched to tears, and made lustily to roar out whenever compassionate people are in sight. Unceasing warfare is kept up with interlopers from other quarters, who trespass on the domain of this regularly organized band. Among its members, a dislocated limb, or a disgusting disease, are esteemed peculiar blessings; an hereditary complaint is a sort of an estate, and if conspicuous, and such as to resist the officious remedies of the charitable, confers rank, and may be called a badge of nobility. But even those who have the misfortune to labour under the most incurable state of health and vigour, are dexterous, if not radically to correct this perverseness of nature, at least to remove its untoward external appearance. They excel in the manufacture of counterfeit wounds and mock disease; and the convulsions of a demoniac are graceful movements to their spontaneous fits.

A crowd of mournful reflections throngs on us, when we give way to the contemplations that are almost every where suggested by this book. Some of the provinces now governed or rather wasted by the Turk, particularly one country whose sweets are rifled by that cruel spoiler, were formerly the most favoured regions of the globe. Physically, they are still the most richly endowed; they still smile with all the prodigalities of nature;—diversified with beauteous landscapes, and blessed with a lenient climate and a teeming soil. Well might the father of poetry, as his eye glided over the prospects which laughed around him, exclaim,

Γελασσε δὲ πασα περιχθον.

Even now they present themselves to the external view in the unfaded charms of their first creation, as the visible world appeared to the glance of its great Architect,

"In prospect from His throne, how good, how fair,
Answering His great idea."

In a corner, as it were, of these regions, arose, the native of a rock, that beauteous commonwealth which, though so frequently endangered by the turbulence of demagogues, and at last over-

whelmed in ambitious conquests, still survived long enough to utter in her own immortal idiom those oracles of philosophy and freedom, which have outlived so many vicissitudes of opinion and so many revolutions of empire. Within the short space of an hundred years, (from the defeat of Xerxes to the time of Alexander) that bounded territory, as if to demonstrate the small extent of duration and of place into which almost all that ennobles and improves our species can be crowded, had produced the most shining lights of civil and ethical wisdom, of sculpture, poetry, eloquence and history; the most splendid ornaments of peace, and the most invincible leaders of war. Then grew up a language, of which the endless varieties, adapted to every emotion of man and every combination of thought, formed, if we may so speak, that music of the mind which swells to every tone of passion, or harmonizes with every precept of wisdom. Even now in its degraded Romaic, it still retains its expression and its energy. It is a lyre which is unstrung, and of which the master-hands are gone that once awakened it to melody, but still it sometimes murmurs a sweetness, which reminds us of what its power must have been from the lips of Pericles or the muse of Euripides. We must, however, restrain our indulgence of these reflections, for which we now have not room. Yet, if any occasion could ever make it pardonable to indulge them, surely it is the present. We do not recollect a work which more forcibly illustrates the vices of the Turkish government, and for that reason the contrast must be most powerfully impressed. As to its general merits, we need only farther say that, independently of the fiction, it is admirably executed. Whether such be the primary or the incidental purpose of it, certainly the crimes and deformities of the Turkish government, and the folly and mummerly of their religious ritual, are never absent from our eye. Probably, by those whose appetites for amusement are gratified with the food of our modern novels,—the parasitic fungus which decomposes the fibre of the mind of both sexes,—by such readers, the present tale may not be highly relished: for to be cheated even by a fiction into sound reflection, or useful instruction, is a fraud which they will not easily forgive. They may find out that it is full of historical research, and of political and moral reasoning, and they may there-

fore lay it aside;—but there are higher suffrages to gain, and this writer has well earned them. He will receive the thanks of the scholar, who values the purity and beauty of the English tongue: of those to whom information is amusement; and of all who are at the same time willing to augment their stock of innocent gratification, and to multiply their sources of liberal knowledge.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XII.—*A Manual of Chemistry; containing the principal facts of the Science arranged in the order in which they are discussed and illustrated in the Lectures at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.* By William Thomas Brande. London, 1819.

Since the commencement of chemical investigation there has been no period so distinguished as the present, for the number and industry of those who have devoted their time to the improvement of this useful science. Chemistry, which but a few years back, held such a subordinate rank among the natural sciences as scarcely to be considered an important species of knowledge, and, indeed, not affording sufficient matter for regular study, has now become so extensive in its application, by the vast improvements it has received, that not a year passes without producing numerous volumes, recording its rapid progress. During the last few years, chemistry has widely departed from that simplicity into which it was moulded, principally by the great Lavoisier, and which rendered a knowledge of it easily attainable. The curious and important discoveries that have distinguished the chemical philosophers of the present day, while they extended our views of the operations of nature and placed the science on a new foundation, have also, unfortunately, given rise to so many theories and incompatible doctrines, as to render the study far more unsatisfactory to its less devoted lovers, than it appeared to be in the dress with which Lavoisier, and some others, of his countrymen, had adorned it. The introduction also, of mathematical demonstration, which is now so much employed in chemistry has tended, in no small degree, to give it an austerity of

character and to remove it far beyond the reach of the desultory student. To this end, the ridiculous affectation of *learned* writers, desirous of displaying their accomplishments, has not been without its effect. We had despaired of seeing another work on chemistry, free from an obscure strain of incomprehensible pedantry, until we were relieved by the perusal of the volume before us. The author of it has undoubtedly acquitted himself very well in answering the expectations which the title of his work is calculated to inspire. In one octavo volume, bearing the modest title of "A Manual," he has conveyed, probably, quite as much useful information, as we could derive from the voluminous and complex "*system*" of Dr. Thompson.* But its chief excellence consists in the arrangement and perspicuity of language, which give it the preference over the generality of modern works as an introduction to the study of chemistry.

The plan which Mr. Brande has adopted of exemplifying his text by marginal wood cuts, adds considerably to the value of his work, and is much better calculated to facilitate the progress of the student, than the more expensive copperplates which figure at the conclusion of a volume, like the images of departed things.

With respect to that part of the "Manual" which is devoted to chemistry, strictly so called, we can only express an opinion of general approbation. The subject is not of the kind that would admit of those sallies of the pen, or a continued strain of elegant composition, from which the reviewer could extract a specimen of style. There is one opinion in these pages, however, in which we cannot agree with the author. Speaking of the nitrous oxide, a compound gas so celebrated for its exhilarating effects when inhaled, he says, that "it cannot be inhaled with impunity." Extensive experience warrants us in believing that our author is hasty in this assertion. In a great number of instances we have witnessed its effects, and in all, except two or three in which it did not appear to exert its influence at all, it was highly exhilarating and delightful, without, in any case producing a disagreeable symptom, either immediately or subsequently.

The latter part of the volume is appropriated to geology A

* See Port Folio, for May, 1819.

brief sketch is given of the principal points in the theories, or rather, hypotheses, of Burnet, Woodward, Liebnitz, Whiston, Whitehurst, and Buffon; the Wernerian and Huttonian doctrines are more dilated upon, especially the latter.

There is no branch of natural science which opens so wide a field of speculation as geology; indeed, it may be said to consist of hypothesis almost entirely. However, as an imperfect theory is better than none, geology with all its obscurities is not an unprofitable study.

Mr. Brande supports the Huttonian theory and with considerable ingenuity. Some of his attempts, however, to expose the operations of the secret hand of nature fall, in our opinion, far short of their object. In this we were not disappointed, notwithstanding the favourable impression that we had conceived of the author from his previous pages; for "who can descend into the depths of the sea, and measure the caverns thereof; or who can travel into the bowels of the earth, and consider its foundation?"

We extract a few paragraphs on the subject of the destruction of mountainous and rocky masses, which will afford our readers an opportunity of judging of the general merits of Mr. Brande as a writer, though they are not calculated to do him justice as a philosopher.

"Of columnar basalt, the British dominions present the noblest specimens in the known world. Upon the coast of Antrim, in Ireland, massive and columnar basalt is seen in all its varieties, the former abounding in deep and lofty caverns, the latter presenting various façades to the ocean. The Giant's Causeway consists of three piers of columns, which extend some hundred feet into the sea. It is surrounded by precipitous rocks, from 200 to 400 feet high, in which there are several striking assemblages of columns, some vertical, some bent or inclined, and some horizontal, and, as it were driven into the rock. Bengore, which bounds the Causeway on the east, consists of alternate ranges of tabular and massive, with columnar basalt. But amongst the various and grand objects on this coast, Pleskire is perhaps the most striking; it presents several colonnades of great height and regularity, separated from each other by tabular basalt; and at Fairhead there is a range of columns of from ten to twenty feet in diameter, and between 200 and 300 feet high, supported upon a steep declivity, and forming a terrace which towers nearly 600 feet upon the waves beneath. He who would really see the sublime, should visit this stupendous promontory.

"Another basaltic district, which I am inclined to regard as exceeding the former in magnificent peculiarity, is that which presents itself in sailing down Lock Nagaul in Mull, towards the Isle of Tirce. The coast of Mull upon the right and left, exhibits the step-like appearance of basaltic rocks in great perfection, and has five caverns and columns; the Islands of Ulva and Gometra rise with the abrupt and irregular precipices common to this formation. The Treshamish Isles exhibit columnar and massive basalt, and in this curious panorama, Staffa presents itself. The columns, which are from sixty to ninety feet high, are approached by a fine causeway rising gradually from the deep, and they appear to support an immense weight of tabular basalt. The pillars are perpendicular, inclined, and in places extremely curved; and in the cave of Fingal the ranges of columns extend, in long perspective, into the interior of the rock, presenting a scene of rich unrivalled grandeur, as hitherto to have foiled all attempts of the poet to describe, or the painter to represent.

"Every one who views the mountain's side strewed with immense blocks of materials transported from distant summits, and discovers the dells and vallies filled with fragments and pebbles of the neighbouring rocks, will allow that a constant system of disintegration and decay is here carrying on; but the geologist, not content with the mere observance of the fact, will endeavour to trace it to its source, and follow it up to its ultimate effect."

Let us follow the geologist.

"The change of temperature to which the earth's surface is constantly submitted, is one great cause of the slow destruction of its most solid and durable constituents; and when to this is added the gigantic powers with which water, in becoming ice, opposes the obstacles to its expansion, we have an agent nearly resistless. The fissures that occur between the blocks and masses of the granites, porphyries and similar rocks, become filled with water, which in the act of freezing, expands so as slowly to remove them from each other, their edges and angles become thus open to the attacks of the weather, and by a slow dislodgement they fall into the vallies or rivers; or are at once cast into the ocean.

"When the materials are of a more yielding and frangible texture, this destruction is proportionably rapid, and the *influence of the weather* upon slate mountains, is often such as to produce hills of fragments at their feet: the softer substance of the secondary and horizontal strata is, of course, yet more easily and quickly degraded." (p. 533.)

The first cause which is here assigned, of the destruction of large rocky masses, is the change of temperature to which the surface of the earth is exposed. If this changeableness of tem-

perature was productive of mischief to the rocks only by filling their cavities with water and afterwards freezing it so as to burst them by its expansion in the act of consolidating, we could understand the author's meaning by the "change of temperature;" but the words, "and when *to this is added* the gigantic powers with which water in becoming ice opposes, &c." we are at a loss to know in what manner the "change of temperature" can possibly affect a rock.

Nor do we think that the separation of masses of rock can be fairly attributed to the freezing of water in their cavities. In the first place, we deem it indispensable, that in most instances, water, to produce this effect, should be completely enclosed by solid matter. How could it obtain admission into such a cavity? It is well known that water will freeze in even weak vessels, open at the top, without bursting them. Secondly, the temperature, at a very few feet below the surface of the earth, is never sufficiently low to freeze water. The latter part of the paragraph, above quoted, appears to be quite unsatisfactory, and unphilosophical, without exposing any palpable handle to the critic.

"Masses of rock, thus loosed from their original beds, become new and powerful instruments of destruction; they roll down the precipices, wearing themselves and the surface that bears them, and if near the sea, or *carried thither by rivers*, they become "a part of the mighty artillery with which the ocean assails the bulwarks of the land;" they are impelled against the coasts, from which they break off other fragments; and the whole *thus ground against each other*, whatever be their hardness, are reduced to gravel, the smooth surface and wounded masses of which are convincing proof of the manner in which it was formed."

"It is by operations of this kind, not performed in a day, but in ages, that nature has indented and carved out the earth's surface; that the rivers seem to have cut their own beds, &c." (p. 534.)

Now, we are rather inclined to think that operations of this kind would tend to fill up the carvings out of the earth's surface, and level all her prominences and declivities instead of producing them.

Here philosophy seems to have taken flight, and left our author at the sport of wayward fancy. What! a fragment of rock so large and heavy as to mark its destructive career from a lofty summit with violence to the "mountain side that bears it," to be carried by a river to the sea, and there, like a floating battery,

to "assail the land!" Alas! why did not our author refer to his own tables of specific gravity with which his book is graced, before he thought of rocks, "borne on the bosom of the vasty deep?"

T. M. H.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XIII.—*Letters on the Eastern States.* New York. Kirk and Mercein, 1820. pp. 356.

It is evident that a spirit of a more national kind has arisen among our countrymen, since the late war. They feel that they stand on more elevated ground than they had occupied immediately before that event. Our government and laws have acquired a character of durability by time and by triumph over difficulty and danger. Our naval and military achievements commanded respect where argument failed in producing conviction. At home, our numbers and resources are now such as to render us independent in all essential matters, of the portentous vicissitudes to which other portions of the globe are exposed. This spirit begins to display itself in our literature, which improves slowly, but, we hope, surely; notwithstanding the pressure of circumstances which are calculated in various ways to check its efforts and retard its complete development. We begin to have writers, like the author of these Letters, who devote their leisure to the observation of the moral qualities of our nation, and to depict us in something more like the colours of truth than we have been accustomed to find in the romantic delineations of the French, of former times, or the libels of English travellers, of a recent period.

The mischief which resulted from the reports to which we have just alluded, was more extensive than at first view might be apprehended. When we reflect upon the eagerness with which they were received in Great Britain, the stupid credulity with which they were believed, and quoted in newspapers, magazines, and even in learned Reviews, conducted by those who held the wand of Prospero over public opinion, we may form some estimate of the injury they have effected. Hence arises a serious duty on our part to cherish those writers who undertake to disseminate just views. No argument was ever aided by retort, and recrimination is as unmanly as it is inefficient. It is more like the bitterness

of personal controversy than the vindication which springs from an enlarged and liberal mind. We should deprive our enemies abroad of the only excuse that can mitigate our reprehension of their conduct, that if they erred in their opinions of us they did it for want of better means of information; and that we could not blame them for trusting to false guides when we ourselves were either incapable or too indolent to supply them with what is authentic. They will certainly judge differently when they pause and reflect upon such considerations as are stated in the conclusion of the letter on politics in this collection. We quote the passage, because we think no American can read it without feeling an emotion of just pride that he is a citizen of such a country.

“When to our civil and political advantages, we add the benefits we owe to our extensive limits, that our country comprises every climate, from that in which Alpine plants may be found on the tide water, to one which ripens the sugar cane; that all the productions between these extremes may be cultivated freely and exchanged without restriction, and that the industry of man, spread over such a large portion of the earth, will at no distant period supply every want: while this industry existing under one banner, fettered by no custom-house impediments or restrictions, is enabled, by every where directing its efforts after the most beneficial manner, to throw the vast capabilities of this immense territory into one common stock, how incalculable the amount of prosperity that will be created! When we consider that enterprise is unbounded, and constantly excited by successful examples, that property is secure, the person protected, and opinion without arbitrary control; that the restless may go when and where they will, and every man in the pursuit of fame, fortune or amusement, may range unquestioned throughout these wide domains, what a prospective accumulation of glory, happiness and power is here displayed!”

And again, in the same letter:

“It is natural that the citizens of such a nation should exult in their national character. It is impossible that men who are reared in a country, governed on more elevated principles than any other; one which supposes a higher degree of virtue and intelligence in its inhabitants; where every man may enjoy not only civil liberty, but the highest political immunities,—where there is no titular inferiority, and no exclusive privileges; where talent and virtue are the only honourable distinctions, and open the way to the highest magistracy, it is impossible such men should not be proud, and glory in the character of republicans. The vulgar and the insolent will be apt to show this offensively to other nations; but the man of education, who knows how to reconcile the esteem of

others with self respect, while careful not to offend foreigners with arrogance or vanity, and allowing them all the advantages resulting from a high degree of polished refinement, and the establishment of many time-honoured institutions, will still secretly feel that his national condition is the noblest in the world."

In Letter V. we have an interesting sketch of the state of literature in New England, and the discouragements under which it labours. The efforts which have been made in Boston of late years are highly honourable to the liberal spirit and good sense of its inhabitants. With such rivalry, Philadelphia must yield the proud title which she has borne, or rouse from the withering lethargy in which she slumbers. Young gentlemen of fortune, in the Eastern metropolis, know very little of the perfumes in the shop of a man-milliner, and they are reasonably indifferent about the fashion of a doublet. They are impressed with a proper sense of their duty as members of a civil community, and every one feels a concern in the fame and fate of his country. They encourage the arts and sciences by patronage and by example, and they are thus making Boston in our hemisphere what Edinburgh is to the British Isles. Their literary Journal, though it has sometimes suffered from incapable hands, must soon assume an exalted station under the auspices of a gentleman whose various qualities are admirably fitted for this employment, while they present a combination of talents surpassing any thing that has been exhibited in the brief annals of our literature, in the person of any individual.

In the following passages our literary pretensions are fairly stated; and if any reader should feel humbled by the picture, we exhort him to exert himself in rendering the colours more brilliant to the future limner.

"We have been, and still are much more in the habit of reading books, than making them; still, the number we have produced is greater than most persons would suppose, or than might have been expected under our circumstances. The earliest efforts were some small descriptive works, printed in England, written soon after the first settlement of the country, and which are by no means deficient in interest to those who are fond of investigating our early history. Next, come sermons, religious controversy, and metaphysical religion, spread into bewildering subtleties, or abstruse, incomprehensible doctrines,—sad trash, of which hardly a single volume has now any value. This class of books has al-

ways, and does still, form the largest in our productions; but its relative magnitude is daily lessening, and its merit increasing. Polemical religion is not much to the taste of the day; and a religious disputant can gain but few readers, and still fewer admirers. If a man is affected with this mania, the best cure for him, without taking the thousands of folios that crowd some of the theological libraries of Europe, would be to show him the collection of what has been done here; how little the cause of truth has been served by this kind of strife, and how worthless are all these dingy volumes. Some of our public libraries, in order to make their collection complete, have copies of them all, which are nowhere else to be found; for most of these works, like the Vicar of Wakefield's Treatise on Monogamy, became scarce even in the life-time of their authors. But the same improvement has taken place in this, as in other branches of our literature. We have had some sermons published within a few years, that will be always read with pleasure.

"The next class in point of number, and the first in value, have been journals, histories, and biography;—with the aid of these, we have a very complete chronology, from the earliest settlement of the country, and a tolerable account of the principal individuals who are connected with our history. The constant Indian wars, and the hostilities with the French, form the themes of many narratives. Biography of the governors, of men who distinguished themselves in the border wars, of clergymen who were remarkable for their learning or influence, are the chief subjects. Most of these works we owe to clergymen, who were for some generations the only professional men possessed of respectability and talents. It is only during the two last generations that physicians and lawyers have been men of learning and celebrity. Next comes poetry, and miscellaneous works in the belles-lettres; religion or politics have been the prevailing motives of the former. Connecticut has been the principal nursery of this species of talent. Many of these productions are respectable, and certainly as worthy of preservation as the works of several of the minor poets, who are enrolled in English collections of poetry. But none of it is of the first class, and therefore a very lasting reputation cannot be founded upon it; for mediocrity in poetry is like staleness in champagne; and we have it on very ancient and very decisive authority, that neither gods nor men will tolerate indifferent poetry. Still, I believe the productions of some of these writers will form part of future collections of American poetry,—partly as early specimens, partly, because there was a good deal of patriotic and ardent feeling in the writers, that made them very popular at the time,—and because, if not very brilliant, the versification was flowing and correct.

"I have not noticed political writings, but these have been very abundant. The Revolution, the adoption of the Federal Consti-

tution, and the parties that grew up under it, have furnished innumerable pamphlets, and some solid volumes. By far the greater number of these were ephemeral, and can now only be met with on the shelves of collectors: they were too often written with all the bitterness and prejudice of party spirit, and were forgotten with the temporary purpose they were meant to answer. But there are some honourable exceptions, and this period has furnished some treatises that will enter into the studies of all future statesmen. The Defence of the American Constitutions, and the Federalist, will certainly be of this description.

"I have omitted, in the account of our reading, to mention newspapers:—these are so numerous, so cheap and so miscellaneous, that they are dispersed every where. Upwards of a dozen are published in Boston, two in Salem, Portsmouth, Portland, Hallowell, Providence, Hartford, New-Haven, &c.—and almost every county has one. They carry their various topics into every dwelling; each political party has its own, and whatever taste becomes considerably spread, soon has a printer to purvey for it. Thus, there is one of these papers that espouses the cause of masonry, another that gives an account of religious missions, revivals, &c. Every body reads newspapers;—the market-man, riding home in his cart, will be often seen poring over their pages;—they are found, not only in every inn, as in England, but in almost every farmer's house. All read; all get a smattering of the events as they pass,—and many acquire an idle, desultory habit, from going over the strange medley of these endless gazettes, that incapacitates them from pursuing a steady and solid course of reading.

"The discouragements to which our literature is exposed, have been well pointed out;—I will touch for a moment on a few of them. The greatest, and the most obvious, was the constant supply of very superior articles, to use the language of trade, from England. In this, as in coarser branches of manufacture, it was almost in vain to enter into competition. Her scholars were already made, and supplied with every advantage for their labours. Her literary capital was great; her taste and learning long matured, and in every thing of a finer texture she could furnish us better and cheaper than we did ourselves. Still, every people must have something peculiar in their situation, and learn to prepare for themselves what this peculiarity renders necessary, and also such things, the want of which is constantly occurring. We soon ceased to import horse-shoes and almanacs. As one of the earliest manufactures we possessed was that of thread-lace, so one of the first productions of our literature was poetry. This particularly flourished about the time we became a nation. As we could not expect our enemies to prepare patriotic verses for us, we were obliged to make them for ourselves. In this fervid era, enthusiasm naturally led to the production of poetry, and more

considerable works were undertaken under that excitement, than we have produced since. In the mean time, skill and capital, to continue this borrowed phraseology, have both been accumulating, and there are some branches where the wants of the country are now in a great degree, and soon will be entirely, supplied at home. Such, for instance, as law, medicine, theology, politics, domestic biography, and history. Several of the sciences are beginning to show specimens of our acquirements, which are both elegant and profound, and the prospect of a rapid growth of our literary reputation is extremely animating.

“ Besides the discouragement to labour in the field of literature, here produced by the great superiority of those who cultivated it in England, and whose works, from being in the same language, were equally accessible to us as to them; another disadvantage arose from the want of wealth and leisure, or in other words, from the necessity and benefit of devoting all our faculties to more material pursuits. The forests were to be prostrated, the land tilled, the sea navigated. There was little superfluous wealth amassed; almost every man's existence depended upon his labour, and those who were exempt from this necessity, were obliged to devote themselves to the various cares of regulating and administering the concerns of society; for which employment, honour was the chief recompense, as their fellow citizens could not or would not pay those who served them. Thus, in labouring for his family or the public, every man's exertions were needed, and till a recent period, every thing that was written among us, was produced by magistrates and clergymen, in those gleanings of time which they could make from their professional vocations. Very profound researches, or very finished disquisitions, could not be looked for under these circumstances. The works that were written were for local and temporary purposes, or they were narratives of events, furnishing invaluable documents to future historians.

“ The scattered position of our population, and the want of large towns, was an obstruction. The urbanity, the atticism, or by whatever name that tone of good taste may be called, which can never harmonize with rusticity or vulgarity, cannot exist unless formed by the concentration of large cities. Without a metropolis, where individual prejudice and conceit will be confounded and put down by the collision of equal or superior minds, there will be always a provincial air discoverable in all works of literature, that will disqualify them for general circulation. They exhibit a sort of dialect of ideas, as well as of words, of which the former is much more intolerable than the latter. In England and France there are works published every year in the provinces that exemplify this defect, and which never get beyond their own vicinity. This state of things, from which we are beginning to emerge, produced its natural effect. We had no large towns, where, out of the con-

gregation of opinions, every defect and every beauty was sure to be remarked, and another thus enabled to form a correct model. Our seminaries were rather for the instruction of boys than men; there were no more persons employed in them than was necessary for the former purpose; and as there were no matured minds residing at them, engaged in the pursuit of the higher branches of study, even the limited competency of collegiate society was wanting in the formation of a pure taste. In every department of the belles-lettres, particularly those which partake of satire and sportive wit, this would be most strongly shown. The productions of Connecticut furnish a striking example of this, not only because they were most numerous, but because the influence alluded to was wholly wanting. They exhibited strong, acute, and witty minds, which if they had breathed any other atmosphere than that of a village, might have formed accomplished writers. The people of these states have a strong love and perception of humour, but it is clothed in a rustic dress. The equality of condition carries this style of humour among men of all professions, and these writers in question imbibed its rusticity, often yielding to it against even their better judgment, that their writings might be more easily relished by those immediately about them. The consequence has been, that even genuine wit was degraded by its associations, till it became maukish to a correct taste. Their sweetness resembles more the flavor of that popular commodity of which we annually drain the West Indies, than the honey of Mount Hymettus. The productions of minds fraught with classic images, were adapted to village comprehension; their Apollo was the god in exile and disguise, tending the flocks of Admetus in Thessaly, playing with the reed of Pan to shepherds and cottagers, and striking the lyre to the listening Muses and Graces on Parnassus."

"One of the most serious discouragements to American authors; one that meets them in the very threshold, arises from the peculiar circumstances of the book trade; some of these—for instance, the difficulty of transmitting books in small parcels to great distances, which is a serious obstacle, will be gradually obviated, as the means of transportation and communication are daily improving. But the main evil will be of longer continuance; the publishing booksellers of the United States are the natural enemies of our own authors; they, whose intervention is a matter of necessity, either refuse it altogether, or offer it with reluctance, and as a favour. I do not know that they can be blamed for consulting their own interest, except it be by the non-descripts, who do not follow the same rule. It is nevertheless a check to the enterprise of literary men, who can now hardly get a book printed unless they will sell it themselves; and they cannot be authors, except gratuitously, unless they will be booksellers also; those who are best qualified for the latter occupation, are not always the most com-

petent to the former. The two, however, are frequently united. The publishers in the United States obtain the productions of the English press for nothing; every book printed in that country is a *wais* to them, which they greedily take into possession. The author is in this case paid nothing; the bookseller and printer profit by his wits. An American author must be paid for the oil he has consumed, but the bookseller would not give him the value of the trimmings of his lamp:—Why should he? He can derive more by the republication of foreign literature. The public also connive at this proscription of domestic talent, partly from habit, partly from interest; since if the author receives any thing for his labours, American books must be dearer than foreign ones, on which the publisher modestly takes for his share, as an importer, only part of what would be paid to the author.

“ We have indeed no poet like Byron, or novelist like Scott and Edgeworth; would to heaven we had! but we might furnish works superior to many that are reprinted here, and circulated with all the industry of trade. Much of what is republished is miserable. But I may cite to you a case which will exemplify the whole of this evil. Some years since a bookseller got the earliest copy of one of those villanous libels, that have been written against this country, in the form of travels; it was a sorry production; it was foreign, however, and therefore printed and circulated. It so happened, that a clergyman of this state, who had recently travelled over the same ground, published a well written tour, which, however, contained nothing libellous;—it would not sell. I recollect seeing in a periodical publication, a short notice from him of these circumstances, expressed in terms rather of regret than anger, and which terminated with this apposite description of American patronage; *Alienos fovens, sui negligens*. This evil will be slowly corrected by public feeling, and we may look forward to the time when foreign works of merit only will be reprinted, and when a domestic production of equal goodness will have the preference over a foreign one, from this very circumstance; but this period has not yet arrived.

“ Literature is discouraged by the present state of patronage, which is not commensurate with our means. Patronage formerly meant an arrogant gratuity, bestowed by rank and wealth on the labours of genius, to gratify ostentation or secure fame, by having their names held up in a dedication. But the condition of authors is ameliorated; a dedication is now a mark of friendship, not of subserviency; the individual largess is changed into public contribution. The number of readers, from the wide diffusion of education, now contributes the most effective patronage. It is this kind of support which is wanting, not from deficiency of means, but from want of consideration. There is many a person among us whose cellar is worth a thousand dollars, but whose library would not bring a hundred. Do not think for a moment

that I would disparage the value of wine, particularly that true Falernian, that is sent to double the Cape of Good Hope. I have read too much of Anacreon and Horace to be guilty of that heresy; on the contrary, I hold its limited consumption to be one of the ablest supporters of sound learning. But I mean, that we have the ability to encourage literature, by buying books to the full extent, which is necessary to cherish our growing literature. A very few dollars a year would purchase a copy of every American work, and the money so employed is not thrown away; even if the purchaser does not read them, they will commonly sell for what they cost. It is a want of reflection on its advantages, that prevents many persons, who have a patriotic feeling for every thing that concerns the honour of their country, from this slight contribution; which paid by many, amounts to an ample aggregate. Persons who can easily afford the purchase, should feel something like shame at borrowing a book which they may obtain at any book-store, and thus reward the talents of their countrymen. If the importance of this were fully understood, there are many more individuals than now practise it, who would give directions to their bookseller to send them a copy of every American work of merit, as soon as it appeared. Many scientific and learned men would then be encouraged to pursue labours, which are now too often unrewarded. There are men who borrow a book, which they can obtain at any bookseller's, who would despise a similar meanness in any thing else. This topic recalls a remark of a distinguished individual, which will fully illustrate it. Being engaged one day in conversation with three or four gentlemen, they urged him to remain, when he proposed leaving them; his answer was, that he could not. "I must go down to Wells's, he has advertised some new and valuable books this morning, and I must buy them for some of my rich parishioners, who will want to borrow them."

There is so much pleasantry in the following remarks on the architecture of Philadelphia, that we are tempted to transcribe them; at the same time we must say that the author has not done justice to the singular neatness and taste of many of our dwelling houses. We once heard a fine declamation, for we cannot call it a sermon, in a sister city, the main object of which seemed to be to persuade the congregation that Trinity Church ought to promote the erection of handsome edifices for public worship. The only house of this description in Philadelphia, in the construction of which the laws of taste have been consulted, stands in Market Street. A view of this edifice is given in the present Number.

"It was remarked by a distinguished individual, many years since, 'that the genius of architecture seemed to have shed his

malediction over our country.' Some buildings have been erected within a later period, which prove that the spell may be broken. Our progress has been from wood to brick, from brick to marble and granite. In Baltimore and New York, the churches are the handsomest buildings,—in Philadelphia, the banks. There is one building for this purpose in the latter city, which you well know is admitted to be the most beautiful edifice in this country, and there are two or three others that are worthy of observation; but the churches are remarkably plain and mean. This led to the remark by the lady of a foreign minister, "that it was easy to perceive what deity the Philadelphians worshipped, by the temples they erected to him; their temples of mammon were the most splendid in the United States, their churches the meanest." It may weaken the pungency of this sarcasm to observe, that this state of their churches was owing to the strong predominance of Quakerism, one of whose whims it is to proscribe every thing elegant, variegated, or majestic; and this principle, which is carried to a singular degree of perfection in their meeting-houses, had its influence over other sects, especially when their relative numbers were very different from what they are at present. We can boast of nothing equal to the buildings alluded to, but we have made one step in the progress of improvement;—we are getting rid of our wooden edition of edifices, and constructing them of brick or stone. The latter, particularly, is getting more and more into use, and our future buildings will present at least one requisite, the appearance of solidity, in which they have hitherto been lamentably deficient.

The Letter on the "Character and Condition of Women," is full of interest; although the author confesses that it has not been his good fortune to be placed in those circumstances which enable a man to acquire a very intimate insight into female character. By this periphrasis our fair readers may conjecture that we intend to describe one of those troublesome creatures called *celibataires*, who are formed out of worn out dandies, and distinguished chiefly by their whims and crabbedness. In this class, indeed, we fear the present writer is to be ranked, although we have not detected in his pages, either of those marks by which we have just ventured to distinguish a bachelor. He does not pretend to institute a comparison between the condition of the sex here and in other countries. From their situation in every nation, he very properly infers the character of the stronger sex; and this remark is equally true of the domestic fire-side. Where women are degraded, we are sure to find great imperfection in the characters of their lords

while from generous and intelligent men they receive that protection, deference and kindness, to which they are so eminently entitled by their generous sympathy, their ardent affection, their unyielding fortitude, and their superior virtue. To the perverted condition of their women, is ascribed the decrepitude of Italy, although the people are more than ordinarily gifted with those qualities which adorn our nature. So too in France, where they are treated as mere objects of amusement, we look in vain for those steady principles which constitute individual happiness and national prosperity. The opposite side of the channel presents a better state of society, but even there it is averred, that the situation of women is not what it should be. Drunkenness is represented as a source of daily wretchedness in the lowest ranks, "the men spending a large portion of their earnings in a stupifying habit of passing hours or even days together in their alehouses, smoking and drinking strong beer. The wife is in the mean time struggling hard to keep herself and children, with the simplest necessaries of life." p. 176. In the other extreme of English society the author does not find the most purity of sentiment. With the consciousness of exalted rank and boundless wealth, men are too apt to neglect the graces, and become turbulent and tyrannical. They indulge in profligate habits, which are altogether at variance with the regularity of domestic life; and the pleadings of the most popular British and Irish advocates too loudly proclaim the consequences—"the female is exposed either to the dreary blank of slighted affection, or to the sad alternative of bestowing them criminally." p. 176.

"Take the condition of women among us throughout," says this writer, "comprehending all classes; and through their whole career, from infancy to age, I need not fear contradiction in saying, that it is the most fortunate in the world. There are in other countries a few who are artificially elevated; who have more power; and if power forms happiness, why then more happiness than any females in our country. In some nations, women who possess great attractions and accomplishments, are vastly more caressed and flattered for a period of their lives, than any of their sex are here; but they are afterwards often treated with the most mortifying neglect, which is embittered by the recollection of former attentions. But if there are none so high, there are none so low, as the thousands who are found on the other side of the Atlantic.

No such figures as the streets, the markets, and the fields present in Europe, are to be seen here at all."

The labours of our women are almost wholly confined to domestic duties. In the neighbourhood of large cities some of them attend the markets, and occasionally, in a busy season, they participate in the lighter toils of husbandry. But nothing of the beast-like drudgery, to which they are exposed in Europe, is expected from them here. A man who would doom the females of his family to such a servitude, must show the most urgent necessity, to preserve him from the scorn and detestation of our rudest boors. Another circumstance in their favour, which the author does not fail to indicate, is the prospect of emerging from a state of insignificance and poverty, to comparative consequence and ease. They stimulate the ambition of their husbands, encourage them in habits of frugality, and contrive to give some sort of education to their children, for which they are certain of being amply repaid. We could easily point to wealthy merchants and eminent professional men, who are indebted chiefly to the prudent care of such mothers for their consequence.

Among us, women in every condition, receive some education. Men feel and acknowledge the importance of teaching them to think. It is no longer dreaded that a little knowledge of Latin will convert them into pedants, or that chemistry will endanger the culinary department. They can patch and mend while they meditate on the stars, and scan the merits of one of Sir Walter Scott's productions as they sit round a quilting frame.

"The advantages of giving a superior education to women, are not confined to themselves, but have a salutary influence on our sex. The fear, that increased instruction will render them incompetent or neglectful in domestic life, is absurd in theory, and completely destroyed by facts. Women, as well as men, when once established in life, know that there is an end of trifling; its solitudes and duties multiply upon them equally fast; the former are apt to feel them much more keenly, and too frequently abandon all previous acquirements, to devote themselves wholly to these. But if your sex have cultivated and refined minds, mine must meet them from shame, if not from sympathy. If a man finds that his wife is not a mere nurse or housekeeper; that she can, when the occupations of the day are over, enliven a winter's evening; that she can converse on the usual topics of literature, and enjoy the pleasures of superior conversation, or the reading of a

valuable book, he must have a perverted taste, indeed, if it does not make home still dearer." p. 188.

The manners of our women in the leading ranks are described as gentle, refined, simple and affectionate; less artificial than those of the French and not so bold as those of the English. The author thinks that the Americans would more easily assimilate with the former than the latter. He observes a much greater mixture of foreign manners in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore than in Boston, and in the important article of dress, he asserts that the ladies of the first mentioned cities display more taste than those of the last. "It is generally admitted," he says, "that women dress better in Philadelphia than in any other of our cities." An Englishman, whose account of the ladies of this city was published, lately, in Phillips' *Monthly Magazine*, represented them as not wearing stockings, except when they went to a ball; and this ridiculous story was very gravely swallowed by the gullible Mr. Bull. There is more truth in the following passage from the letter already quoted: "In Philadelphia and New York, there is sometimes seen a decided, avowed intention at display, and a confidence in aiming to be conspicuous, in young girls, which is any thing but engaging. At a ball, or in a large assembly, they talk and laugh loud and get a circle round them; and the ambition to be what is called a dashing belle, leads to the very confines of romping." It should have been added that such improprieties are usually confined to very young girls; and to those silly ones who rely upon the factitious advantages of wealth and beauty. Moreover, they are scarcely ever observed but among the daughters of the *novi homines*, who, not having had the advantages of good breeding themselves, scarcely know how to communicate them to their children. These giddy creatures flutter their hours away to the vast amazement of a cluster of dandies, and at length fall a prey to some designing calculator, who imagines that all the goods of life are comprised in a genteel "establishment;" while the fond parent is delighted in the reflection that his daughter has formed so eligible a connection with a family "who keep the best society," and are "the first people in the city."

The writer of these Letters treats of Funeral Ceremonies, Religion, Commerce, Fine Arts, Agriculture, Manufactures, Admi-
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nistrations of different States, Indians, Scenery and Climate, Harvard University, the town of Boston, and the genius and character of its inhabitants. Throughout his unassuming volume the reader will find sensible observations and interesting facts, from which he may derive both pleasure and information. It is written in a strain of perfect candour and kindness, and he seems to have carefully avoided those topics which are so apt to excite the feelings of the bigot, and the passions of the partizan.

ART. XIV.—*The Book of Psalms*; translated from the Hebrew: with Notes, Explanatory and Critical. By Samuel Horsley, LL.D. F.R.S. F.A.S. late Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 334 and 325. Price 1*l.* 12*s.* Rivingtons. 1815.

MAN is a paradox: but some of the species furnish examples of this trite saying more than ordinarily striking and instructive. In this peculiar class of men, none will hesitate to assign an eminent station to Bishop Horsley. His Herculean talents found their balance in an equal weight of pride, self-confidence, and defiance. Among the numerous streams which diverge from the fountain of all knowledge, he selected the widest and the deepest, the great rivers of the intellectual domain: and of these, spurning all consideration of their magnitude, their difficulty, or their remoteness from each other, he did not taste only but he drank largely and deeply. He was a theologian, (—which, alas! cannot be affirmed of every mitred head,—) a mathematician, a philosopher, a philologist, a critic, a lawyer, and a statesman; and, in each of these characters, he courted all kinds of competition, he shrunk from no man's rivalry, and he never relinquished a claim which he had once advanced.

But we have now to do with this distinguished person in his proper province, as a Divine, and a Scripture critic. Here, though in the very temple of the Deity, he never "put off the shoes from his feet," he never divested himself of his lofty character. Stern, bold, clear, and brilliant, often eloquent, sometimes argumentative, always original,—he was too often led, by his disdain of what is common, into hazardous speculations and hasty conclusions, and not infrequently into confident assertions of de-

bious and paradoxical points. It is but too plain that, under the influence, perhaps unconscious, of his hierarchical prejudices, he has a perpetual propensity to fill up the chasms of proof with the perishable material of human authority. He seems to have always taken it as an axiom,—at least a position which no man but himself was entitled to question,—that weak evidence could be helped out by ecclesiastical decision, and that the strongest was defective if it wanted that corroboration. It is a painful feeling, but it is what the serious Christian cannot escape in contemplating the character, and reading the divinity works of Bishop Horsley, that spiritual and practical Christianity was a less object in his esteem than the pomp and majesty of a secularized religion, lifting, as Mr. Burke said, ‘its mitred front in courts and parliaments;’ and that the Gospel of Jesus was more an arena for the display of polemical eye and nerve, than a provision of rest to the weary soul, a source of pardon and holiness to the contrite heart. We read him with interest ever new, we look up with wonder to his colossal genius,—we always admire, and we often approve: but, when we have closed the book, ‘the iron enters into our soul,’ and the sentiment irresistibly occurs which melted into tears the Benevolent Redeemer,—“If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace!”—

Several years have elapsed since the Bishop’s posthumous papers were announced as containing ‘a mass of more important biblical criticism and research, than has for many years made its appearance from the press.’* Of these papers, the present work on the Psalms is the first that is given to the world. It is remarkable that the Editor, (Mr. Heneage Horsley, of Dundee, the Bishop’s son,) in his former notice, described this work as ‘being more calculated for the use of the scholar and the theological student, than for the libraries of the generality of readers;’† but now he gives his opinion that—‘the work seems to have been intended for the edification of the Christian reader in his closet,’ *Pref.* p. vii. These two accounts, if taken in the common acceptance of terms, do not quite agree.

* *Pref.* to Bp. Horsley’s *Sermons*, vol. I. p. iv. † *Ibid.*

'The *Psalms*, being all poems, and the original composition of them in the metrical form, the Bishop hath adhered to the hemistichal division; and the translation, in most parts, is so close, as to exhibit to the English reader the structure of the original.' *Pref.* p. viii.

This alleged closeness of the version must be understood *ex-hypothesi*. Grant to the translator his notions of the meaning and constructive application of the terms, and his translation may be allowed to be literal. But in few of the labours of learned industry is there more need of a cautious judgment, and of strict rules of proceeding, than in the translation and interpretation of the Old Testament Scriptures. The natural character which belongs to the structure of the Hebrew language, and the simplicity of its idioms, make the work of translation apparently easy: but, the paucity of terms, rendering necessary in many instances a large diversity of significations; the loss of many radicals, of which one or two derivatives only exist; and the number of words occurring but two or three times in the whole range of the Hebrew writings, create immense difficulties to those students who wish to stand on solid ground in the interpretation of the Divine Oracles. The Jews of the middle ages, and their modern successors, furnish a very questionable sort of aid; and the Hebraicians, at the revival of letters, and during the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries, were contented to rest principally on this aid in the compilation of their lexicons and in their Bible translations: but the extreme puerility of most of the Rabbinical writers, their being totally devoid of taste, their want of just principles of philology, their general ignorance, and their antichristian prejudices, render them frequently false guides, and never to be implicitly trusted.

Perceiving these evils, some later scholars have invented a new method. They have assumed for the Hebrew tongue, *as existing in the Old Testament*, a sort of perfection peculiar to itself, and unsupported by any evidence from reason, from the nature of the case, or from the analogy of other languages. They regard it as *self-interpretative*: that is, that all the philological learning necessary for the perfect understanding and explication of every word and phrase in the Old Testament, is contained within the

Old Testament itself; that every derivative vocable can be referred to its own radical *within those precincts*; that each radical has an exuberance of latent and mystical meanings, and even that systems of natural philosophy, as well as great points of revealed theology, are comprised within the nut-shell of one small word. Ample scope is thus afforded for fancy. With this instrument, great wonders have been brought to light, by men of warm imagination and inventive genius; the only defect has been, the lack of PROOF.

There is a third school of Hebraicians, which probably was first excited by the publication of the London Polyglott in 1657, and which was advanced to a great degree of perfection by the profound erudition and the comprehensive mind of the elder Schultens. The leading principles of these scholars are, that it is as unreasonable to suppose that the whole Hebrew language, roots and branches, is contained in the book of the Old Testament, as it would be to entertain an opinion that the whole Greek language would be comprised in a selection, of equal bulk with the Hebrew Scriptures, from writers of different ages; that Hebrew is a sister dialect with Chaldec, Samaritan, Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic; that the remains of the ancient Hebrew, existing confessedly no where but in the narrow bounds of the Old Testament, are most rationally and safely illustrated by comparison with those cognate dialects, especially the Arabic, which subsists in the most copious form; that the radicals of many Hebrew words exist only in these dialects; that this mode of investigation, combined with a discriminating use of the Rabbinical and the *idiohermeneutic* methods, is likely to lead to the surest results; and, finally, that the interpretation of the Hebrew Bible will receive great additional advantage from the study of the Ancient, and especially the Oriental, Versions. Bishop Lowth's version of Isaiah, and Mr. Good's of the Book of Job, are the best specimens that we know of this mode of Scripture study.

Bishop Horsley appears to have adopted, to a considerable extent, the principles of interpretation which belong to the *second* of these classes; though he certainly would not have carried them to the utmost length of their partisans. He repeatedly quotes

Mr. Hutchinson, with respectful approbation: but in philosophy the Bishop was no Hutchinsonian.

A principal feature of this work is the application to the MESSIAH of Psalms and parts of Psalms, with a profusion which would alarm the generality of those who are usually called *sober* expositors. But, before we proceed to offer our own opinion on this interesting point, it is proper to hear the Bishop's statement of his principle, as very properly extracted by the Editor from an unpublished Sermon on Psalm II. I.

“It is true, that many of the Psalms are commemorative of the miraculous interpositions of God in behalf of the chosen people; for, indeed, the history of the Jews is a fundamental part of revealed religion. Many were probably composed upon the occasion of remarkable passages in David's life, his dangers, his afflictions, his deliverances. But of those which relate to the public history of the natural Israel, there are few in which the fortunes of the mystical Israel, the Christian Church, are not adumbrated; and of those which allude to the life of David, there are none in which the Son of David is not the principal and immediate subject. David's complaints against his enemies are Messiah's complaints, first, of the unbelieving Jews, then of the heathen persecutors, and the apostate faction in later ages. David's afflictions are the Messiah's sufferings. David's penitential supplications are the supplications of Messiah in agony, under the burden of the imputed guilt of man. David's songs of triumph and thanksgiving are Messiah's songs of triumph and thanksgiving, for his victory over sin, and death, and hell. In a word, there is not a page of this Book of Psalms, in which the pious reader will not find his Saviour, if he reads with a view of finding him; and it was but a just encomium of it that came from the pen of one of the early Fathers, that it is a complete system of divinity for the use and edification of the common people of the Christian Church.”—pp. x. xi.

“The Psalms appear to be compositions of various authors, in various ages; some much more ancient than the times of king David, some of a much later age. Of many, David himself was undoubtedly the author; and that those of his composition were prophetic, we have David's own authority, which may be allowed to overpower a host of modern expositors. For thus, king David, at the close of his life, describes himself and his sacred songs:—‘David, the son of Jesse, said, and the man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob, and the sweet Psalmist of Israel, said, the Spirit of Jehovah spake by me, and his word was in my tongue.’ It was the word, therefore, of Jehovah's Spirit, which was uttered by David's tongue. But it should seem the Spirit of Jehovah would not be wanting to enable a mere man

to make complaint of *his own enemies*, to describe *his own sufferings just as he felt them*, and *his own escapes just as they happened*. But the Spirit of Jehovah, described by David's utterance what was known to that Spirit only, and that Spirit only could describe. So that, if David be allowed to have had any knowledge of the true subject of his own compositions, it was nothing in his own life, but something put into his mind by the Holy Spirit of God; and the misapplication of the Psalms to the literal David has done more mischief than the misapplication of any other parts of the Scriptures, among those who profess the belief of the Christian religion.

“A very great, I believe the far greater part are a sort of Dramatic Ode, consisting of dialogues between persons sustaining certain characters. In these Dialogue-psalms the persons are frequently the Psalmist himself, or the chorus of Priests and Levites, or the leader of the Levitical band, opening the ode with a proem declarative of the subject, and very often closing the whole with a solemn admonition drawn from what the other persons say. The other persons are Jehovah, sometimes as one, sometimes as another of the three Persons; Christ in his incarnate state, sometimes before, sometimes after, his resurrection; the human soul of Christ as distinguished from the divine essence. Christ, in his incarnate state, is personated sometimes as a Priest, sometimes as a king, sometimes as a Conqueror; and in those Psalms, in which he is introduced as a Conqueror, the resemblance is very remarkable between this Conqueror in the book of Psalms and the Warrior on the white horse in the book of Revelations, who goes forth with a crown on his head, and a bow in his hand, conquering and to conquer. And the conquest in the Psalms is followed, like the conquest in the Revelations, by the marriage of the Conqueror. These are circumstances of similitude which, to any one versed in the prophetic style, prove beyond a doubt that the Mystical Conqueror is the same personage in both.

“It is not a bad general notion of the book of Psalms, which is given by a considerable though neglected critic; it is a notion which, if kept in view, would conduce much to the right understanding of them, that the whole collection forms a sort of Heroic Tragedy. The redemption of man, and the destruction of Satan is the plot. The persons of the drama are the Persons of the Godhead,—Christ united to one of them,—Satan, Judas, the apostate Jews, the heathen persecutors, the apostates of latter times;—the attendants, believers, unbelievers, angels;—the scenes, heaven, earth, hell;—the time of the action, from the fall to the final overthrow of the apostate faction, and the general judgment.”—pp. xiii—xviii.

Thus, the learned Prelate, in his usual peremptory style, affirms the very extensive reference of the Psalms to the RE-

DEEMER of mankind. So far as we can collect his reasons from his implications, and the grounds of his assertions from his assertions themselves, we venture to state them thus:—

It seems to be assumed, that the Psalms prophetic of the Messiah are chiefly, if not exclusively, those composed by David. Then it is argued—

1. That the complaints, supplications, thanksgivings, and denunciations, of which those Psalms consist, have but a faint and incomplete relation to any facts in David's life, but have a clear and perfect accomplishment in the life, sufferings, and exaltation of Christ.

2. David was an inspired prophet. But it could not need inspiration to enable him to describe his own sufferings and deliverances. Therefore such descriptions could never have been intended for any thing in his own life, but their "true subject" was—something put into his mind by the Spirit of God."

3. Many of the descriptions, especially those of conquest and triumph, have a remarkable resemblance to the symbolical descriptions of the glorified Saviour in the book of the Revelation of St. John.

The following general remarks will be acknowledged to be, at least, curious.

'The supplicatory Psalms may be generally divided into two classes according to the prayer; which in some regards the public, and in others, the individual. In those of the latter class, which is the most numerous, the supplicant is always in distress. His distress arises chiefly from the persecution of his enemies. His enemies are always the enemies of God and goodness. Their enmity to the supplicant is unprovoked. If it has any cause, it is only that he is the faithful servant of Jehovah, whose worship they oppose. They are numerous and powerful, and use all means, both of force and stratagem, for the supplicant's destruction; an object in the pursuit of which they are incessantly employed. The supplicant is alone, without friends, poor, and destitute of all support but God's providential protection. When the great inequality between the supplicant and his enemies is considered, with respect to their different rank and fortunes in the world, it seems strange that one so inconsiderable as he is described to be, should at all attract the notice of persons so greatly his superiors; or that, having once incurred their displeasure, he should not be immediately cut off. But, although their malice is perpetually at work, their point is never carried. They keep him indeed in perpetual

alarm and vexation, but they seem never to advance a single step nearer to the end of their wishes, *viz.* his destruction. The suppliant, on the other hand, often miraculously relieved, is yet never out of danger, though he looks forward with confidence to a period of final deliverance. If at any time he is under apprehension of death, it is by the visitation of God in sickness. And at those seasons, the persecution of his enemies always makes a considerable part of the affliction. They exult in the prospect of his dissolution; upbraid him as deserted by his God; and, in the end, feel the highest disappointment and vexation at his recovery.

‘From these circumstances, which in the aggregate will not apply to any character in the Jewish history, there is good reason to conclude that the suppliant is a mystical personage; sometimes the Messiah, sometimes the Church, sometimes an individual of the faithful. The enemies, too, are mystical;—the devil, and the evil spirits his confederates, and atheists and idolaters considered as associated with the rebellious angels. The sickness, too, is mystical: when the Messiah himself is the sick person, the sickness is his humiliation, and the wrath which he endured for the sins of men: when the church is personated, her sickness is the frailty of her members. But in some *Psalms* the sick suppliant is the believer’s soul, labouring under a sense of its infirmities, and anxiously expecting the promised redemption; the sickness is the depravity and disorder occasioned by the fall of man.’—*Notes on Psalm VI.*

What degree of satisfactory evidence there is in these observations, we take not upon us to determine: but we fear that they are not sufficiently strong to sustain the weight laid upon them. We propose our difficulties in the form of doubts.

1. Does not this hypothesis require such a plastic use of words as, if once admitted, would nullify all the certainty of language? For example, the XXVth *Psalm* is applied to Christ.

‘In the first twelve verses, the man Christ Jesus, (or, in the Hutchinsonian phrase, the humanity of Christ,) prays to the Trinity. In the first three, to the Word to which the humanity was united, for support. In the fourth and fifth to the Holy Spirit, to instruct and guide him. In the sixth, seventh, and eighth, to God the Father, to spare him. The imputed guilt of man, in verse seventh, he speaks of as his own, because it was imputed to him. But what, it may be asked, were the trespasses and disobediences of Messiah’s youth, which he requests may not be remembered? I agree with Mr. Hutchinson, that the sins of נעור may be the sins, *juniorum*, of his younger brethren, *i. e.* of Christians.’—Vol. I. pp. 209.

A more lamentable display of *criticism travestied* it has seldom been our lot to light upon. What can be more arbitrary than the imagined changes in the reference of the prayer? What more a violation of the faith of language than the quibbling and torturing of the plain words; "Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions;—pardon mine iniquity for it is great;—forgive all my sins?"* The word cited *never*, in the Hebrew Scriptures, signifies youth in the concrete, or any thing but the *period* of youth, literally or metaphorically.

2. Would such interpretations ever convince an infidel, a Jew, or a Socinian? Are they not calculated to bring into contempt and derision the argument from prophecy, and the most profound doctrines of Christianity?

3. Are not the features of description, alleged to be *inapplicable* to David or any other of the numerous writers of the Hebrew lyre, stated too strongly and too generally? An examination of each instance would, we think, greatly reduce them.

4. Is it not an error, to assume that the Psalms prophetic of the Messiah, were chiefly, if not exclusively, composed by David? The CIII^d is a striking exception, evidently belonging to the time of the captivity; and the XLVth does not appear to have been a composition of David.

There are, in our humble opinion, but two bases on which can be built a safe and solid application of Old Testament passages to the Messiah. These are, first, the clear AUTHORITY of the New Testament; and second, the fact that the terms of any passage in question, in their *plain, natural, untortured* sense, and in the evident scope of their connexion, apply to the Divine Redeemer, and cannot be deprived of such application, unless by a violence of interpretation, and a contradiction of the fair and

* We quote from the common version, as being strictly literal to the words, and exact to the sense. But the Bishop's own version is not at all the more favourable to his interpretation: "The trespasses of my youth, and my disobediences, remember not;—Pardon thou my iniquity, because of thy goodness, O Jehovah: truly that [*viz.* thy goodness] is great;—pardon all my trespasses."—By the way, we cannot but remark on the unwarrantable liberties, both in translation and in transposition, taken with verse 11.

grammatical construction of language. An attempt to build on other foundations than these, we cannot but apprehend would be weakening the evidence of truth, and giving large advantages to error on the right hand and on the left.

As the most compendious way of conveying an idea of the manner and general merits of the Translation, we shall transcribe a few passages; and we shall take the liberty of following them with versions of our own, in which we have endeavoured closely to express the sense of the original, and which, we assure our readers, were made and written as here presented before we had looked at the Bishop's. Our apology for this mode of proceeding is its fairness, and its conveying our views more clearly and concisely than could be done by mere annotations and comments. Those of our readers who study Hebrew, will lay before them the original, and we recommend to others to form the comparison with the Authorized English Version, or with any others which they may have at hand.

PSALM II.—*Bishop HORSLEY's Translation.*

Part I.—PSALMIST.

- ' 1. To what purpose do the heathen confederate,
And the nations meditate a vain thing?
- ' 2. The kings of the earth set themselves in array,
And the statesmen sit in council together,
Against Jehovah, and against his Anointed One.
- ' 3. "Let us break off their fetters,
" And cast away from us their twisted cords."
- ' 4. He that sitteth in heaven shall laugh,
The Lord shall make scorn at them.
- ' 5. Then shall he speak against them in his wrath,
And in-his-burning-anger he shall strike-them-with-dismay;
- ' 6. Yet will I anoint my King.
Upon my holy hill of Zion.'

Part II.—MESSIAH.

- ' 7. I will publish the decree of God: Jehovah saith unto me,
My Son art Thou; I, this day, have begotten thee.

‘ 8. Demand of me; for I appoint the Heathen thine inheritance,
And the extremities of the earth thy-fast-possession.

‘ 9. Thou shalt rule them with a sceptre of iron,
Thou shalt break them to pieces like a potter’s vessel.’

‘ *Part III.—PSALMIST.*

‘ 10. Now, therefore, O ye kings, grow wise,
Be taught, O ye judges of the earth.

‘ 11. Serve the Jehovah
With fear, and rejoice with diffidence.

‘ 12. Kiss the Son
Lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way;
For, within a little shall his wrath blaze forth:—
Blessed is every one who taketh shelter under Him.’

The REVIEWER’S Translation.

1. Why rage the nations?
And the people contrive vanity?

2. The kings of the earth have set up themselves,
And the princes are firmly fixed together,
Against JEHOVAH, and against his MESSIAH.

3. “ Let us burst their bands,
“ And cast from us their cords.”

4. Sitting in the heavens, he will laugh,
The Lord will hold them in derision.

5. Then he will rebuke them in his wrath;
And, in his burning anger, he will alarm them.

6. But I, I have anointed my King,
Upon Zion, the mountain of my sanctuary.

7. I will declare the decree:
JEHOVAH hath said to me,
“ My Son art thou;
“ I this day have begotten thee.

8. “ Ask from me, and I will give the nations, thine inheritance;
“ And thy possession, the uttermost bounds of the earth.

9. “ Thou shalt break them with an iron sceptre;
“ As the vessels of a potter, thou shalt dash them.”

10. Now, therefore, ye kings, have understanding:
Be corrected, ye judges of the earth.
11. Serve **JEHOVAH** with reverence.
And rejoice with trembling.
12. Do homage to the Son, lest he be angry,
And ye perish on the road,
When his wrath is even for a moment kindled!
Blessed are all who trust in Him!

PSALM XVI.—8—11. *Bishop HORSLEY's Translation.*

- ‘ 8. I have set Jehovah always before me;
Because he is at my right hand I shall not slip.
- ‘ 9. Therefore my heart is glad, my tongue rejoiceth;
My flesh also shall rest in security.
- ‘ 10. For thou wilt not relinquish my soul to hell,
Thou wilt not suffer thine **HOLY ONE** to see corruption.
- ‘ 11. Thou wilt show me the path of immortality;
Fulness of joy in thy presence;
Pleasures at thy right hand for evermore.’

The REVIEWER's Translation.

8. I have set Jehovah before me continually;
Since [he is] at my right hand, I shall not be moved.
9. Therefore my heart rejoiceth, and my glory exulteth;
Even my flesh shall repose in confidence.
10. For thou wilt not leave my life in the grave;
Thou wilt not give thy Holy One to see corruption.
11. Thou wilt make me to know the path of life,
Fulness of joys in thy presence,
Delights at thy right hand for ever.

PSALM XL.—7—10. *Bishop HORSLEY's Translation.*

7. In sacrifice and offering thou delightest not,
But mine ears hast thou opened;
Burnt-offering and sin-offering thou demandest not:
- ‘ 8. Then said I, Lo! I come.
In the roll of the book is written concerning me.

I have delighted, O my God, to execute thy gracious will,
And thy decree [I have had] within my heart.

- ‘ 9. I have preached righteousness in the great congregation;
Behold, thou knowest, O Jehovah,
I have laid no-restraint-upon my lips.
- ‘ 10. I have not kept thy righteousness hidden in my heart,
Thy faithfulness and thy salvation I have proclaimed;
I have not concealed thy tender love,
And thy truth, in the great congregation.’

The REVIEWER'S Translation.

7. Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in:
Then a body thou hast prepared for me.
Burnt-offering and sin-offering thou desirest not:
8. Then I said, Behold, I come!
In the roll of the book it is written concerning me.
To execute thy pleasure, O God, I do delight;
Yea, thy law is within my inmost affections.
9. I have proclaimed righteousness in the great congregation.
Behold, my lips I will not restrain;
O Jehovah, thou knowest.
10. Thy righteousness I have not concealed within my heart:
Thy faithfulness and thy salvation I have spoken:
I have not hid thy mercy and thy truth from the great congregation.

The reader will perceive that in v. 7. we prefer the reading proposed by Pierce, of Exeter, strongly maintained by Kennicott, and warranted by the Septuagint, the Old Italic, the *Æthiopic*, and two manuscripts of the Syriac Version, and by the New Testament;—אֲנִי גִידָה לְכָל עַם for אֲנִי גִידָה לְכָל עַם. The proper sense of בָּרַם is not *to bare or dig*, but *to prepare, to acquire*.

PSALM XLV.—2—7. *Bishop HORSLEY'S Translation.*

- ‘ 2. Thou art adorned-with-beauty beyond-the sons of men;
Grace is poured upon thy lips;
Therefore God hath blest thee for ever.

- ' 3. Warrior! gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Buckle on thy refulgent dazzling armour,
- ' 4. And take thou aim: be prosperous, pursue,
In the cause of truth, humility, and righteousness;
For thy own right hand shall show thee wonders.
- ' 5. Thine arrows are sharpened,
(People shall fall beneath thee)
In the heart of the king's enemies.
- ' 6. Thy name, O God, is for ever and ever;
A straight sceptre is the sceptre of thy royalty.
- ' 7. Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated impiety;
Therefore God hath anointed thee,
Thy own God, with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.'

The REVIEWER's Translation.

- 2. Beauteous art thou, above the sons of men!
Loveliness is diffused upon thy lips:
Therefore God blesseth thee for ever.
- 3. Gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Mighty in thy glory and thy majesty!
- 4. And in thy majesty proceed,
Be borne forwards, on the word of truth and the meekness
of righteousness;
And thy right hand shall show from thee awful things.
- 5. Thine arrows are sharpened: the people are beneath thee;
They shall faint in heart who are the enemies of the King.
- 6. Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever!
A sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom.
- 7. Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated wickedness;
Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of
joy above thy companions.

In v. 6. 'name' must be a misprint for *throne*.

PSALM CX.—Bishop HORSLEY's Translation.

' MESSIAH'S EXALTATION.

- ' 1. [Thus] spake Jehovah to my Lord,
"Sit thou at my right hand, till I make
"Thine enemies thy footstool."

- ' 2. The sceptre of thy power Jehovah shall send abroad from
Zion;
Have thou dominion in the very midst of thine enemies.
- ' 3. With thee shall be offerings of free-will,
In the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness,
The dew of thy progeny is more than of the womb of the
morning.
- ' 4. Jehovah hath bound himself by an oath, and will not repent;
Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.
- ' 5. The Lord, at thy right hand, O Jehovah,
Woundeth kings in the day of his wrath!'

ORACULAR VOICE.

- ' 6. He shall strive with the heathen, filling all with slaughter,
Wounding the head of mighty ones upon the earth.
- ' 7. He shall drink of the brook beside the way,
Therefore shall he lift high his head.'

The REVIEWER'S Translation.

- 1. Jehovah said to my Lord, " Sit thou at my right hand,
" Until I make thine enemies thy footstool."
- 2. Jehovah out of Zion shall send the sceptre of thy strength:
Rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.
- 3. Thy people [shall present] voluntary offerings, in the day of
thy power, in the beauties of holiness:
From the womb of the morning, thine shall be the dew of
thy youth.
- 4. Jehovah hath sworn, and will not repent, " Thou art a Priest
for ever,
" After the constitution of Melchisedek."
- 5. The Lord is on thy right hand:
He smiteth kings in the day of his wrath;
- 6. He will execute judgment on the nations, filling them with
the bodies of the slain;
He smiteth the chieftain over a great country;
- 7. He will drink of the stream by the path,
And will therefore [triumphantly] lift up his head.

In verse 5. the Bishop inserts "*O Jehovah*," from conjecture. But we see no want of any emendation, still less of so bold a one. The clause is obviously an address to Jehovah, who had placed the Lord [Adonai] at his right hand, v. 1. and does not require any vocative to mark the transition from the third to the second person.

The title ought to have intimated that *all* the Psalms are not included. Of the hundred and fifty, translations are given of only seventy-four, though of the rest some notice is taken in the notes.

After having furnished our readers so amply with the means of judging for themselves, it is of little importance for us to interpose our own opinion. We acknowledge that we have been disappointed: but perhaps our expectations had been too highly excited. The work, considered generally, though affirmed to have been left ready for publication by the deceased prelate, seems to carry marks of haste and rashness, as well as of a subserviency to hypothesis. Its effect, we apprehend, will not be to raise the Bishop's character as a critic. But we are glad, upon the whole, that it is published. In judicious hands it may be turned to useful purposes; but it will not be a safe guide for the unlearned.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XV.—*MEMPHIS, a new Town on the Mississippi.*

A town of the above name has been laid off on the east bank of the Mississippi, at the Lower Chickasaw Bluff, in the county of Shelby, and state of Tennessee. It is also within the Western District, lately acquired by treaty, from the Chickasaw Indians.

The plan and local situation of MEMPHIS are such, as to authorize the expectation, that it is destined to become a large and populous city. It is laid off parallel with the Mississippi, the course of which, at this place, is nearly due south, with Wolf River emptying into it at the northern extremity of the town. Three hundred and sixty-two lots are designated upon its present plat; and there is any quantity of elevated, level land adjoining, suited

to the purpose of enlarging it at pleasure. The streets run to the cardinal points. They are wide and spacious, and, together with a number of alleys, afford a free and abundant circulation of air. There are, besides, four public squares, in different parts of the town, and between the front lots and the river, is an ample vacant space, reserved as a promenade; all of which must contribute very much to the health and comfort of the place, as well as to its security and ornament.

The bluff on which MEMPHIS is situated, is remarkably high and level, as is a large tract of country, which extends for many miles, at right angles from the Mississippi. Being from twenty to thirty feet above the highest flood, it is always dry, and commands a complete view of the river, which at this place is rather more than three quarters of a mile wide. The scenery from the town is quite picturesque and delightful, presenting a rich and extensive plain in the rear, with improvements skirting the opposite shore; as well as a vast expanse of water, chequered by islands, which are covered with the heaviest and tallest of timber. In casting the eye up the river, a water view is obtained for several miles, interrupted and varied by a cluster of islands, about three quarters of a mile distant, commonly known by the name of *Paddy's Hen and Chickens*, through which the Mississippi is seen discharging its immense column of water, in two or three different channels. Upon directing the attention down the river, the eye enjoys an equally extensive range, where is presented, within the space of three miles, *President's Island*, which contains several thousand acres of land, a considerable portion of which is very fertile, and entirely free from inundation. In addition to this, the frequent passage of steam-boats, and craft of every description, up and down the Mississippi, give a grandeur to the prospect, and an active and commercial appearance to the place, which is only one remove from a position on the seaboard.

This is the only site for a town of any magnitude on the Mississippi, between the mouth of the Ohio and Natchez. The Western bank is uniformly too low and subject to inundation; and the Eastern affords no situation sufficiently high, dry, level and extensive, together with a rich surrounding country, competent to

support it. Neither can an eligible position be selected for this purpose, on any of the rivers which empty themselves into the Mississippi, between the Tennessee and the Bluff, in consequence of their being greatly incommoded by swamps as high up as they are navigable. It is consequently the only desirable site, and is considered by many, superior to any upon the Mississippi river. Natchez cannot vie with it; and it even excels Baton Rouge, inasmuch as the banks are higher, and more uniformly level and commanding; the surrounding prospect more beautiful and interesting, and from its situation, necessarily, more healthy. Thus, by nature, it is so situated, that much competition never can arise, by the erection of other towns, between the mouth of the Ohio and Natchez.

The general advantages of MEMPHIS, are owing to its being founded on the Mississippi, one of the largest and most important rivers on the globe, and the high road for all the commerce of the vast and fertile valley through which it flows. This noble river, which may, with propriety, be denominated the *American Nile*, is about two thousand five hundred and eighty miles from its head to its mouth, and with its branches, waters two-thirds of the territory of the United States. Whenever the capital of the West shall repose principally upon its own basis, and its commercial transactions be chiefly negotiated at New Orleans, or some healthy situation on the Lower Mississippi, instead of the Eastern cities, this commerce will be greatly enlarged, and must give incalculable additional importance to every town eligibly situated on the Mississippi and its tributary streams. That the commercial relations of the West are destined to undergo this revolution, every person of foresight has long since anticipated; as it will thus obtain a direction, which is much the cheapest, and more conformable to the laws of nature. Under such circumstances, MEMPHIS must necessarily become a flourishing and populous town. It occupies a position which is always perfectly accessible to steam-boats, and to vessels of every size and description, which are employed in the trade of the western world. Every opportunity is also offered, at every season of the year, of travelling from this place, in steam-boats, to either of the states or territories west of the Alleghany mountains, or of going round

to any state or city on the Atlantic coast. Indeed, from its favourable situation, a passage may be obtained, almost at any time, to every quarter of the globe.

The distances from MEMPHIS, by water *above*, to the mouths of Ohio, Kaskaskia, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee and Cumberland, are respectively, 224, 310, 400, 418, 272, and 285 miles; to Pittsburgh 1345, to Louisville 650, to St. Louis 395, to Cincinnati 830, and to Nashville 475 miles; and *below* to Natchez 475, and to New-Orleans 785 miles. This renders its relative situation almost central, and constitutes it a midway station or stopping-place, for the purposes of trade, refreshment, repairs, &c. in carrying on the commerce of the Upper and Lower country. Its landings at, and in the mouth of Wolf River, and in the bend of the Mississippi, on the adjacent shore, are remarkably safe and commodious, and sufficiently spacious for any number of vessels. At the mouth of Wolf River, as also at a small distance both above and below, there is eddy water, in which vessels of all kinds may land with security, in the most boisterous weather.

MEMPHIS lies in 35° 6'' of north latitude, and 13° west longitude from Washington. The adjacent and surrounding country which is to be relied on to support it, is one of the most extensive and beautiful bodies of land contiguous to the river Mississippi, between the mouth of Ohio and New-Orleans. It is elevated, dry and level, possessing a fertile and productive soil, and extending East, N. East, South and S. East, for nearly one hundred miles. No tract of country can be better accommodated to the principal staples of the Western world. Corn, cotton, wheat and tobacco may be cultivated to great advantage. It is also well adapted to the growth of blue and herd grass, clover, &c. and must, consequently, be happily suited to the rearing of stock.

The climate is certainly a desirable one, in consequence of its uniformity, and being free from those extremes of heat and cold, to which the country, either farther north or south is generally subjected. Such a climate must be very congenial to the constitution, and to the vigorous maturity of most of the vegetable productions of the temperate regions. From the locality of MEM-

THIS, the largest portion of the produce, hereafter to be raised for market, in the extensive tract of country lying between the Tennessee river and the Bluff, must necessarily be concentrated at that point for exportation, as the rivers by which it is watered, are not uniformly navigable. It will, in all probability, eventually become the depot of exportation for a population, extending from the Tennessee to Big Black and Zazoo rivers. This vast extent of territory will also be supplied, from this place, with articles of every description, imported from abroad. Indeed, from the circumstance of the Cumberland and Tennessee being too low in the autumnal months, to be navigated by steam-boats, there is little doubt entertained, but that the goods brought from below, may, with great advantage, be landed at **MEMPHIS**, and transported in wagons thence into a considerable portion of the interior of Tennessee and Alabama. This may be effected easily, whenever a public road shall be opened through the intermediate country, which will no doubt be done, as the best and most direct practicable route to the post of Arkansas; to the territory of that name, and to the North Eastern parts of Louisiana.

With all these facts before us, it is not difficult to discover, that the population of this country, when it shall be settled, and as it must in a short time, from the present prospects, will possess preeminent advantages in their commercial transactions. A steam-boat can perform a trip from **MEMPHIS** to New-Orleans, in about three days, and return in double that time. The charges and risk of both exportation and importation are thereby greatly reduced; the farmer and merchant are enabled to take advantage of the market as convenience or interest may dictate, and then returns are much more regular and speedy. Upon so large a river, wood, lumber, coal, and articles of every description may be procured with a facility which is incalculable, and which secures almost all the advantages of a site on the sea-board.

In relation to the health of **MEMPHIS**, it is confidently believed to be greatly superior to any other situation on the Mississippi river, below the mouth of the Ohio. During the summer and autumn of 1819, the inhabitants enjoyed their usual good health, when extraordinary mortality was raging at Natches, Baton Rouge,

and New Orleans, in consequence of the yellow fever. The opposite shore of the Mississippi, on which the beautiful seat of *Judge Foy* is situated, is nearly free from inundation, and there are no swamps contiguous to the town, from which disease could originate. As an additional advantage, there are several fine springs, about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the town, from which it can always be readily supplied with excellent water.

The superiority of the Bluff on which MEMPHIS stands, over the few situations of high ground on the Mississippi river, is evinced by its having been first selected by the French, as early as the year 1736, as a suitable position for a garrison. Whilst Louisiana was in the possession of Spain, this Bluff was again chosen as a healthy and commanding site for a similar establishment. A fort and garrison had been built and occupied, and the adjacent land cleared and cultivated, for many years anterior to their being surrendered to the United States, agreeably to the treaty of St. Ildefonso. American troops were immediately stationed at that place, where they remained until a few years ago. During a lapse of so great a length of time, the troops of Spain, of the United States, and the settlers on the fourth Chickasaw Bluff, at the mouth of Wolf river, which is now the site of MEMPHIS, have been uniformly more healthy, than at any other place on the banks of the Mississippi, below the mouth of the Ohio.

The present number of inhabitants in MEMPHIS amount to about *fifty* souls; most of whom have settled there for commercial purposes, since the Indian claim was extinguished, in the year 1818. There are several families of the first respectability, who have lately become residents of the town, and the number is gradually increasing. It is also the seat of justice for the county of Shelby, and the sessions of all the courts in that section of country, will consequently be held at that place.

From this view, MEMPHIS appears to combine most of those advantages which authorize us to pronounce it an eligible site, and which are eminently calculated to make it a populous and flourishing town. It is also believed, that there is no situation on the banks of the Upper Mississippi which is more auspicious to health, or better suited to the rapid acquisition of wealth.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XVI.—*The First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia.
With a View of the House of Worship.*

THIS congregation first worshipped in a store belonging to the Barbadoes Company, which stood at the corner of Chesnut and Second streets. The earliest record of their proceedings bears date in the year 1702. In the year 1704 they founded a church in Market street; it was surrounded by button-wood trees, and hence the congregation was long designated by that appellation.

In the year 1755, the numbers had increased so much as to render some addition to the house necessary, and accordingly it was enlarged to nearly double its size, by means of a subscription among its members of three thousand dollars. At this period the market house was extended in front of the church, and such was the inconvenience then experienced from the noise, that attempts were made to remove to a quieter place. To effect this desirable purpose, one of the members, Mr. John Fullerton, offered to add to his subscription, 100*l*. But his judicious advice was not adopted. Six years afterwards, a further enlargement became necessary, and the galleries were then erected by a second subscription of three thousand dollars. We mention these sums, particularly, in order to show what can be done by a people who are actuated by a proper spirit. In the year 1793, the house having stood nearly a century, was taken down, and the present edifice erected. But in consequence of the bad construction of the roof, this is already in so dilapidated a condition that serious apprehensions are entertained for the safety of the congregation, and several members have discontinued their attendance on worship at that place. Upwards of a year ago, it was determined by a regular vote, that it was expedient to build another house, in a situation less exposed to noise. But this measure, which was gravely and solemnly agreed to, after long deliberation, by the almost unanimous vote of the pewholders, has been retarded by the unreasonable opposition of a few, whose defect of numbers and argument is amply supplied by their zeal and perseverance.

A lot on Washington Square was purchased by the Trustees, and the property on Market street advertised for sale. Immediately an anonymous publication appeared, in which the public was cautioned against purchasing, inasmuch as, it was falsely intimated, the Trustees had no authority to convey the ground. It is not for us to comment on this outrage upon truth and decorum. The authors of this indecent publication have been discovered, and although they are liable to the penalties of the law and the censures of the church, the scandal which they have brought upon their profession cannot be removed by these punishments.

We shall now proceed to an enumeration of the clergymen who have officiated in this church.

The Rev. Jedediah Andrews was their first minister. He died in January 1747, long after he had ceased to preach.

The Rev. Samuel Hemphill was an assistant preacher in 1735.

In the year 1739 the Rev. Robert Cross became their minister. He survived his usefulness several years, and died in 1766.

The Rev. Dr. Allison was a supply from 1752 until the time of his death. "He was born in Ireland, and educated in the University of Glasgow. He came to America in 1735; and was minister of a church in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, till about 1751, when he was chosen Rector of the Academy at Philadelphia. In 1755, he was elected Vice Provost of the college in that city. He was an excellent classical scholar; and, in ethics, history, and general reading, a great literary character."

Holmes' Life of Ezra Stiles, *in note*. p. 99.

Among the manuscripts of the late Dr. Ewing there is an excellent sermon by this divine, which he delivered at the funeral of Dr. Allison, with whom he had been educated and was connected during many years in the ties of closest friendship. It is here stated that the death of Dr. Allison took place in November 1777. From this discourse we shall make the following extracts:

"——To be silent on this occasion would argue an unpardonable insensibility to the interests of religion and learning, and would be an instance of injustice to the man, who, for more than forty years, has supported the ministerial character with dignity and reputation, and to whom America is greatly indebted for that diffusion of light and knowledge, and that spirit of liberty and inquiry, which this day places many of her sons upon a level with

those of the oldest nations of Europe. All who knew him acknowledge, that he was frank, open and ingenuous in his natural temper; warm and zealous in his friendships; catholic and enlarged in his sentiments; a friend to civil and religious liberty: abhorring the intolerant spirit of persecution, bigotry, and superstition, together with all the arts of dishonesty and deceit. His humanity and compassion led him to spare no pains nor trouble in relieving and assisting the poor and distressed by his advice and influence, or by his own private liberality; and he has left behind him a lasting testimony of the extensive benevolence of his heart in planning, erecting and nursing, with constant attention and tenderness, the charitable scheme of the widow's fund, by which many helpless orphans and destitute widows, continue to be relieved and supported so long as the synod of New York and Philadelphia shall exist.

"Blessed with a clear understanding, and an extensive liberal education; thirsting for knowledge, and indefatigable in study, through the whole of his useful life, he acquired an unusual fund of learning and knowledge, which rendered his conversation remarkably instructive, and abundantly qualified him for the sacred work of the ministry, and the painful instruction of youth in the college. He was truly a scribe well instructed into the kingdom of heaven, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, for he rightly divided the word of truth, and was peculiarly skilful in giving to every one his portion in due season. In his public exhibitions, he was warm, animated, plain, practical, argumentative and pathetic. His solicitude for the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, and his desire to engage young men in the sacred work of the ministry, and to promote the public happiness by the diffusion of religious liberty and learning through the once untutored wilds of America, induced him to open a public school in New London about the year 1740, at which time there was scarcely a shadow of learning in the middle states, and he generously instructed all that came to him without fee or reward; accounting himself amply paid by the propagation of that spirit of inquiry, that thirst for learning, and those generous and public spirited attempts to found and establish colleges which we now behold. Animated by a laudable spirit and a generous concern for the public good, some gentlemen of Philadelphia, erected an academy here about the same time, which afterwards became a college, and Dr. Allison was constituted Vice-Provost and professor of Moral Philosophy. In that laborious employment he acquitted himself with distinguished honour, fidelity and success."

DR. JOHN EWING became the pastor of this congregation in 1759. A biographical memoir of this distinguished ornament of the church, has already been published in our Miscellany. (March, 1813.)

He was born in the year 1732, in Cæcil County, Maryland. He was educated chiefly by his friend Dr. Allison, whose seminary at New London Cross Roads, in Pennsylvania, produced many of the best scholars who flourished before the Revolution, when sound learning was more common than it is in the present day. At the age of twenty-six he was selected to instruct the philosophical classes in the college of Philadelphia, in the absence of the Provost. Whilst he was engaged in this office, he received a highly gratifying invitation from the congregation of his native village to become their pastor; but about the same time, an unanimous call from the First Presbyterian church, fixed him for life in this city.

In the year 1773, he was commissioned, in conjunction with Dr. Williamson, to solicit subscriptions in Great Britain for the academy of Newark (Delaware.) He visited every place of importance in England, Scotland and Ireland, and was uniformly received with great respect. The cities of Glasgow, Montrose, Dundee and Perth, presented him their freedom, and from the University of Edinburgh he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In the year 1779 he was elected Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

His reputation attracted the attention of his fellow citizens, and on various occasions he was appointed to perform public duties. He was one of those gentlemen who were commissioned to run the boundary line of the state of Delaware, and to settle those between Massachusetts and Connecticut, and those between Pennsylvania and Virginia. In conjunction with the late Dr. Rittenhouse, he was requested by the Legislature of this state, to report on the most practicable ground for a turnpike road from this city to Lancaster. He was a distinguished member, and for some time one of the Vice Presidents of the Am. Phil. Soc., to which he made several valuable communications. He also made valuable additions to the astronomical articles in the American edition of the Encyclopædia.

He left numerous manuscripts, from which his friends have published a volume of Sermons, and a course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy.

The following inscription has been placed on his tomb:

"Erected to the memory of the Rev. John Ewing, D.D. late Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and senior Pastor of the First Presbyterian congregation in the city of Philadelphia. Born on the 21st June, 1732. Died on the 8th Sept. 1802. Aged 70 years, 2 months and 18 days. And of

Hannah, his wife, who departed this life on the 17th of March, A. D. 1806, aged 67 years, 2 months, and 3 days."

JOHN BLAIR LINN was called to this church in June 1799. Of him also an account will be found in our Journal (January 1809.) This elegant and affectionate biography was written by Charles B. Brown, a relative of the deceased, a man of singular excellence of character, whose genius has recently received from foreign criticism that just reward which ignorance or heedlessness withheld at home.

Mr. Linn was born in Shippensburg, (Pennsylvania) in March 1777. Very early in life his taste for poetry and criticism was evinced, in a volume of prose and verse, which was published before his seventeenth year. These performances manifest considerable reading and talents which only wanted the discipline and knowledge of age to make them illustrious. When his academical career was finished, the profession of the law was selected for his future pursuit. In this choice, it is said by his friend and biographer, that he was probably influenced, more because it was an honourable and lucrative path, than because it was particularly suited to gratify any favourite taste. He was placed under the direction of the celebrated Alexander Hamilton; but the splendid visions of Shakspeare and Tasso were more captivating to his imagination than the naked abstractions and tormenting subtleties of Blackstone and Coke. At the end of the first year, regarding the legal science with disgust, he relinquished the profession altogether. His passion for poetry and the drama yielded to affections of a more serious nature; religious impressions, by which, from his earliest infancy, his mind had been occasionally visited, assumed a permanent dominion over him; and, after much deliberation, he determined to devote his future life to service in the church.

He was licensed to preach in the year 1798, having just entered his 22nd year, and soon after became the associate of Dr. Ewing. Under the auspices of so illustrious a colleague, he hoped to enter on his important office with fewer disadvantages than most young men encounter. The paternal treatment which he always received from Dr. Ewing, fulfilled these hopes. A few years passed in diligent and successful application to the duties of his pastoral office. In the year 1802 he was attacked by a stroke of the sun, from which he never recovered.

To the early and memorable proofs of literary excellence, which Mr. Linn exhibited, he was indebted for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, which was conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania, at a time when our learned institutions were chary of their honours. He found leisure to compose two poems. The first is on the death of Washington, written in imitation of Ossian. That it is an imitation is no slight objection; and when we add that it is an imitation of a bad original, the reader will not be surprised, that not even the illustrious name of the subject could preserve it from oblivion. Ossian seems to be read now only by sophomores and sentimental young ladies. The next attempt was more grave and arduous. It was a didactic essay on those powers from which poetry itself derives its spirit and existence. "The Powers of Genius" is a rapid and pleasing descant upon the nature and operations of genius, and a general view of its origin and progress.

In the year 1802 Dr. Linn carried on a short controversy with Dr. Priestley. This celebrated person who lived to become almost the solitary champion of his own philosophical theories,* undertook to institute a comparison between our Saviour and Socrates, in which the former was degraded, agreeably to the So-

* Mr. Blair, a doctor of divinity, and Mr. Black, a doctor in chemistry, met at the coffee-house in Edinburgh, when a new theological pamphlet, written by Dr. Priestley, a doctor in both, was thrown upon the table. "Really," said Dr. Blair, "this man had better confine himself to chemistry, for he is absolutely ignorant in theology."—"I beg your pardon," answered Doctor Black; "he is in the right, he is a minister of the Gospel; he ought to adhere to his profession, for, in truth, he knows nothing of chemistry!" *Note by M. Volney.*

cinian system, to the level of mere humanity, while the merits of the latter were exalted to a higher pitch than, in the opinion of his young and ardent opponent, strict justice allowed.

The ability which Dr. Linn displayed in this controversy was generally acknowledged, both by the friends and enemies of the cause which he espoused. The latter withheld not their admiration from the knowledge and genius manifested in these productions, and which, while they would do credit to any age, were peculiarly honourable and meritorious in so young an advocate.

He left a fragment of a poem entitled "Valerian," in which the author had intended to trace the early persecutions of Christians, and rapidly to illustrate the influence of Christianity on the manners of nations. This was published, with the biography prefixed, which we have pursued in this brief sketch of an amiable and an excellent man whom we loved and honoured.

Inscription on the Tomb.

"To the memory of John Blair Linn, D. D. late Pastor of this church, who died, 30th August, 1804, aged 27 years. Distinguished as a poet, an orator, a scholar, and a divine; beloved as a husband, a father, a son, and a friend; as a minister revered; grateful affection hath erected this monumental stone."

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his servants."

DR. J. P. WILSON, the present Pastor came 1 May, 1806.

If the First Presbyterian congregation in Philadelphia in point of time, be not the first in knowledge and piety, it is not because they have not been blest with ample means. Drs. Allison, Ewing, and Linn, were eminent both as scholars and divines; and their present Pastor is second to none in the United States. This gentleman was bred to the bar, and maintained a distinguished station as a pleader for twelve or fourteen years in the state of Delaware. Educated under the immediate eye of his father, the late Rev. Matthew Wilson of Delaware, his mind is profoundly stored with classical and biblical learning. His late profession has perhaps contributed to give to his public discourses an uncommon depth and precision in argument—and to these Dr. W. adds, originality of thought, and all the pathos of genuine piety.

ART. XVII.—*Intelligence in Literature, Science and the Arts.*

The Edinburgh Review, No. 65, has just reached us. We have already expressed an opinion, and it seems now to be the general impression, that this work which has maintained a lofty celebrity for many years, is in a declining condition. This is attributed chiefly to the loss of its original contributors, who, from various causes, have relinquished their stations to inexperienced hands. Those of our readers who perused the account of "Peter's Letters," which was given in our last, must have been not a little surprised at the tone of contempt in which the Review is described by that entertaining writer. It is perhaps owing to its growing dulness, that the writers of the present number, have endeavoured to sound a note somewhat above the usual pitch of "calm drivelling," and indulged themselves in a vein of sarcasm against the people of these free States, which is rarely to be found in their former Essays, and which has not been surpassed by any of the publications wherein John Bull solaces himself by chanting his own praises and by pouring his ridicule on "brother Jonathan." One would think, from perusing the books of this Mr. Bull, for the last twenty years, that a certain portion of abuse of the Americans, was a sure recommendation to his appetite. It is a sort of seasoning, which is so generally employed by the cooks who cater for him, as to lead us to the conclusion, that when all other resources fail, a certain proportion of this relish will recommend any dish, however insipid or even nauseous its basis may be. Otherwise it could scarcely be possible that we should find the same few topics of abuse against us, incessantly repeated in almost the same language and with hardly the addition of a single new idea.

The truth is, that when Mr. Bull looks around upon the wretched condition of his own country; upon his mountain of public debt; his load of taxes and the frightful train of pauperism; the spirit of discontent and rising rebellion; the depravity, the misery and the agonies of a half-starved population, he has some reason to lose his temper. He hears occasionally of the contrast presented in "the land of Jonathan," where real wretchedness is not known; where in despite of the vicissitudes of human affairs

prosperity and plenty are enjoyed by the mass of the people; where the yeomanry enjoy all "the glee of young existence;" and he may well be excused under these circumstances for seeking consolation in vaunting of his "Foxes, Burkes, Sheridans"—"and the hundred other names that spread themselves over the world," &c. But as in conversation it is generally remarked that the man who resorts to abuse has the worst of the argument, so this perpetual railing betrays more malice than content, and more envy than honest exultation. Brother Jonathan, happy in his government and laws, and secure in the enjoyment of the substantial goods of this world, should regard the scolding of Mr. Bull with dignified composure. This Number of the Review presents a striking illustration of these remarks. A variety of important topics are discussed in different articles, which, taken together, exhibit a tolerably full picture of the condition of England at the present day: and we believe that there is no one who duly reflects on the facts thus authenticated, but will charitably leave to John Bull all the solace that he can derive from his eternal din and clatter about brother Jonathan. If they have their "Scotts, Campbells, Byrons, Moores and Crabbes," who *flour the mazy-running soul of melody*, are they not cursed with Cobbets, and Thistlewoods, and Hunts, and Harrisons?

But we should like to be informed what right the Scotch critics have to sneer at us for not excelling in polite literature. If history is to be relied on, the Scots were a formed and compact nation from the time of the birth of queen Mary, in 1542; the period at which Robertson commences his work. From that period two centuries elapsed before they produced any men of distinction among the literati of Europe. "No large crop of indigenous literature," says the writer of Peter's Letters, speaking of Scotland, sprung out of its own feelings at the time when the kindred spirit of England was in that way so prolific. The poets it produced were almost all emigrants and took up the common stock of ideas that were floating in England. Their *first remarkable exhibition* of talent was entirely in the line of thought. Hume, Smith, and the rest of that school are examples." These writers flourished after the middle of the last century. These Scotch critics ought therefore to look at home before they assume the prerogative of lecturing us on our deficiency in the cultiva-

tion of polite literature. If, after the lapse of two centuries from our independence as a nation, we shall still deserve their sarcasms, we may permit them to use the language of reproach.

In looking over the *Transactions of the Society for Arts, &c.* vol. xxxv. we find that a premium was given to Mrs. D'Oyley, for having cultivated bull-rushes for the use of chair-makers in ponds, &c. where clay had been thrown out for the making of bricks, or mud and earth for the purpose of embankment. A premium of twenty guineas was awarded by the same society to Mr. R. Ceynn for his receipts for enamel colours, and for staining and gilding glass, which will be prized by those who pursue the elegant art of enamelling. The preparation of the colours, it seems, has always been confined to the knowledge of a few persons, who make a mystery of it; and many artists of superior talents are prevented from exercising them with full effect, by the difficulty of preparing and of procuring a complete set of good colours. The following method of laying on the colour in staining glass may be perused with advantage: "The method practised by most stainers of glass is to draw the outline in Indian ink, or in a brown colour, ground with turpentine and oil, and then to float on the colour thick, having previously ground it with water. But in this way of proceeding it is very subject either to flow over or to come short of the outline, and thus render the skill of the draftsman of little effect. My method is to draw the pattern in Indian ink, and having ground the colour as fine as possible in spirits of turpentine, brought to a proper consistence with thick oil of turpentine, to add a little oil of spike lavender, and to cover the outline entirely with this composition. When it has become dry, I work out the colour with the point of a stick and a knife from those parts that are not intended to be stained, and am thus enabled to execute the most delicate ornaments, and most intricate designs, with exactness and precision. If the colour is required to be laid on so thick that the outline would not be visible through it, let the colour be first laid on as smoothly as possible, and when it has become dry, draw the outline upon it with vermilion water-colour, and work out the design as before. Besides the precision acquired by the above method, it enables the artist to apply different shades in the pure design; whereas the old

method of floating only communicates an uniform tint to the whole pattern."

A very modest communication is inserted in the same book from Mrs. Warren, of Glasgow, accompanied by an engraving, of what she terms a Piano Monitor. This lady, having practised music as a teacher during many years, had found that weakness in either or both of the wrists of her young pupils was one of the greatest difficulties that they had to encounter; and to remedy this imperfection she contrived a very simple instrument, which may be fixed on or taken from the piano in a moment. It is a wooden rail, terminated at each end by a brass ferule, perforated so as to allow the rail itself to slide easily up and down two upright pins, which are fixed into a bar of wood attached to the piano. Two steel springs, fastened by screws into the bar, and terminating in small rollers, impart the effect of elasticity to the rail. Mrs. Warren has found this Monitor useful in giving to her pupils a steady and even touch: it raises their wrists to that height which enables them to execute with firmness; and by having a spring, it does not deprive them of that expression and grace which might have resulted from a fixed rail.

We hear that *Judge Cooper* is preparing a course of Law Lectures, including a Commentary on the Constitution of the United States, with a brief history of the Questions that have arisen under it, legal and political.

Gentlemen of the Bar, throughout the United States, who wish to be supplied with "THE JOURNAL OF JURISPRUDENCE, a new Series of Hall's Law Journal," are requested to transmit their address, without delay to "J. E. Hall, Philadelphia."

This work is intended to embrace an Annual Digest of the American and English Decisions, so far as they are generally applicable in the United States.

Decisions in the United States of cases not embraced by the regular Reports.

Selections from the recent English reporters of those cases which may be most useful to the American practitioner.

Translations from eminent civilians: Valin, Emerigon, Pothier, Bynkershoek, Roccus, Huberus, Hubner, &c. Some articles under this head have been communicated by the editor, *P. S. Du-*

fonceau, Esq., to whom the readers of the Law Journal are so much indebted.

Selections from the Digests. The two most important titles in the civil law—*De verborum significatione* and *De regulis juris*, shall appear in the first volume.

Extracts from Sir Leoline Jenkins, a work much wanted by the profession.

Cases in Connecticut, communicated by *Thomas Day*, Esq.

The Introductory Lecture of Sir James Mackintosh.

Report of the case of *Perrin v. Blake*; by Sergeant Adair, communicated by him to Arthur Lee, LL. D.

An argument on the proper manner of administering an oath, by Nicholas Trott, chief judge of South Carolina, 1709.

The decision of Judge Bee in the case of Jonathan Robbins, and an anonymous defence attributed to chief justice Marshall.

Information respecting those laws of the several states which are of general interest.

On the patent law of the United States, by *W. A. Duer*, Esq.

Memorandums of the early history of the Judiciary of Pennsylvania, by *Walter Franklin*, Esq.

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A list of the subscribers' names shall be given at the end of each volume.

Joseph James, an erudite scholar of Baltimore, has prepared for publication "A Treasury of the Hebrew and English Tongue; or, the first Gate, or outward door, to the Holy Tongue, with Points. To which are added, a third and fourth part, without

points; from these, references may be had to the second part, or Lexicon, for the Masoretic parts." The value of this work is attested by the most learned men in Philadelphia. Dr. Wilson says that Mr. James ought to obtain the liberal encouragement of American students, having provided for them a Lexicon more extensive than any vended at so low a price, and free from those visionary analogies, which abound in that one which is in most common use. Dr. Wylie declares that in deducing the ramifications from the general radix, the editor has united judgment with simplicity, and precision with perspicuity. Every friend of sacred literature in this country is imperiously called upon to contribute to the support of this undertaking. The subscription is only eight dollars, and we fear the work is delayed by the want of adequate support.

McCarty and Davis, Philadelphia, propose publishing by subscription, an original work, entitled, "A Narrative of the Mission of the United Brethren, amongst the Delaware and Mohegan Indians, from its commencement, in the year 1740, to its close, in the year 1808. Comprising an account of all the remarkable incidents which occurred during a period of nearly 70 years—the speeches of Indians of different nations, on various occasions; together with other interesting Historical information, &c. &c. By the Rev. John Mackewelder, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania." To be embellished with a Portrait of the Missionary, Ziesberger. By those who have perused the manuscript of this work and are competent to decide on its merits, it has been recommended as replete with valuable information respecting the Indians. Their history, manners and customs, are illustrated by numerous anecdotes, speeches, and other characteristic traits of those people; and we trust that it will not be found less interesting than the volume lately published by the same benevolent author.

Mr. J. Maxwell has just published a very neat edition of the "Tales of My Landlord," in three vols. 12mo. It is ornamented with a beautiful vignette, by Kearney, in which Old Mortality is represented among the tombs of the slaughtered presbyterians, busily employed with his chisel in deepening the letters of the inscriptions. The low price at which these volumes are sold, (63 cts. per vol.) is a consideration of no slight moment in favour of this

edition. We understand that Mr. Maxwell will publish the other works from the same pen in a uniform style, and on terms equally moderate.

A few years ago we saw a letter from Mr. Southey, in which it was stated that the writer was then engaged in the composition of a poem, of which King Philip, the celebrated chief of Mount Hope, was the hero. By a letter from *Samuel F. Jarvis* of New York to the editor of the *Daily Advertiser*, we learn that the same subject was selected more than two years ago, by an uncommonly gifted young poet of our own country, the late *Rev. James Eastburn*, to whose rich and fervid fancy our readers are indebted for some of the finest metrical effusions which have graced the pages of the *Port Folio*. We transcribe the following passages from this interesting communication:

"While he was preparing for holy orders under the direction of Bishop Griswold, at Bristol, in Rhode Island, he was led by his proximity to the scene of Philip's exploits, to select them as the subject of his muse; and in conjunction with a friend, he began and completed, during the years 1817 and 1818, the first draught of a poem, entitled "*Yamoyden: A Tale of the wars of Philip.*"

"The hero is a fictitious character, whose adventures are interwoven with the incidents derived from real history. The under-plot contains the story of an exile of the Independent persuasion, who fought against the royal party in the civil wars in England—the elopement of his daughter with an Indian—the conversion of the husband by the wife—their adventures and death. The Indian incantations, war-songs, and council speeches, are introduced and contrasted with the conduct and spirit of the white men under the dominion of their stern enthusiasm. Mr. Eastburn frequently traversed all the scenes of the poem, and his descriptions were written on the spot, with the accurate observation of a mind alive to the charms of nature, and with that glow of feeling which the *admonitus locorum* must produce in the soul of a poet.

"His removal to Virginia, and the arduous labours of his ministry, prevented his transcribing more than two cantos, and a small portion of the third, which he began to correct a few weeks before his death. The remainder of the poem, which extends to six cantos, is yet to be transcribed.—The notes were collected conjointly

by himself and the friend who was associated with him in his labours, and the greater part of them are prepared for the press.

“It is remarkable that Mr. Eastburn expressed a wish to dedicate this poem, should it ever be published, to Mr. Southey, though he was of course entirely ignorant of the intention of the latter to write on the same subject.”

Sir Walter Scott.—This celebrated poet and novelist has received from his sovereign's hands the honour of knighthood. This is as it should be—if ever there was one man more than another who was entitled (independently of his own descent from and alliance with highborn connexions,) to wear the honourable badges of rank, it is he, whose life and writings have so eminently contributed to the improvement and happiness of mankind.—In the pages of all that Scott has ever written, will not be found one passage that can be made detrimental to sound morality or purity of principle—not one position which if followed out, will not conduce to the improvement of our knowledge, or the increase of our comfort—the variety of human character, the living identity of his persons, the passions of the human heart, the elements of the human mind, their intricate combinations, their eternal changes, their shifting appearances, are all marked and traced with a subtlety of discrimination, and simplicity of execution, so true, so delicate, yet so vigorous, as to outstrip all rivalry but that of the great dramatic bard. His life exhibits a scene of felicity and goodness consonant to the spirit of his writings: in his home and on his estate, he is truly the father of his family and his tenants, all love him, and run to court his smile and receive his kindness, from the child of his bosom to the urchin of his lowliest cottager. Notwithstanding the quantity of his works, and the celerity with which they are poured forth upon the world, he is never abstracted from society or its enjoyments—he neglects no duties, no labours of the landlord, the farmer, or the master. He is ever present where his presence is required, ever active, doing good to all, and beloved by all—and his hours pass in that independent serenity and kindly light-hearted cheerfulness which can only be enjoyed by the consciousness of duties fulfilled, and time fully employed and used—

“As ever in his great task-master's eye.”

Mr. J. Maxwell is about to publish an "American Chymical Review." Although great improvements have been made in the arts, our knowledge must be imperfect until artists become familiar with this important science. Many things which nature provides for man remain in an useless form, until the chymist teaches us to convert them to the purposes of life. In the present stagnation of commerce, manufactures and agriculture will attract eager attention. It is not necessary to demonstrate the advantages which practical skill may derive from an acquaintance with the phenomenology of chymistry. The utility of this science in agriculture is not so generally perceived. Too many of our farmers turn over the clods with as much insensibility as the beast which drags the plough. Chymistry explains the nature of soils, and indicates the most profitable manures. Aided by this science, the husbandman might convert a churlish waste into a teeming field, and exchange a life of ignoble labour for an employment in which rational reflection would be combined with pecuniary profit. Agriculture is undoubtedly one of the most considerable branches of political economy, and it should be cultivated by men of vigorous, penetrating and comprehensive minds.

The *Amerika Dargestellt Durch Sich Selbst* (*America represented by herself*), a miscellany which is published monthly at Leipzig, by G. J. Goeschen, contains favourable notices of several of the productions of the American press. The first volume of the Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee (Am. Phil. Soc.) is here announced as "highly entertaining and attractive." Of the curious report from the learned secretary, it is said, "this must be considered in connexion with the correspondence between Mr. DUPONCEAU and Mr. HECKEWELDER. Both articles are alike interesting, and the one sheds light upon the other. Mr. Duponceau is a philosophical and learned linguist; he is familiar with, and has profitably used all the grammatical works on the Indian tongues of South, Middle and North America. Mr. Heckewelder has industriously investigated, and is profoundly acquainted with the languages of the Indians of North and Middle America. Much has been accomplished by the united exertions of these gentlemen. The theories, hypotheses and opinions of other philologists, *e. gr.* Monbodo's, are in some measure refuted, and the way to arrive at truth in this science has been facilitated."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG—Tune, "*Auld Lang Syne*."

Oh! years have flown since first we met,
 And sorrows have been mine;
 And oft I've thought with fond regret
 On auld lang syne.
 On auld lang syne, my dear,
 On auld lang syne;
 And oft I've thought with fond regret
 On auld lang syne.

Thy proffer'd friendship cheer'd my heart,
 I frankly gave thee mine;
 When thou wert near I ceas'd to weep,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

I felt, while to thy bosom prest,
 That greater bliss was mine
 Than e'er my youthful heart had known,
 In auld lang syne.
 In auld lang syne, &c.

But Fortune points thy path of life
 Far, far away from mine;
 This hour may be, when next we meet,
 An auld lang syne.
 An auld lang syne, &c.

Then fare thee well;—if thou art blest,
 Thy friend will not repine;
 But sometimes give a kindly thought,
 To auld lang syne.
 To auld lang syne. &c.

ROSA

January, 1820.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Hope.

As o'er dark Ocean's stormy wave
 The beacon's light appears,
 When yawns the Seaman's watry grave
 And his lorn bosom cheers;

Then, though the raging Ocean foam,
 His heart shall dauntless prove,
 To reach secure his cherish'd home,
 The haven of his love;

So when the soul is wrapt in gloom,
 To worldly grief a prey,
 Thy beams, blest Hope, beyond the tomb,
 Illume the Pilgrim's way.

And point to that serene abode,
 Where pious Faith shall rest
 Protected by the sufferer's God!
 And be forever blest.

Oh! still though Sorrow's rayless night,
 O'ershade my worldly way,
 May pure Religion's holy light,
 Shed on my soul its ray.

SYDNEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IMPROMPTU.

To a Lady with a Bouquet of wild-flowers.

These beauteous flowers will soon decay,
 Gems of a transient hour:
 All earth-born joys thus fade away,
 And wither like this flower.

Ambition's blaze—and Fortune's glare,
 Are meteors of a day:
 And all that's lovely—all that's fair,
 Ah! soonest pass away.

The buds of pious Faith and Hope
 Alone survive life's doom—
 In Heaven's eternal spring to ope—
 To blossom from the tomb!

SYDNEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Star of Love.

Ah! who would consent through this dark world to roam,
 With the canker of doubt and distrust in his breast,
 If it was not that Heaven had pointed a home,
 Where the pilgrim may sooth all his sorrows to rest?
 Dark, dark is the path—ever winding the way,
 And thorny and cold, is the ground that we tread;
 But still through the darkness there glimmers a ray,
 To arrest smiling Hope, e'er the cherub has fled.

The orbs that allure us are many and bright,
 But briefly they shine, and deceitful they glare;
 Like the lightning's red flash that illumines the night,
 But to show the dark tempest that rides on the air.
 One only is true—'tis the bright Star of Love,
 That lights us to virtue wherever we roam,
 And brings us at last to that refuge above,
 Which is Love's last retreat, and is Virtue's blest home!

ORLANDO.

EPIGRAM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Says Caustic, "Bob, since words are idle,
 You've grown so wild, I'll try the bridle—
 So mend your life;"

"I have," says Bob, "the *bridal's* o'er,
And I am saddled too, that's more,
I've got a wife."

O.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To——

When was the cheek of her I lov'd,
E'er moistened with a tear,
That I could see with heart unmov'd,
By sympathy or fear?
Ah never! for she wept with me,
And years unborn shall find
The tender chord of sympathy
Still closely interwin'd.

She weeps—and I with her will weep
Whene'er her tears do flow;
My heart shall never careless sleep,
While her's is wrung with wo.
The tears I drop unseen, unknown,
Are pure as love e'er gave;—
And if I'm left to weep alone,
I'll drop them on her grave!

ADONIO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To *Anna*.

When virtue and a heart sincere,
Adorn the female breast,
Securely love may enter there,
And fancy all the rest.

If Beauty adds her charm divine,
The lover's bliss how great!

Such gifts, dear Anna, all are thine
And such my happy fate!

J. H.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Letter from a young Scholar to his Mistress.

Thine oc'lus maiden, months gone by,
Sic singularly bonus, sly,
 Made my cor flesh, quod once was stone, oh;
Latinam linguam learning thee,
I've often cried, dulcissime,
 Habebo sure in matrimonio.

Virgil, that Heathen man of old,
Bis legi.—He a story told,
 'Bout one Æneas and one Dido,
She fuit steady as a Church:
Her he deseruit in the lurch—
 I'm sure he never loved as I do.

Fair maiden, much I amo te;
And my desire is ames me;
 But not with heathen desiderio,
Be our affections sine fury,
Like icicle all castæ, puræ,
 In loving nunquam, nunquam weary oh!

I'm in Cupidinis the halter—
Te ducam up to Hymen's altar—
 Thy neighbor's filiam thou mayst covet—
Damsel, refuse to dic're nay;
Be thy communication yea:
Nunc is th' accepted time, the day,
 Dum spiritus sic strongly movit.

Non bonum est to be alone:
Then esto os now of my bone,
 And caro of my carnis.

Nam verily my sors is cast here,
 Where mihi baccæ sunt and pasture,
 Porcorum many sumque master,
 Et mihi domus est and barn is.

Idcirco, audi, oh puella
 Formosa, none more so, and bella;
 Projece te in brachia mea;
 Thy corpus dulce they'll entwine,
 Dum sol shall rise and shall decline,
 Tuus I'll be and tu be mine,
 My uxor, et oh certe dea.

Meliorem prospect ne'er was viewed yet:
 Irreparable time fuget:

Thy lover take dum he the mood in is:
 For if incassum now he call,
 Olim for him in vain thou't bawl,
 Et te he will not heed, nor all
 Th' enticements tuæ pulchritudinis.

P. O.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A New Hampshire Tavern.

Some years ago, his Rozinante striding,
 A gentleman was in New Hampshire riding.
 Far to the North—He'd travelled many a league,
 One day; and now with hunger, thirst, fatigue,
 Almbst o'ercome, with most rejoicing eyes
 A Tavern sign he at a distance spies:
 Approaching, on the sign these words appear;
 "For man and beast best entertainment here."
 Dismounting, for the hostler now he calls;
 But for the hostler all in vain he bawls.
 He opes the door: then sees with graces winning,
 • The landlady and daughter Bets a spinning.

Humming away at most enormous rate,
 This on the little wheel, that on the great.
 Where is the landlord?—"He is gone away
 Clear down the lot with Joe, a mowing hay."
 Grass, madam—Have you oats?—"No, none at all,
 My husband sold the whole of them last fall,
 To find the house in liquors."—Corn, ma'am, pray?
 "The last half bushel went to mill to day."
 —Then you have meal?—"Not any: you know, Bets,
 All we've not baked has gone to pay our debts.—
 Let down them bars; take out the bits, your horse
 Will find as good feed, sir, as ever worz. (*was*)
 —This done, the trav'ler to the house returned,
 And to allay his thirst impatient burned.
 —I'll thank you, madam, for a glass of gin
 And water.—"Sir, there's not a drop within."
 Some brandy, then.—"Sir, we have none at all;
 For here for brandy people never call."
 A glass then of West India—"Sir, we've none"—
 Well then, New England—"All our rum is gone."
 —Have you some cyder, or some beer that's good?
 "Our cyder's out—we have not lately brewed."
 —I'm very thirsty: pray some water bring—
 "Bets take the gourd, and fetch some from the spring."
 Bets went—returned—"mother th' old sow, oh lud,
 Has made the water all as thick as mud,
 By wall'wing in the spring."—The trav'ler now
 Demands: what! keep you but yourselves and sow?
 "Keep," says the woman, feeling anger's spur,
 "What do we keep? why, *we—keep Tavern, sir.*" P. 6

THE BELL RINGERS.

(*From Voltairc.*)

Ye rascally Ringers, ye merciless foes,
 Who persecute all that are fond of repose,
 How I wish, for the quiet and peace of the land,
 That ye had round your neck what ye hold in your hand.

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